McCLURE'S Magazine

S. S. McCLURE *Editor*

CASE LIBRARY

Spring Flowers
By John T. Peele
Metropolitan Museum of Art
New York City

25¢
AUGUST
1922

The Crimson Corpuscle—An Enchanting Novelette of the Philippines—Complete in this Issue

My Life and Work By Henry Ford in Collaboration with Samuel Crowther

21 Jewel Burlington

Adjusted to the Second
Adjusted to Temperature
Adjusted to Isochronism
Adjusted to Positions
21 Ruby and Sapphire Jewels
25 Year Gold Strata Case
Your choice of Dials
(Including Montgomery R. R. Dial)
New Ideas in Thin Cases

Only $1.00 Down

Only One Dollar Down, will buy this masterpiece of watch manufacture. The balance you are allowed to pay in small, easy monthly payments. A 21-Jewel Watch — is sold to you at a price much lower than that of other high-grade watches. Besides, you have the selection of the finest thin model designs and latest styles in watch cases. Write for FREE Watch Book and our SPECIAL OFFER today.

The Burlington "Petite"

This exquisite little 17-jewel ladies' wrist watch. A perfect timepiece. Beautiful, 14K Solid Green Gold case. Illustration is exact size of Burlington "Petite".
Send for this wonderful little bracelet watch. See how beautiful the dainty green gold case looks on your own wrist.

Write

While this Special Offer Lasts

Get the Burlington Watch Book — write today. Find out about this great special offer which is being made for only limited time. You will know a great deal more about watch buying when you read this book. You will be able to "steer clear" of the overpriced watches which are no better. Write for Watch Book and our special offer TODAY!

Burlington Watch Company
19th St. & Marshall Blvd., Dept. C-115 Chicago
Canadian Address 62 Albert St., Winnipeg, Manitoba

Please send me (without obligations and prepaid) your free book on watches with full explanation of your $1.00 down offer on the burlington Watch.

Name _____

Address _____

An Amazingly Easy Way to Earn $10,000 a Year

Let Me Show You How Free

TO the average man the $10,000 a year job is only a dream. Yet to-day there are a surprising number of men earning five figure salaries who were merely dreaming of them a short while ago. The secret of their success should prove a startling revelation to every ambitious man who has ever aspired to get into the $10,000 a year class.

There is nothing fundamentally "different" about the man whose salary runs into five figures. He is made of the same stuff as you and I. It is not necessary that he must enjoy the privilege of some influential connection or "pull." For example take J. P. Overstreet, of Dennison, Texas. A few short years ago he was a police officer earning less than $1,000 a year. To-day his earnings are in excess of $1,000 a month—more than $12,000 a year. C. W. Campbell, Greensburg, Pa., was formerly a railroad employee on a small salary—last month his earnings were $1,562.

Why Salesmen Earn Such Big Pay

Just stop a moment and think over the successful men of your acquaintance. How many of them are connected with some form of selling? If you will study any business organization you will see that the big jobs go to the men who sell, for upon their efforts depend the profits a company makes. Without trained men to place a product on the market, the finest goods are worth no more than so much clay. Salesmen are the very nerve centers of a business. Is it any wonder that they earn big pay?

The man who starts working as a bookkeeper or clerk for $25.00 a week never increases his value to the firm. Any advance in pay is merely a reward for length of service. At the end of ten years he is no more essential to the life of the organization than he was at the end of ten weeks. He is only a necessary liability—drawing his pay because somebody must be found to work at the unimportant routine jobs. Once established in the rut, he becomes a cog in the machine—when he is worn out, he can be easily and cheaply replaced.

Why Don't You Get Into the Selling Field?

Mr. Overstreet, Mr. Campbell and the others whose letters you see on this page are all successful salesmen. They realized their ambitions by landing $10,000 jobs in an amazingly simple way, with the help and guidance of the National Salesmen's Training Association. Sometime—somewhere back in the past, each one of them read of this remarkable course of Salesmanship training and Employment Service just as you are reading of it to-day. Each one of them was dissatisfied with his earning capacity—as perhaps you are—and each one cast his lot with the N. S. T. A. To-day they are important factors in the business world—enjoying all the comforts and luxuries money can buy. And yet they are not exceptions, for there are thousands of N. S. T. A. trained salesmen who are making big money, as we will be only too glad to show you if you will mail the coupon.

We Train You and Help You Land a Job

The National Salesmen's Training Association is an organization of top-notch salesmen and sales managers formed for the express purpose of training men in the science of successful selling. You do not need to know the first thing about selling—for the N. S. T. A. trains you from the ground up—gives you a complete insight into selling methods—in your spare time without making it necessary to give up your present position until you are ready to begin actual selling.

In addition to this remarkable efficient course of training, the N. S. T. A. maintains a Free Employment Service to help its Members to jobs in the lines for which they are best suited. This in itself is of incalculable value, for it allows the prospective salesman to make a complete survey of the selling field and to select the work which most appeals to him.

Read These Amazing Stories of Quick Success

Earned $524 in Two Weeks

I have never earned more than $60 a month. Last week I cleared $306 and this week $218. You have done wonders for me.—Geo. W. Kearns, Oklahoma City, Okla.

I Now Earn as High as $100 a Day

I took your course two years ago. Was earning $16 a week clerking. Am now selling many of the largest firms in the U. S. I have earned more than $100 in a day. You secured me my position. Our Sales Manager is a graduate of yours.—J. L. DeBonis, Chicago, Ill.

Earns $1,562 in Thirty Days

My earnings for the past thirty days are $1,562, and I won Second Prize in March, although I only worked two weeks during that month.—C. W. Campbell, Greensburg, Pa.

Earned $1,800 in Six Weeks

As soon as I received a letter from you and your literature, I knew that I was on the right track and very soon after I applied for a position as a Salesman to one of the firms whom you informed me were in need of a Salesman and to whom you had recommended me. As soon as they received my application, which was by mail, they wired me to come for an appointment, which I did, with the result being that I sold my service to them in about thirty minutes, took a territory in Illinois and Wisconsin and made a success of it from the very first week.

From that time on I have been what might be termed as a "high pressure" Salesman, selling lines where nine out of ten Order Takers would fail. I have sold goods in a highly successful manner in nine or ten States, both North and South. My earnings for March were over $1,000 and over $1,800 for the last six weeks, while last week my earnings were $356.00. I travel eleven months out of the year, working five days each week.

The N. S. T. A. dug me out of a rut where I was earning less than $1,000 a year and showed me how to make a success.—J. P. Overstreet, Dennison, Texas.

Salesmen Are Needed—Now!

Get out of that rut! Work for yourself! Salesmanship is the biggest paid of all professions. Just because you have never sold anything is no sign that you can't. We have made Star Salesmen of men from all walks of life, with no previous selling experience. These men have jumped from small pay jobs to big selling positions and handsome incomes. The same training on which they founded their success is open to you. You can follow in their footsteps. Why don't you get in a class with men who make real money? Never before have the opportunities been greater. At least you cannot afford *not* to investigate the great field of selling and see what it offers *you*. It will only cost you a 2-cent stamp and the facts and proof you will receive will surprise you.

Free Book on Salesmanship

Just mail the coupon or write for our free illustrated Book, "Modern Salesmanship," which we will be glad to send without any obligation on your part. Let us prove you can quickly become a Star Salesman. Let us show you how you too can step into the ranks of these big money makers of business. See how easily you can learn this fascinating, big pay profession at home in your spare time. Learn what we have done for others and what we stand ready to do for you. Don't put it off until to-morrow—write us to-day. Every hour lost keeps you that much farther from success. Mail the coupon at once.

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. 81-K, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. 81-K, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Please send me, without any obligation on my part, your free Book, "Modern Salesmanship," and full information about the N. S. T. A. system of Salesmanship training and Employment Service. Also a list showing lines of business with openings for salesmen.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

Age.....Occupation.....

Volume 54 Number 6

McCLURE'S

MOODY B. GATES
President
E. H. B. WATSON
Vice-President

WILLIAM B. COOK
Treasurer
CHARLES B. LONGYEAR
Secretary

S. S. McCLURE
Chairman of the Board

Contents *for* August, 1922

		Page
Frontispiece	David Lloyd George	12
Three Centuries of Americans		13
Angels' Shoes (*Short Story*)	M. L. C. Pickthall	15
The Crimson Corpuscle (*Novelette*) Illustrated by Joseph A. Maturo	J. Allan Dunn	17
My Life and Work (*Part* IV)	Henry Ford in Collaboration with Samuel Crowther	28
Justice on Rattlesnake (*Short Story*) Illustrated by John Griffin	Jane Hicks	39
Prince Four (*Short Story*)	Jeremy Lane	44
The Real Czarina (*Part* II)	Julie Dehn	49
The Tree (*Poem*) Drawing by R. Emmet Owen	Lida C. Schem	61
Accommodating?—I'll Say He Is! (*Short Story*) Illustrated by Edward Ryan	Mabel H. Wharton	62
Twilight Sleep in America	Rosalind and Leslie Burton Blades	68
The Word of Dougall Dall (*Short Story*) Illustrated by William Fisher	Robert Simpson	74
Lloyd George	Truman Hughes Talley	82
Don Cristobal de Zaurigi (*Serial; Part* II) Illustrated by Bert Salg	Ernest Goodwin	89
"My Son, My Son Absalom!" (*Short Story*) Illustrated by W. C. Nims	Charles C. Foster	104
The Tie That Binds	Charles C. Foster	106
The False Alibi (*A Story of the American Secret Service in France*)	Major C. E. Russell	108
The Breaking Point (*Concluded*) Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore	Mary Roberts Rinehart	112
Real Estate and Mortgage Bonds (*Financial Article*)	Paul Tomlinson	122
Cover Design, Reproduction of "Spring Flowers," by John T. Peele (1822-97) *Hanging in the Metropolitan Museum, N. Y. C.*		

Published monthly. Entered as Second-Class Matter, February 19, 1917, at the Post Office at New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Canada. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London. Copyright, 1922, by McClure Publishing Company, New York. All dramatic, moving picture and other reproduction rights reserved.

Subscription terms: In the United States, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and American Possessions, $3.00 per year. In all other countries in the Postal Union, $3.50 per year. An order blank with the magazine is notice that your subscription has expired.

McClure's assumes no responsibility for the loss of manuscripts submitted, but all due care will be taken to insure return of those with which postage is enclosed.

McCLURE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 76-88 Lafayette Street, New York

THE SCHOOLS OF AMERICA

We are pleased to place before our readers the following directory of the leading private schools of America. Write to the school for full and complete information, which will be gladly furnished to readers of McCLURE'S.—*Editor.*

CALIFORNIA

Palo Alto Military Academy A Special School Exclusively for Primary and Grammar School Boys. In session 12 months in the year. Bicycle club. Outdoor swimming pool. Supervised rifle practice. Summer term and camp. Col. R. P. KELLY, Supt., Box 306-M, Palo Alto, Cal.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

The Colonial School for Girls

In refined residential section of Washington. Cultured home influences and social life. Offers primary, intermediate, academic, college preparatory, collegiate, fine arts, domestic science and secretarial courses. Students observe Government operations. Athletics, dramatics. Catalog. Address **Miss Charlotte Crittenden Everett, Principal, 1539 Eighteenth Street, Washington, D. C.**

Chevy Chase School A modern school for girls with country and city advantages. Senior high school, with two years' advanced work beyond. Twelve-acre campus. Outdoor life. Address CHEVY CHASE SCHOOL, Box M. FREDERIC ERNEST FARRINGTON, Ph.D., Headmaster, Washington, D. C.

Gunston Hall A School for Girls—Established 1892. Preparatory and Academic Courses. Two years' Post-Graduate and College work. Music, Art and Expression. MRS. BEVERLEY R. MASON, Principal, 1928 Florida Avenue, Washington, D. C.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Electrical men with training are in demand. For more than a quarter of a century, this school has been training men of ambition and limited time, for the electrical industries. Condensed course in Electrical **Engineering** enables graduates to secure good positions and promotions. Theoretical and Practical Electricity. Mathematics, Steam and Gas Engines and Mechanical Drawing. Students construct dynamos, install wiring and test electrical machinery. Course with diploma complete

In One Year

Over 3000 men trained. Thoroughly equipped fireproof dormitories, dining hall, laboratories, shops.

Free catalog. 30th Year begins Sept. 27, 1922.

BLISS ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
450 TAKOMA AVE., WASHINGTON, D. C.

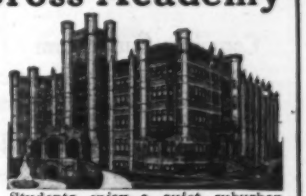
Miss Madeira's School

offers an attractive school home within the Nation's Capital. College preparatory and general cultural courses. Regular gymnasium exercise and athletic games such as tennis, hockey and basketball under efficient instructor. School year begins September 28th. For catalog, address

LUCY MADEIRA WING, A.B.
(MRS. DAVID L. WING)
Head Mistress
1322 19th St. N. W., Washington, D.C.

Holy Cross Academy

Boarding and Day School for Girls Washington, D.C.



Affiliated to the Catholic University. Overlooks National Capital. Students enjoy a quiet suburban residence with all the cultural advantages of city.

Practical and Refining Education—Standard and Elective Courses

Elementary, commercial, secretarial, academic and advanced. Music, drawing, painting, languages, expression, physical culture and home economics, Archery, tennis and basketball. Horseback riding. Sightseeing excursions and visits to public buildings and sessions of Congress. Address Sister Secretary.

ILLINOIS

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Two-year course leading to well paid positions in schools, colleges, universities, community centres, industrial gymnasiums, banks, department stores, etc. Free graduate placing bureau. Strong faculty. Swimming pool, gymnasiums, tennis, dancing auditorium.

View book, catalog and particulars sent on request. Regular term September 14th.

AMERICAN COLLEGE of PHYSICAL EDUCATION
Accredited *Co-educational*

Address Dept. MC-8 4200 Grand Boulevard, Chicago

NATIONAL PARK SEMINARY

"Chi Psi U," one of eight clubhouses

For Young Women Washington, D. C., Suburbs

James E. Ament, Ph.D., LL.D., *President*

For high school and preparatory school graduates. Two-year condensed courses in college work. Additional vocational courses and special work in Music, Art and Expression. Domestic Science diplomas granted. Cultural environment, cozy clubs for special activities. 90-acre campus. 32 buildings. Gymnasium and swimming pool. Early registration necessary.

Write Registrar, Box 200, Forest Glen, Md.

A new college preparatory department for younger girls has been opened in "The Villa," one of the most beautiful houses belonging to National Park Seminary.

THORPE

ACADEMY, Lake Forest, Ill.

For boys under 15 Semi-military

On Lake Michigan. Small Classes. Uniform worn. One hour from Chicago. Strong faculty. Rapid progress. Non-Sectarian. Address Lake Forest for

CAMP THORPE, Box 10, Pelican Lake, Wis.

IOWA

Study Chiropractic at Chiropractic Fountain Head

THE greatest drugless science of the age. You are not too old to learn. You can bring health to thousands and become independent by joining the classes of the 3,000 now here in spacious classrooms.

Write for literature giving cost, course and advantages. The day you write means the upward turn in your life. Don't delay, write today to

The Palmer SCHOOL OF CHIROPRACTIC
900 Brady Street DAVENPORT, IOWA
We have no Branch nor Affiliated Schools.

Frances Shimer School

For Girls and Young Women. 2 years College, 4 years Academy. Music, Art, Home Economics, and Secretarial. Waiting list the last three years. 9 Buildings, new dormitory this fall. 35 acres. 70th year. Term opens September 20th, 1922. Catalog.

REV. WM. P. McKEE, DEAN
Box 700, Mt. Carroll, Ill.

Saint Mary's School For girls of refinement. College preparatory and two years' Finishing Course. Music, Expression, Domestic Science. Lower School for girls 8 to 12. All athletics. 55th year. For catalog address THE REVEREND FRANÇIS L. CARRINGTON, LL.D., Rector, Knoxville, Ill.

MASSACHUSETTS

Worcester Domestic Science School One and two-year Normal and Home-making courses. Trains for teachers of cookery, sewing, matrons, dietitians. Normal Domestic Science training. Red Cross Work. Graduates occupy exceptional positions. Opens Oct. 3, 1922. Address: Mrs F. A. WETHERED, 158 Institute Road, Worcester, Mass

MASSACHUSETTS

New England CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

George W. Chadwick, *Director*

Year Opens September 21, 1922

Boston, Mass.

Located in the Music Center of America
It affords pupils the environment and atmosphere so necessary to a musical education. Its complete organization and splendid equipment offer exceptional facilities for students.

Complete Curriculum
Courses in every branch of Music applied and theoretical.

Owing to the Practical Training
In our Normal Department graduates are much in demand as teachers.

The Free Privileges
Of lectures, concerts and recitals, the opportunities of ensemble practice and appearing before audiences and the daily associations are invaluable advantages to the music student.

A Complete Orchestra
Offers advanced pupils in pianoforte, voice, organ and violin, experience in rehearsal and public appearance with orchestral accompaniment.

Dramatic Department
Practical training in acting.

Address Ralph L. Flanders, *General Manager*

Send for NEW Year Book

Mount Ida School

6 miles from Boston

FOR GIRLS

A four-year General Course.
Preparation for Any College.
Two-year Courses for High School Graduates.
Special certificate courses in Piano, Voice, Pipe Organ, Violin, Art, Dramatic Art, Home Economics.
Eight Acres for athletics.
Horseback Riding (our own stables).

Send for new year book, and Special Pamphlet giving the two-year courses for High School Graduates, and General Finishing Courses.
There are some rooms with hot and cold water.
Students for 1922-23 are being accepted in the order of their applications.
Special car for Western girls from Chicago, September 26.

Exceptional opportunities with a delightful home life. 1628 Summit St., **NEWTON, Mass.**

MARYLAND

MARYLAND COLLEGE

1853 *for Women* 1922

LOCATED in Green Spring Valley, ten miles from Baltimore. Twelve-acre campus. Modern fireproof buildings. Outdoor Athletics. Swimming Pool. Strong Faculty. Four-year courses leading to all degrees. Personal supervision. Catalog on request.

Box 8M **Lutherville, Md.**

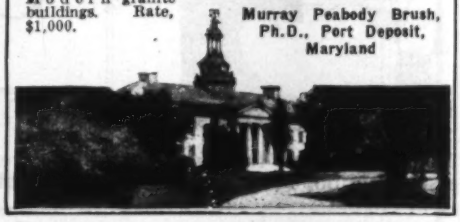
When writing to the schools for information please mention McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

MARYLAND

Tome School

A National Boarding School for Boys. On the Susquehanna, between Philadelphia and Baltimore. College Board standards, faculty of specialists. Single Rooms. Gymnasium, swimming pool and all athletics. Modern granite buildings. Rate, $1,000.

Murray Peabody Brush, Ph.D., Port Deposit, Maryland

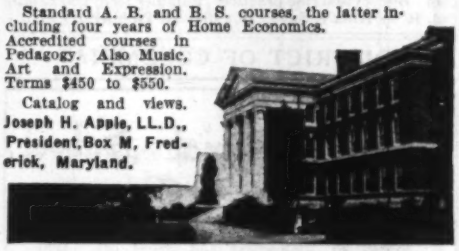


HOOD COLLEGE

For Young Women Frederick, Maryland

Accessible to National Capital and historic places. American ideals and traditions. Five buildings. 45 acres.

Standard A. B. and B. S. courses, the latter including four years of Home Economics. Accredited courses in Pedagogy. Also Music, Art and Expression. Terms $450 to $550.



Catalog and views.
Joseph H. Apple, LL.D., President, Box M, Frederick, Maryland.

MICHIGAN

Mining Engineering Training

Is necessarily the broadest training for the prospective engineer, fitting him to take advantage of the greatest variety of opportunities. This College (established 1886), a state institution not conducted for profit, offers a comprehensive four-year course which can be completed in three calendar years. It is located among the copper mines, and close to the iron mines of the famous Lake Superior region. Through the close relations maintained with operators, and the methods pursued, the neighboring mines, mills, smelters, electrolytic and power plants are constantly used in the regular work of the student. Managers of large operations regularly lecture to classes. Unusual opportunities for geological field work. Vigorous athletics. "M.C.M. Men Make Good." For descriptive book, address at 275 College Avenue, Houghton, Mich.

Michigan College of Mines

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Qualified directors of physical training in big demand; attractive, uncrowded field for young women. Standard three-year course, including Summer Camp Courses, prepare you for all branches of physical education and welfare work; splendid opportunities for self-development. School affiliated with famous Sanitarium; superb facilities and equipment; delightful atmosphere; high school diploma required. Write for Illustrated Announcement. Address Dean.

NORMAL SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION
Desk 522, Battle Creek, Michigan.

Todd Seminary for Boys 1000 feet above the sea. 75th year. Exclusively for younger boys (7 to 16). Right thinking developed through comradeship between teachers and boys. Vigilant watchfulness of personal habits. Box M, Woodstock, Ill. (1 hour from Chicago). Summer Camp, Manistee, Mich. NOBLE HILL, Principal.

MINNESOTA

Oak Hall St. Paul's distinctive school for Girls. Day and Boarding. 69th year. College, preparatory, general, domestic science courses. Music and dramatic arts. Happy school life. Individual care. Skating, Swimming, Riding, Tennis. For booklet address Mr. and Mrs. R. A. MOORE, Principal, 600 Holly Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

MINNESOTA

SHATTUCK SCHOOL

A college preparatory school which stands for sound scholarship and virile manhood. Has the experience, traditions and ideals of 60 years. Military training, all athletics under 8 coaches—16 buildings, 240 acres. Business course. Summer School. A few vacancies for boys of 14 or 15 years. For catalog address

SHATTUCK SCHOOL
Box M, Faribault, Minn.

MISSOURI

Lindenwood College

50 minutes from St. Louis

St. Charles, Mo.
Founded 1827

Roemer Hall

One of the oldest colleges for young women west of the Mississippi River. Class A College with two and four-year courses. New buildings, modern equipment, gymnasium, swimming pool, athletic grounds.

A college that stands pre-eminently for the training of young women for healthful, useful lives. For catalog address

J. L. ROEMER, D. D., Pres., Box 1222.

NEW JERSEY

MISS BEARD'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Orange, New Jersey

Thirty minutes from New York City. College preparatory and special courses. Music, Art, Domestic Science. Outdoor classes. Skating, Riding, Tennis, Hockey and Basketball.

LUCIE C. BEARD, Headmistress

Dwight School

For Girls Englewood, New Jersey

Suburban to New York City. College Preparatory and Special Courses. Spacious grounds for games. Athletics. Riding. Address Box 632.

MISS E. S. CREIGHTON, Principal

Blair Academy

Clinton Hall

Recitation Building

The Blair spirit is an inspiration to the real boy to profit by unusual advantages. Blair boys join with the Headmaster and Faculty in maintaining the high standard of scholarship and morality, true democracy, personal responsibility and manliness.

Lower School for boys eleven to fourteen years.

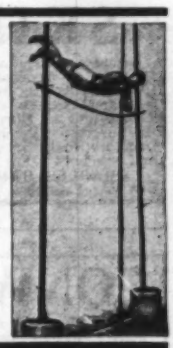
The catalogue helps, but a visit is better.

JOHN C. SHARPE, LL.D., Headmaster
Box A — Blairstown, N. J.

NEW JERSEY

PEDDIE

A SCHOOL FOR BOYS



An endowed preparatory school with graduates now leading in scholarship and student activities in 26 colleges. **Conducted with the firm belief that healthy bodies give the best chance for the right growth of the mind.** 60 acre campus. All athletic sports, swimming pool, gymnasium. Lower school for boys under 14. 57th year. For booklets address

ROGER W. SWETLAND, LL.D.
Headmaster
Box 8E. — Hightstown, N. J.

The Rutgers Preparatory School

153th year. Invest for your boy in a school where the men understand boys and where school morale favors success. Strong athletics. Refined life. Prepares for best colleges. What is your boy's age and aim?

Write for catalog to
M. C. Hays, Registrar, New Brunswick, N. J.

NEW MEXICO

NEW MEXICO MILITARY INSTITUTE

A state-owned school in the heart of the vigorous, aggressive West that is developing the highest type of manhood. Ideal conditions—bracing air, sunshine, dry climate. Altitude—3700 feet. Preparatory and Junior College. Reserve Officers' Training Corps. Address

Col. Jas. W. Willson
Supt.
Box C
Roswell, New Mexico

NEW YORK

Ossining School FOR GIRLS

We offer, with diploma, Academic, College Preparatory, Art, Music, Dramatic, Secretarial and Home-making Courses, including Horticulture.

Students may enter regular courses or, with parents' approval, may specialize as desired. In beautiful Westchester, 30 miles from New York. 54th year. Write for Year Book. Address Ossining-on-Hudson, New York. Box 8 D.

CLARA C. FULLER, Principal

Ursuline Academy

A convent school with home influences, mother-care and protection. Two hours from New York City. Thorough courses from kindergarten to final preparation for college. Also courses leading to diploma in music, modern languages, secretaryship. Horseback riding and all athletics. Address

URSULINE ACADEMY
Box M, Middletown, New York

The Ithaca Academy of Public School Music

Summer Sessions—June 5th and July 3rd. Courses approved by N. Y. State Educational Dept. Voice, Piano, Orchestra, Bands, Speech Defects, Folk Dancing. Co-educational. Dormitories. Address Registrar, 320 De Witt Park, Ithaca, N. Y.

NEW YORK

COLUMBIA PREPARATORY SCHOOL

BOYS GIRLS

Preparation for all Colleges and Universities. Sponsored by University Presidents. Patronized by University faculties. Member University of State of New York.

Day and Resident—Primary to College

Combining the most progressive methods of education with the cultural advantages of New York

Ideal home life for refined, cultured girls and boys of all ages, under an experienced faculty composed of Europe's and America's most eminent teachers, who are masters in social and academic training. Separate departments for Art, Music, Dramatic Art and Junior Divisions.

DR. M. C. CLAWSON, *Principal*
301 W. 88th Street, Cor. West End Avenue
New York

Do You Stammer?

Then you are always at a disadvantage—in school, in society, in business. A handicap is placed on you through life. Instead of being aggressive and self-reliant, you are backward and timid. You can positively be freed from stammering under the direction of

DR. FREDERICK MARTIN
(himself once a confirmed stammerer)

Formerly Director of Speech Improvement, Board of Education, New York City. Lecturer, Post-graduate Medical Hospital, New York City. Good, comfortable dormitories. Address

MARTIN INSTITUTE FOR SPEECH CORRECTION
430 DeWitt Park, Ithaca, N. Y.

THE CASCADILLA SCHOOLS

College Preparatory School for Boys

Watt Hall and Upper House

Specializing in College or University preparation. Small classes. Individual attention. Athletics: Recreation building and athletic field on Lake Cayuga; full navy outfit. Healthfully and beautifully located above Ithaca and Lake Cayuga. Certificate privilege. Apply now for 1922.

Summer School. *Specializing in preparation for University Entrance Examinations.* Two terms: mid-July to September.

Special Tutoring School. *The year round. High-grade instruction in all preparatory subjects.* Experienced faculties for all Schools. Write for catalogs.

The Cascadilla Schools, Box 201 — Ithaca, N. Y

The Williams School of Expression and Dramatic Art

Teachers' Course, Lyceum Course; Dramatic Course; Personal Culture Course. Each with private instruction. Graduates eligible to teach in N. Y. State Public Schools. Gymnasium; Little Theatre. Unusual opportunities for Public appearances. Catalog.

120 DeWitt Park, Ithaca, N. Y.
Summer courses begin June 5th and July 3d.
Fall term opens Sept. 19th

CHAUTAUQUA AND LYCEUM Arts School

(Affiliated with the famous Ithaca Conservatory of Music)

Dr. Edward Amherst Ott, Dean, for the past 24 years associated with the Redpath Lyceum Bureau

Ott Speakers' Institute for two weeks begins October 16th.

Special training for Lyceum and Chautauqua. Music, elocution, impersonations, novelty features. Short cut to lucrative public profession. Two-year graduation course. Address Chautauqua and Lyceum Arts School, 520 DeWitt Park, Ithaca, N. Y.

Ithaca Conservatory of Music

20 DeWitt Park, Ithaca, N. Y.

All instruments. Vocal, Dramatic Art, Physical Training. All graduates eligible to teach in N. Y. State Public Schools. Special advantages in concert work. **Master Courses** with world-famous artists in all departments. Ten buildings, including dormitories, Auditorium, Gymnasium, Studio and Administration Buildings. Year Book sent on request. **Summer courses begin June 5th and July 3rd. Fall term opens September 19th.**

NEW YORK

Miss Mason's School for Girls
On the Hudson, 45 minutes from New York. Graduate, preparatory, special, vocational departments. Separate school for little girls. Summer School emphasizes vocational training. For either catalog address
MISS C. E. MASON, LL.M.,
Box 965 Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Putnam Hall A School for Girls, midway between Albany and New York on the Hudson. College Preparatory and general courses. Music, Social Secretary course. All out-of-door sports. Sleeping porches. ELLEN CLIZBE BARTLETT, A. B., Principal, Box 806, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA

Peirce School
of Business Administration

Established 57 years ago

As young men and women climb higher in business, the more Peirce-trained executives they meet.

Business Administration Course
(College Grade)

A TWO-YEAR course preparing young men for the responsibilities of business life.

First Year: Banking; Accounting I; Commercial Law I; Business English; Business Mathematics; Commerce and Transportation; Salesmanship; Business Management.

Second Year: Analysis of Investments; Economics; Cost Accounting applied to Management; Income Tax Accounting; General Accounting for Managers and Department Heads; Commercial Law II.

Entrance Requirement: High-school education or equivalent; intensive prep. training for those below requirement.

C. P. A. Preparation

Those who desire to enter the Accounting Profession may take a Third Year of special coaching for the C. P. A. examination, either at the Day or the Evening sessions.

Other Courses

Secretarial Courses for Women; Teacher-Training Courses (accredited); Shorthand; Salesmanship; Business.

Facts: National reputation; 3000 students annually; 35 States, 23 Foreign Countries, and nearly every University, College and Preparatory school in the United States represented in its present attendance; modern building and equipment.

Summer School: Now open
Fall Term: September 5

58th Annual Catalogue, with detailed information concerning courses, tuition and living expenses, sent upon request. Address
THE PRESIDENT
Peirce School
Pine Street, West of Broad
Philadelphia

SKIDMORE

A woman's college offering, in addition to its programs of study in General Studies, Fine and Applied Arts, Home Economics, Music, Health and Physical Education, and Secretarial Science, new courses in Library Science and in Nursing and Health, all leading to the B.S. degree. A new class room building and a new dormitory make it possible to accommodate four hundred students. For catalog address
CHARLES HENRY KEYES, Ph.D., President
Box M. Skidmore College, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

CONWAY MILITARY BAND SCHOOL

Develops not merely "performers," but true artists. Instruction on two instruments; teachers of national renown. Conducting and band arrangements part of course. Orchestra practice in large Conservatory orchestra. Daily band rehearsals under Patrick Conway. Dormitories. Associated with Ithaca Conservatory of Music. Address
THE CONWAY MILITARY BAND SCHOOL
620 De Witt Park, Ithaca, New York

OHIO

Miami Military Institute Thirty-eighth year. Junior College and Preparatory Courses. Lower School. Summer Camp—July and August. ORVON GRAFF BROWN, President, Box 68, Germantown, Ohio.

Founded 1878 THEODORE THOMAS, First Musical Director

THE COLLEGE OF MUSIC
of Cincinnati

For the Higher Education in Music and Dramatic Art. Internationally Famous Faculty of Artist Teachers. Dormitories. For catalog address

J. H. THUMAN, Manager
1231 Elm Street Cincinnati, Ohio

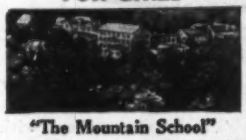
PENNSYLVANIA

An established school. Faculty built by years of selection. Many graduates occupying positions of responsibility.

Beechwood inc.

COMBINES the practical with the cultural. Junior College Departments, College Preparatory, Music, Physical Education, Expression, Art: Magazine Illustration, Design, Fashion Illustration. Oratory, Secretaryship, Gymnastics, Normal Kindergarten, Swimming. Department for girls under 16. Separate dormitory. Address
BEECHWOOD SCHOOL, Jenkintown, Pa., Suburb of Philada.

THE BIRMINGHAM SCHOOL
FOR GIRLS — Founded 1853



"The Mountain School"

Healthful location in Allegheny Mts. School park land of 100 acres. Six modern, homelike buildings for 100 girls. Thorough preparation for college, entrance examinations held at the school. Liberal courses for girls not going to college. Exceptional Faculty. Strong Music Dept., with unusual equipment. Fine and Applied Arts, Domestic Science, Gymnasium and Swimming Pool. Athletic Training and Dancing. Main Line Penna. R. R. Illustrated Catalogue.

P. S. Moulton, Headmaster; Alvan R. Grier, President
Box 162, Birmingham, Pa.

NEW YORK

Horace Mann School

OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Est. 1887. An unusually complete Day School. College Preparation. Household and Fine Arts, Gymnasium and Swimming Pool. Six-year High School Course for Girls. Six-year Elementary Course for Boys and Girls. Catalog upon request. Address
Henry Carr Pearson, Principal, Broadway at 120th St., N. Y.

ITHACA SCHOOL *of* Physical Education

DR. ALBERT H. SHARPE, Director

Normal Course for Men and Women—two years. Graduates eligible to teach in N. Y. State Public Schools.
Athletic Coaching Course—one year. Large faculty including "Jack" Moakley, head coach of 1920 Olympic Team. Dormitories, Gymnasium, Athletic Field. **Six Week Summer Term on Cayuga Lake Begins July 3rd.** Fall Term opens September 19th.
220 DeWitt Park, Ithaca, N. Y.

Institute of Musical Art of the City of New York. Conducted only for students of real musical ability and serious purposes. Preparatory centers in all parts of Greater New York. Address, Frank Damrosch, Director, 120 Claremont Ave., Cor. 122nd St., New York City.

PENNSYLVANIA

Miss Sayward's School

In beautiful suburban Philadelphia. Each girl individually studied. Junior, College Preparatory, and Advanced Departments. Art, Music, Expression, Domestic Science and Secretarial Courses. All outdoor sports. Swimming. Horseback riding. Thirtieth year. Catalog on request. Write Dept. M.
Miss M. Janet Sayward, Principal Overbrook, Pa.

LINDEN HALL SEMINARY FOR GIRLS

For 176 years it has been educating and training young women for worthy living. Aims at highest development of body, mind and character. Provides a happy, wholesome home life. Beautiful, healthful location. Comfortable buildings, modern equipment. Gymnasium and Swimming Pool. Academic, College Preparatory, Music, Art, Domestic Science. Secretarial. Junior Dept.
Rev. F. W. Stengel, Prin., Box 150, Lititz, Pa.

NORTH CAROLINA

BINGHAM SCHOOL, MEBANE, N. C.
ESTABLISHED 1793.

AN IDEAL BOYS' SCHOOL IN PIEDMONT NORTH CAROLINA

High moral tone. Military organization, begun in 1861. Lovely lawns. Gymnasium. Athletic park. Honor System. Bible and Physical Culture emphasized. Celebrated climate. Outdoor classes. Limited numbers. Sports in variety. 340 acres. Summer camp. A modern school with an ancient name, fame and history. Send for catalogue.
COL. PRESTON LEWIS GRAY, President, Box 23, Mebane, N. C.

PENNSYLVANIA

The Mary Lyon School

Offers college preparatory and general courses, including Music, Art, Domestic Science and Languages. Country surroundings. Horseback riding, canoeing, hockey and swimming. For catalog address **Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Crist, Principals.**
Box 1560 Swarthmore, Pa.
Specify catalog desired if interested in Wildcliff (separate graduate school) or Seven Gables (girls 6-14).

TENNESSEE

WARD-BELMONT
FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN

RESERVATIONS for the 1922-23 session should be made as soon as possible to insure entrance.
Courses covering 4 years preparatory and 2 years college work. Strong Music and Art Departments. Also Literature, Expression, Physical Training, Home Economics and Secretarial. Outdoor sports and swimming pool. Woody Crest is the School Farm and Country Club. References required.
Booklets on request. Address

WARD-BELMONT
Belmont Heights, Box 25, Nashville, Tenn.

TENNESSEE

TENNESSEE MILITARY INSTITUTE

A school where orderliness, respect for government, and *the desire to make good* replace recklessness and the "don't care" attitude; where every boy is put on his mettle to measure himself by established school standards. Established 1874, but moved to new campus and new buildings in 1909. Good name of school rests on thorough academic work, efficient military training and physical development, and the *spirit* of T. M. I. which inspires boys to their best achievement. Sound government through sensible restraints and incentives to good conduct. Situated in beautiful Sweetwater Valley—1300 feet above sea level. Health record unsurpassed. Mild climate makes possible all-year outdoor drills and exercises. Athletics, gymnasium, swimming pool, cinder track. Modern buildings, science laboratories, library. R. O. T. C. Military equipment. Prepares for college, government academies and business. Well pleased patrons in more than 40 states. Investigate T.M.I., a school *where boys make good.*

For catalog address

Col. C. R. Endsley, Supt., Box 133, Sweetwater, Tennessee

VIRGINIA

Eastern College-Conservatory

for young women. In a famous historic region, 45 minutes from Washington. Four years' Academy course. Junior and Senior College courses. Special courses in Voice, Piano, Violin, Art, Home Science, Expression, Hatmaking, Dress Designing, Physical Education and Secretarial. Outdoor sports. Catalog.
President, Box M, Manassas, Va.

VIRGINIA COLLEGE

For Young Women **Roanoke, Va**

One of the leading schools in the South. Modern buildings. Extensive Campus. Located in the Valley of Virginia, famed for health and beauty of scenery. Elective, Preparatory and College Courses, Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science, under the direction of European and American Instructors. Supervised athletics. Students from 32 states. For catalog address

Mattie P. Harris, President Box Q
Mrs. Gertrude Harris Boatwright, Vice-President

Augusta Military Academy (Roller's School)

A modern school with a country location in the famous Valley of Virginia. Endorsed by the Virginia Military Institute and other Universities. Army officer detailed by the War Department. Junior R. O. T. C. $300,000 plant, with absolutely fireproof barracks. Steam heat, electric lights and ample play grounds. 360 acres. Splendid athletic field and drill campus. Cadet band of 32 pieces. Able faculty of College men, who coach athletic teams. Limited to 300. Boys from 24 States and 3 Foreign Countries last year. 57th session begins September 20th. Rates $600.00. Catalogue.

Col. Thos. J. Roller or Maj. Chas. S. Roller, Jr., Principals, Fort Defiance, Virginia

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

An Ideal Home School for Manly Boys

Boys from 44 States last session. Largest private academy in the East. Boys from 10 to 20 years old prepared for the Universities, Government Academies or Business.

1,600 feet above sea-level; pure, dry, bracing mountain air of the proverbially healthful and beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah. Pure mineral **spring water.** High moral tone. Parental discipline. Separate building and special teachers for younger boys. Military training develops obedience, health, manly carriage. Shady lawns, expensively equipped gymnasium, swimming pool, athletic park. Daily drills and exercises in **open air.** Boys from homes of culture and refinement only desired. Personal, individual instruction by our **tutorial system. Academy sixty-two years old.** $600,000 plant, full equipment, absolutely fire-proof. Charges $600. Catalog free. Address

COL. THOS. H. RUSSELL, B. S., President
Box M Kable Station, Staunton, Va.

Virginia Intermont College

For Girls and Young Women
Beautifully located in the mountains. High School and Junior College courses. Music, Art, Expression, Home Economics, Secretarial courses. Large campus. Outdoor sports. Gymnasium. Swimming pool. New dormitory with private baths. Rate $500. For Catalog and view book, address:
H. G. Noffsinger, President, Box 120, Bristol, Va.

FORT LOUDOUN SEMINARY

Winchester, Va. For girls. In beautiful Shenandoah Valley. Literary and Business courses. Music, Art, Languages. Athletics. Opens Sept. 21st. Terms, $450. Address.
KATHARINE GLASS GREENE, President

VIRGINIA

Southern Seminary

For Girls and Young Women 55th Year
Students may enter at any time

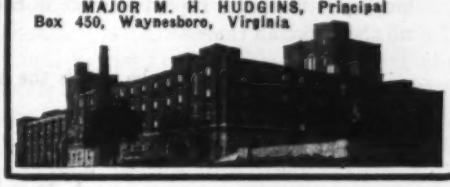
Location: The school is located in the famous Valley of Virginia, near Natural Bridge, in a section noted for its natural scenery and fine winter climate. It is reached by two railroads. An elevation of 1000 feet insures pure, bracing mountain air. Tennis, basketball, boating, riding and driving. **Notable health record.** Not a serious case of illness in years.
The School: $100,000 equipment. Courses of one and two years for high school graduates. Art, Expression, Domestic Science and Secretarial Courses. Special advantages in Music, including Pipe Organ.
Home Life in Modern School: For years the **Seminary** has been a school of marked individuality, consisting in its giving the girl home and friends, freedom of association with faculty and students, personal attention to her whole life, to health, manners and character, as well as to mind, the whole aim being to make her a true woman. Bishop Vincent, founder of Chautauqua, said: "If the people of the North knew what Southern Seminary has, you would have double as many students. *I do not know a school to which I had rather send a girl.*" Rate, $485. Booklet.

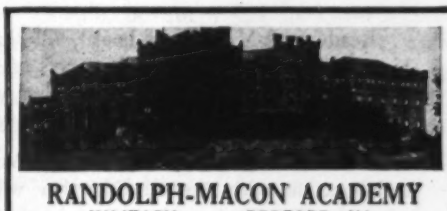
SOUTHERN SEMINARY, Box 993, Buena Vista, Va.

FISHBURNE
Military School

Est. 1879. At foot of Blue Ridge Mountains. 1300 feet elevation. 4 hours west of Washington. Instructor for every 10 cadets. Public speaking classes. Gymnasium. Swimming Pool. All athletics. $250,000 barracks, modern equipment, absolutely fireproof. Rate $600. Catalog.

MAJOR M. H. HUDGINS, Principal
Box 450, Waynesboro, Virginia





RANDOLPH-MACON ACADEMY
MILITARY BEDFORD, VA.

Thorough preparation for college or business life. New gymnasium and swimming pool. Liberal endowment permits of unusually low terms. $405 covers all charges. No extras. Randolph-Macon boys succeed—640 graduates of this school have received full college degrees or entered professions in the past 27 years. For catalog address

E. Sumter Smith—W. R. Phelps, Principals

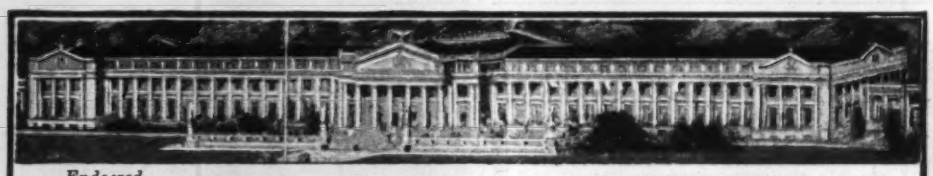
Chatham Training School An endowed Preparatory School for Boys offering the essentials of education without the frills. Conducted to make men and not money. Necessary expenses only $350. New Academic and Gymnasium Building costing $70,000 in addition to $100,000 plant. Catalog on request. A. H. CAMDEN, President, Box 107, Chatham, Va.

Southern College Historic Junior College. Girls and Young Women. 60th Year. $600. Social Training. Two-year College Courses. Preparatory and Finishing Courses. Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science, Tennis, Basketball, Gymnasium. Students from many states. Ideal climate. Non-sectarian. ARTHUR KYLE DAVIS, A. M., 202 College Place, Petersburg, Va.

WISCONSIN

Layton School of Arts Industrial Design, Advertising Design, Costume Design, Interior Design, Illustration, and Normal Art. Miss CHARLOTTE R. PARTRIDGE, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

WISCONSIN



Endowed

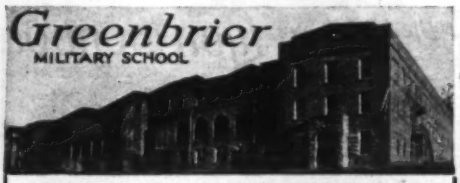
Northwestern Military and Naval Academy

70 miles from Chicago

A virile American preparatory school that will interest discriminating parents and appeal to the boy who loves athletics, outdoor life, automobiles and other sports. Students of good character only received. School operated on self-government principles and honor ideals. Recognized by colleges, the War Department and the public as one of the great schools of America. Exceptional location and buildings with every known improvement in heating, lighting, sanitation, fire-proofing, etc. A visit to the school while it is in session urged. Attendance limited. Junior College Course. Catalog outlining its many distinctive advantages on request.

COLONEL R. P. DAVIDSON, Supt. Lake Geneva, Wisconsin

WEST VIRGINIA



A modern school with large corps of expert instructors 2300 ft. elevation, on Main Line C. & O. R. R. Station Ronceverte. Expenditure of $125,000 this year on new buildings and improvements. Athletic field. New gymnasium. Terms, $500. Catalog.

Address Col. H. B. Moore, A.M., Prin., Box 20. Lewisburg, W. Va.

(*Presbyterian*)

McClure's For September

Here is what the Literary Review of the New York Evening Post says of the Farquhar Memoirs, which the readers of McClure's have enjoyed:

"'Ho, hum,' thought I, as I observed the title of A. B. Farquhar's autobiography. 'I'll dip into it for a few pages.'

"That was about 11 p. m. When I heard the dog under my bed growl softly because the milkman was at the back steps, I realized I had been reading, fascinated, for several hours.

"Stenographer! Open letter to A. B. Farquhar. Mr. A. B. Farquhar, York, Pa. Dear Mr. Farquhar: Yours is the most interesting book I have read in several weeks and the only autobiography that ever kept me awake in bed with my pajamas on till the milkman came —

"Nearly every anecdote he tells is the kind that one wants to remember . . .

"Mr. Farquhar was well within earshot of Lincoln when he delivered his Gettysburg address, and the next day read in the New York *Tribune* that the President made a few remarks.

"One of the interesting sidelights is about the former Confederate officer who wished to gain a pardon from President Grant whom he had once met. Grant didn't remember him, but did remember his horse . . .

"The actual writing of the book was done in collaboration with Samuel Crowther, an experienced writer. This puts the stamp of frankness and honesty on the volume . . .

"Mr. Crowther has evidently absorbed the idea of the narrator so well that one has the feeling of getting the account direct from the man who had the experience."

The Coming Ford Installment

Readers of Mr. Ford's book will thank Mr. Crowther for his notable collaboration, and readers of McClure's Magazine will be glad to know that Mr. Crowther will be a very important contributor to the magazine during the coming year.

The new chapters of "My Life and Work," by Henry Ford in collaboration with Samuel Crowther, will tell about the time when the New York bankers thought that Mr. Ford would have to borrow many millions from them on their own terms and give them considerable control of Mr. Ford's business.

Mr. Ford will also give his views as to water-power and especially the possibilities of Muscle Shoals.

One of the most important chapters tells of his collaboration with the English Government in furnishing farm tractors in 1917. England was short of horses and men. The Ford tractors rendered a vital and tremendous service.

The Railroad, Trade Schools, The Ford Hospital, Thomas A. Edison, John Burroughs, Emerson are among the subjects discussed. Also there is a chapter glimpsing the future.

Scotland Yard and the German Spies During the War

By Sir Basil Thompson

Sir Basil Thompson is more than a master detective. He is distinguished as the author of many books, a colonial administrator, a former Governor of Dartmouth Prison, where his experience showed that humaneness and kindliness have a most important place in prison administrators.

During the war he was the head of the forces to combat German spies and to secure information for the civil and military leaders of England.

His story of his work during the war will begin in the next issue.

Major Russell's next story of the American Secret Service in France is "The Wine Swindlers." Next to "The Greatest Secret Service Story of the War," this is probably the most thrilling story of Secret Service the magazine has published.

Besides other contributions there will be six splendid short stories and an installment of "Don Cristobal de Zaurigi."

The Most Attractive Child I Ever Met

By George Bond

I HAD stopped off on my way East to visit an old classmate of mine who lived on a ranch twenty miles from nowhere and whom I had not seen in ten years. When we arrived at his home his little boy of eight came dashing up on his pony to meet us, and while my friend drove the car around to the garage his young son, having hitched his horse, showed me to my room. I was at once impressed by his courtesy and attractive manners, at which I marveled in one brought up so far in the wilds.

But my surprise grew into wonder at dinner, and as my stay was prolonged, for, though what I first noticed was manners, it was the little fellow's unusual education that later amazed me. He displayed such an interest in the miscellaneous table talk and such remarkable knowledge of people, business, pictures, history, literature, etc., that my admiration continued to grow by leaps and bounds. After dinner he took a book and curled up in a chair to himself where most boys would have worried their mothers to tell or read them a story.

"JIM," I said to his father, when the boy had gone to bed, "I never met a child like Ted before, and the remarkable thing about him is that with all his knowledge, he is 100 per cent real boy. Where did he get his training, anyway?"

"From a school in Baltimore," he replied with a smile of pride. "His behavior, his three R's, his general information, we owe all to that school."

"When did you live in Baltimore?" I asked.

"I have never been to Baltimore," he answered.

"You don't mean to say you sent a boy of his age away to boarding school?"

"Oh, no!" said he. "When Ted reached the age of four, we became desperate. Neither my wife nor I knew anything about bringing up a child and, though we felt our responsibility keenly, we did not know what to do. Ted was meanwhile developing traits and tendencies that began to alarm us. His education meant more to us than anything else in the world, but it seemed that if we stayed here without a school there could be no education. And if we left the ranch there would be no money for his education.

"Thus we were between the two horns of a dilemma. Then one day we heard accidentally that the Calvert School in Baltimore was training and teaching children from four to twelve years right in their own homes, no matter where they live, by laying a foundation of good habits and manners at the *age of four,* proceeding with the teaching of reading and writing and so carrying its pupils on until when they finally do go to school they enter a year or more ahead of other children their age."

"I didn't know that such a school existed," I frankly confessed.

"Come, let me show you his schoolroom," he said, and taking me upstairs into the boy's playroom he pointed out the corner set aside for the purpose of a school—with its little desk and a chair and shelf of books, one or two of which I opened.

"What attractive books!" I exclaimed. "I didn't know schoolbooks were ever made so. They weren't in my day."

He showed me the daily lesson sheets of instructions, so clear that any one could follow them, and so enlightening that even with a random glance I learned things that brought forth the exclamation, "Well, I never knew *that* before!" Then I examined Ted's stories about his pony and life on the ranch, and his compositions, illustrated with pictures on art, history, mythology, science, together with his reports and certificate.

I COMPARED the work mentally with that of my own little girl in the East whom, at a financial sacrifice, I was sending to the best day school I knew of—and a jealous and even angry feeling swept over me that my friend's son, 1,000 miles from a good school, should be so much better trained.

"But who does the actual teaching?" I asked.

"His nurse at first gave him his lessons, but after a while my wife became so interested that she considered it a pleasure and a privilege to do that part herself. She found it brought new interest and delight into her own life, and I venture to say it takes no more of her time than that which your wife spends in hearing your little girl's lessons, which you are paying others to teach.

"The Calvert School was started and is maintained by a group of leading citizens of Baltimore who seek no financial benefits, but who wanted the best the educational world afforded for their own children. And they are broadminded enough to wish to make similar advantages available to all English-speaking children. The Calvert School faculty is constantly trying out new devices, books, schemes, plans and methods and they adopt and incorporate into their course any improvement that stands the test.

"You'll be surprised to know there are Calvert pupils in every state and twenty-two foreign countries, and a great many schools are using Calvert methods, though many claim to be using the Calvert School system who are not entitled to."

Inspired by my friend's enthusiasm, I borrowed a post card, sat down at once and wrote the Calvert School, asking for full information.

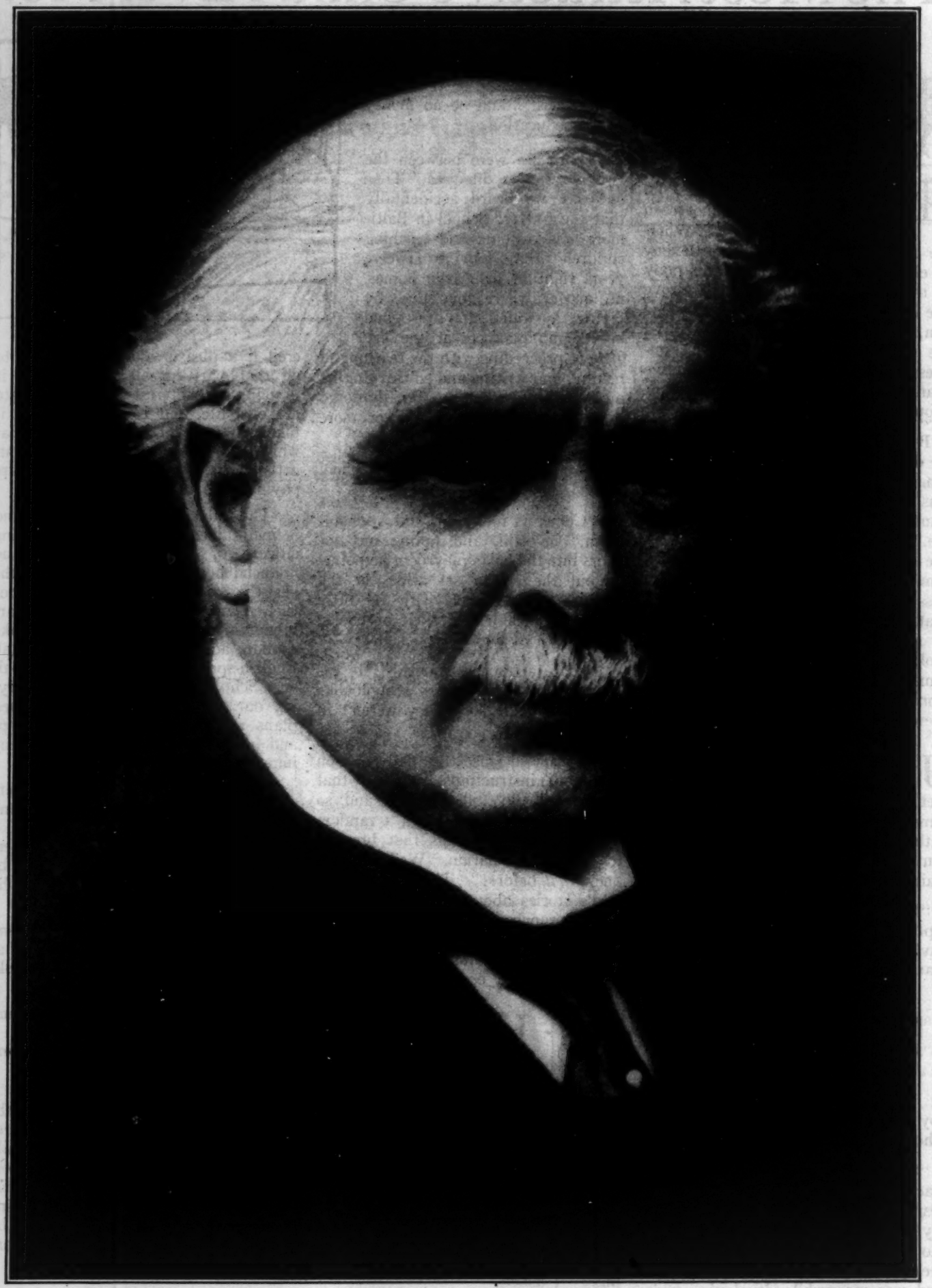
When I reached home the information I sought was awaiting me, and I at once secured the Calvert instruction for Mary.

WHY not find out what the Calvert School can do for *your* child? There is a course of daily lessons for each age of childhood from four or five years to twelve—*definite* lessons for each school day, setting down just what is to be done day by day and in such simple language that any one can follow the directions.

Full information will gladly be sent you on request.

CALVERT SCHOOL

8 Chase St. Baltimore, Md.



DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

Premier of England

(See page 82, "Lloyd George," by Truman Hughes Talley)

VOLUME 54
NO. 6

McCLURE'S

S. S. McCLURE, *Editor*

AUGUST
1922

Three Centuries of Americans

A selection of the most useful Americans in the three hundred years of American History

To be determined by the readers of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

The most useful is the greatest—The great man is to be the servant of mankind, not they of him—Theodore Parker.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE in cooperation with its readers proposes to make a survey of distinguished American manhood and womanhood, to determine who in general esteem constitute the most useful Americans, past and present.

America has been three centuries in the making and has become one of the most powerful and richest nations in the world. But as Bacon has well said: "The true greatness of a state consisteth essentially in population and breed of men."

The great philosopher was right. Nations may be great in resources, area, commerce, industries, political and military power, but their greatest asset is the men and women of action, of usefulness, achievement, success — above all of public service not only in official station but more particularly in all activities that pertain to the progress and perfection of our modern civilization.

The test of worth is *usefulness*. Neither wealth nor poverty will be taken into consideration.

> No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him He gives him for mankind.—*Phillips Brooks.*

By universal consent Washington and Lincoln head any list of great Americans. And this investigation will be made by McCLURE'S MAGAZINE in the spirit of the universal estimate of Washington and Lincoln, whose deeds and words are our greatest national treasure. Our standard of judgment can be found in the very words of Washington: "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and the honest can repair."

Could anything be more worthy, more valuable as a study of modern life? Could anything be more fascinating to a great mass of intelligent men and women?

> In all the world there is nothing so remarkable as a great man, nothing so rare, nothing which so well repays study.—*Theodore Parker.*

Our readers are invited to make this study.

It is our hope that in selecting the greatest Americans of three centuries our readers may be able to bring to public knowledge men and women of to-day, perhaps not widely known, whose unselfish and devoted public service in various walks of life entitles them to national recognition.

It is hoped that this survey will stimulate such an interest in the study of American history as will instil a deeper sense of the responsibility of citizenship.

Lowell has well said:

> The true historical genius, to our thinking, is that which can see the nobler meaning of events that are near him, as the true poet is he who detects the divine in the casual; and we somewhat suspect the depth

of his insight into the past, who cannot recognize the god-like of to-day under the disguise in which it always visits us.

The past furnishes our standards as well as examples. The present must find full expression in this survey.

The greatest names in our history are of those who made America possible. Eighty-five years ago Lincoln said, as quoted in my editorial introduction in McCLURE'S for March:

> We find ourselves in peaceful possession of the fairest portion of the earth as regards extent of territory, fertility of soil, and salubrity of climate. We find ourselves under the government of a system of political institutions conducing more essentially to the ends of civil and religious liberty than any of which the history of former times tells us. We, when mounting the stage of existence, found ourselves the legal inheritors of these fundamental blessings. We toiled not in the acquirement or establishment of them; they are a legacy bequeathed to us by a once hardy, brave and patriotic, but now lamented and departed, race of our ancestors. Theirs was the task (and nobly they performed it) to possess themselves, and through themselves us, of this goodly land, and to uprear upon its hills and its valleys a political edifice of liberty and equal rights.

The achievements praised by Lincoln were the work mainly of about fifty years. Writing nearly half a century later, after a lifetime spent in studying American history, the venerable historian Bancroft said:

> However great may be the number of those who persuade themselves that there is nothing in man superior to himself, history interposes with evidence that tyranny and wrong lead inevitably to decay; that freedom and right, however hard may be the struggle, always prove resistless. Through this assurance ancient nations learned to renew their youth; the rising generation is incited to take a generous part in the grand drama of time, and old age, staying itself upon sweet hope as its companion and cherisher, not bating a jot of courage, nor seeing cause to argue against the hand or the will of a higher power, stands waiting in the tranquil conviction that the path of humanity is still fresh with the dews of the morning, that the Redeemer of the nations liveth.

These words of Bancroft also appeared in the March McCLURE'S. The editor of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE has had unusual opportunities to know America for over a third of a century, and he knows that the words of Lincoln and Bancroft apply to the America of to-day. We are at the dawn of a greater and better America, the future of our people was never before so promising, and we believe that the study of the history of our country involved in this survey will encourage the young men and women of our time.

S. S. McCLURE.

This is an opportunity for the American people to cooperate with the editors of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE and with an advisory board of twelve of our most eminent countrymen, to choose the hundred most distinguished living Americans, and the hundred most righteously famous people America has given to history. The more helpful have been their services the more will we delight to honor them, and to set forth their lives and achievements with fresh illumination in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

All communications should be addressed to the editor of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, 80 Lafayette Street, N. Y. City.

Angels' Shoes

By M. L. C. Pickthall

Author of "Gipsy's Weather"

THE Horado, huge torpid vein of the back-country, after taking tribute of a thousand miles of jungle was suddenly released into the ocean, whose clear and fertile depths it stained with the earth's rot and detritus. Where these two encountered there was war, of meeting and retreating waters; which only ceased when the slow pressure of the turning tide exactly balanced the slow outpouring of the vast stream. Then, for a little while, there was peace. In the midst of such a peace lay the barquentine, "Dorotea Dixon," waiting for high-water on the bar.

She, the soiled little trader, was briefly an illusion, a dream, built of some substance of pearl-petal and rose-gold too lovely for a name. Grier said the wet deck looked so fragile, so iridescent, that he tapped it with his heel as he stood, for the assurance that he stood on something more solid than a very bubble of the foam. The crew were silent; for the most part gazing overside at the streaks of mud-brown coiling in the sapphire; for the scornful sea never entirely mingled with the current of the river. It was all glitteringly, insubstantially, clear and vivid and still; you'd have thought, said Grier, that a great glass globe had been clapped down over everything. Islets of grass, logs, nameless jungle-drift the dark river brought down and left about them in that strange belt of no-man's-water between the flood and the flood. In the very fulness of dawn it brought the dugout.

The dugout, along with the other drift, drew silently and very slowly towards them; touched at last on the port quarter with a distinct double knock. After a curious pause and hesitation, a man rose on the rail with a rope; there was a glint of faces along the rail as the others gazed at him. Grier warned: "Careful, MacAwe," but less out of consideration for the dugout, he says, than for the spell of stillness they must break. His voice, or the voices of the triumphing tide, broke it; and it was amidst a commonplace clatter, on a commonplace deck, that they lifted and laid Brennan and the native girl.

The girl was all right; Brennan, the huge bull of a man was in a bad way. He'd little on, Grier said, but a pair of burst canvas shoes much too small for him; his shirt he'd rigged as a sort of shelter for the girl. They carried them below and put them in a cabin, having first ascertained that the girl wore a brass ring on the third finger of her left hand; for the Old Man, as Grier said, was "uncommon correct." Then, leaving them to the Old Man and his box of medicines, they went to the work of coaxing the "Dorotea" up stream. First, Grier took off the man's shoes — cut them off in strips — for his feet were bruised to the bone.

Two hours later, the "Dorotea" being safely warped to a tree above the jetty, Grier went down to look at the waifs again. He met the Old Man coming out of the cabin, a blue bottle in one hand and Brennan's shirt in the other; a gaudy garment of yellow stripes, indescribably fouled and torn. The Old Man, staring grimly over the huge steel spectacles he always assumed when he opened the medicine chest, held out the shirt to Grier, Grier gazed blankly. At last the Old Man condescended to explain, to point with the bottle. "You dont tell me, Mr. Grier," he burst out, "that the fellow's any *right* to it!"

Grier saw that there was a celluloid collar attached to the shirt with a brass safety pin: the orthodox straight band of white a parson wears. The Old Man went on, quivering with indignation; he was, as Grier said, "uncommon correct." Grier looked into the cabin. The girl had curled up at the end of Brennan's bunk, sound asleep, nursing his wounded feet in her arms. Something in the sight hit Grier hard; he glanced from her to Brennan's brutal, blue-black, upturned jaw, whistled thoughtfully, and went out.

Impossible even to imagine that jowl over the parson's collar!

But it was Brennan's jaw — or the quality it stood for — drove him that last thirty miles between Santa Luce and the Horado.

At Santa Luce — nothing but a river-crossing — he stopped and buried his last porter. He would have delayed for nothing living. Even Buck Brennan was obliged to delay awhile for that pitiful dead. He gave Rosario a few inches of earth; rested a little; took what he could of the double load, and went on. Thinking, as he told Grier, "Well, Rosario, *hombre*, your resurrection won't take no three days" . . . A hard brute, Buck Brennan, with a heart like a baked brick; enclosing God-knew-what of fires, of powers. . . . He had no choice but to die where he stood or a little farther on. He jutted out that great coarse jaw of his and chose to die farther on — as far as possible. And — as far as possible — he came on the house.

Imagine a great forest, bare of all life but one brown ant crawling in it; imagine in the very heart of that forest a tiny ant-heap, just a spoonful of honey-colored granules in the roots of a grass-tuft. Can you imagine the ant finding the ant-hill? Yet, in the vast Jungles of the Horado, the creeping atomy that was Brennan came on the house.

There was, in one window of the house, one little bit of glass, which caught the levelling light through some aisles of the unplumbed forest, and shone like a star. It drew Brennan, though he was then past thought. It was as an automaton of mere muscle that he made towards it, mounted steps that sagged like hammocks, found a door, and set his shoulders to it. The door gave, groaning. Something tangled his feet and tripped him — a rope, or a vine of the myriad that veiled the very substance of the house. He fell as it seemed to him, very slowly; and the door sank before him like a mist. He heard a bell ring outside, far overhead — it rolled like the salute of a gun, a challenge, a war-cry flung hollow of night, all ringing and booming with bells.

Out of this deep sleep he woke in a dawn full of screaming clouds of little parakeets. They flashed past the doorway and vanished, but their green and gold lingered on the rim of every motionless leaf; the forest seemed to drip glory. But the splendid moment passed. A hot wind blew, and, somewhere overhead, set a cracked bell jangling. Brennan dragged himself to his feet and went to explore.

Food he must have; he had it there, in the load

he'd let fall as he fell. But before that, before anything, he had to explore the house. Hunger was urgent. But there was something around him more urgent still. What?

He found no answer for a long time in the ghost of that little native-built house fading away into grass and green and mould — a visible sort of transubstantiation, going on, to go on, for how long? Who had built it? Who had deserted it? Why? He moved cat-footed on floors wrenched apart by writhing growths, where squares of solid mildew proclaimed that matting had been. He cleared the windows with his knife — it was like cutting snakes — and watched intently as the light fell on blotched and voiceless walls. There were glasses and warped frames here and there on the walls: from all but one the ants had eaten the pictures: this one had been backed with tin, and so the Madonna of the Chair still looked out, through the veiling of the damp, with her exquisite clear benevolence. Brennan tried another room.

Here were two little iron beds side by side, bare of anything but rust; a table, and a tin box. Brennan opened it. Books and papers rewarded him — several little gray-bound Gospels, an Imitation in Latin, a "Reading Without Tears," and Miss Braddon's "Vixen." He was immensely bewildered and annoyed; he guessed a clue lay here, but was not sure of it. He tumbled the books about, and a shower of little cards fluttered out and lay gaudily on the floor. There was a picture and a text on every card. Brennan stooped and read "Suffer little children," "He that speaketh truth sendeth forth righteousness," "Charity suffereth long and is kind." . . . He swore in pure astonishment and went on. On to the room at the back that ran the house's width; of which the outer wall had fallen, leaving a drunken fringing of roof, a drift of greenery, dissolution and growth going on like a battlefield over — over what? Six benches in a row, a little raised platform, some colored rags hanging from a roller that must have been a map, and a blackboard.

The place had been a school.

A school, a mission-school, in the jungles of the Horado! A picture-palace or a morgue would have appeared equally unnatural, equally out of drawing. Over the rotting roof, in a little cupola of split cane, hung the bell. As Brennan stood knee-deep in rubbish, staring at the blackboard, the bell moved in some unnoticeable air and clanged hoarsely. The school-bell! . . . He turned to the blind doorway. And there were the scholars.

Native children. Three or four. One naked earth-colored boy had a broken slate under his arm. One tallish girl wore the remains of a print gown, which she had washed clean. They stood gazing at Brennan in a wild, humble way, as if they also had lost their clue. Perhaps they could help him to his, though. But with his movement they fled, vanished, melted like shadows into the leaves. He had an impression of their eyes, bewildered, faithful, like the eyes of once-beloved ghosts. In the little cupola the bell was also faithful, calling to school.

Brennan ate and drank that day from his own small supplies. Then he stretched himself on one of those little iron beds and thought.

Food he must have — to go on with. Food, and perhaps he'd make the Horado: follow it down: find a boat. . . . But his mind persistently revolted from this balanced considering of days and ways, to a mere wonder, a curiosity. This school. Who had built it, kept it? Where had they come from, and why? Where had they gone, and why? *That,* not his journey, was what mattered — here. He went through everything with an intent method, but he found no more than a name in the Imitation — "Bonnie West," and a date. Who on earth was Bonnie West? Sitting on the edge of the bed, he frowned from the book in his hand to the mould-haloed Madonna on the wall till his weight sent the legs through the floor and he slid off. He swore, but defiantly. . . . Grier said "He always made me understand that the house still *belonged.* He never had any sense of ownership, or any right there. He was perpetually guilty, as if his hosts might return and find him there, unwelcome. He was apologetic when he renewed some of his badly worn clothes from a few he found put away under the books in the tin box — a coat and a pair of shoes, I believe; he used to wake in the night, he told me, shaping excuses for making so free. Buck Brennan! D. D.'s clothes they were — Devil Dodger's — parson's clothes."

Perhaps it was with some idea of a vague repayment that Brennan began to clean out the schoolroom. . . . Llianas had climbed to the roof, burst it, lapped about the little belfry. Everything he touched, he told Grier, the bell rang. And he'd a notion that the scholars still haunted the place; he felt himself continually watched, followed — weighed, perhaps, and found wanting. Once he looked up quickly from his tidying, and there they were again in the door. But again they fled and the forest swallowed them as some say a mother-snake will swallow its young. It troubled him. He thought that if he'd had on the parson's coat they might have stayed, and then he would have found out everything. . . . He always wore it after that. And as the strange empty, preoccupied house worked on him, he added one of the straight white collars he also found in the box. But they would not return for all the wool this innocent wolf stuck on his rough pelt.

He had no heart those first days for venturing into the jungle again, even to find out where the children hid, and where he might get fresh supplies, and perhaps porters for his further journey; his necessities all lapsed curiously into the background. But the morning came when he took his gun and went out, moved from his uncommon lethargy by the need of the next day's dinner. He told himself he was after pig. But he followed the trodden path he found leading from — and to — the mission-school. It must lead to the village. He had followed a thousand such corkscrew trails. But this one ended in nothing. Just that. It was as if a hand had come down and wiped everything out, as you wipe something you don't want read off a slate. Bare burnt earth was there, and a leprosy of ashes. Rain had fallen in the night; he saw, in the ashes, prints of children's feet. And went back without his pig.

After that, he was continually on the watch. He shot and cured meat, as much as he could carry for any journey. He still lingered, confident that somewhere in the jungle was the clue, the answer to the riddle of emptiness, of ashes, and of the fluttering ghosts of the children, that he had set himself to solve. . . . Who can say what held him there? One evening, an hour from the house, he parted branches and looked on a camp.

Of himself, nothing was clearly visible in the gloom of the leaves but the white linen collar about a throat that many would have preferred in a hempen one. Of the man who sat in the daylight and the firelight, nothing was hidden as he looked up, saying thoughtfully, "Ah! So they have sent another already. . . ."

"When Buck went back to the house," said Grier, "Manuel Franca went along; and when he stood at the

(*Continued on page* 127)

The Crimson Corpuscle

A tale of love and superstition in Honolulu

By J. Allan Dunn

Illustrated by Joseph A. Maturo

AT THE outset, George Parslow was disappointed with Honolulu. It was not his Port o' Dreams. Here was the setting, but the pageant he had expected was lacking. It had been supplanted by humdrum modernity. The place was too commercial, too American.

Aboard the steamer, between Sidney and Honolulu, young George established himself as somewhat of a snob and a good deal of a nuisance and the reputation trailed him ashore.

How much of this was his own fault must be left to the psychologists. Parslow Senior had achieved a chain of bakeries in Australia which, by dint of efficiency, coupled to a sterling product at a reasonable price, had made the name of Parslow famous and had brought him several million dollars, which, in due time, had been inherited by Parslow Junior and his mother.

That is, they inherited the income from the capital, carefully preserved. Parslow Senior made no mistake about his family. His wife he had married young, for love. She had possessed beauty. Poverty might have made her a useful helpmate. Prosperity spoiled her and she, in turn, spoiled her son. She saw in him the *gentleman* who should establish the name of Parslow in the third generation upon a social rather than a commercial basis.

He was spindly of limb, skimpy of chest, pimply of surface. He had pinkish rimmed, bluey eyes and his features profiled badly. He had a flabby soul that, like a child's balloon, needed constant blowing up with the wind of its owner's conceit to make much of a showing. A little, coppery mustache matched hair and eyebrows and was trimmed and shaven back from a mouth that it might better have shaded. His teeth were chalky. His clothes showed him up rather than set him off.

And yet — strange are the uses of heredity — there was in young George a trait, a germ — working in him at times like the yeast in his father's doughs — handed down through the generations and persisting in this degenerate product of the Parslow line; a crimson corpuscle swimming vigorously in the anemic haemoglobin of his blood amid paler comrades, a militant microbe, the sprite of adventure, of romance, of wanderlust.

Adventure is the very leaven of progress. In Parslow Senior this same leaven had sought the adventure of business. In young Parslow its vague stirrings had a different manifestation. He read a lot inadvisably, a jumble of good stuff and healthy yarns of adventure, unhealthy tales of so-called sex interest. He liked to imagine himself in the place of the heroes of his stories, whether their conquests were muscular or amorous. And his inheritance set the doors wide open to test the powers he thus came to believe were within him. His fatuous mother reaped the tares of her own sowing. George had never considered her comfort nor her maternal ambitions for his marriage. He announced his intention of traveling — alone — before the rustle had departed from the widow's expensive and extensive crêpe.

The South Seas tempted him. He had been reading Stevenson, London, Osbourne, Melville, Becke and he had woven the magic of their local coloring into a series of visions made up of coral curving beaches and sapphire seas, of emerald lagoons and palms tossing against the sky, mountain peaks velvet with verdure. He saw brilliant, fragrant blossoms starred in dusky tresses, langourous-eyed houris with golden skins and voluptuous figures who welcomed him as a young god. The germ, the crimson corpuscle, waxed lusty on this kind of *pabulum*, and it spurred him to buy his passage to the Paradise of the Pacific.

After a week of Honolulu Parslow began to mope. He found that his clothes and his money were no *sesame* to the freemasonry of the hotel verandas or the social life of the community. He began to think he had made a mistake. Then he met Sayers and life seemed more promising.

Sayers was an Australian, a newspaperman who covered sports for one of the Honolulu dailies. He had long since abandoned any principles he might have had and Parslow seemed to him a fruit well worth squeezing. They had many tastes in common. Sayers was "sporting," the real article. Parslow wanted to be. Hitherto he had been the sucker, the juggins. Now he was intimate with a pastmaster of the dubious craft.

SAYERS had married a native wife and he lived in the native quarter. He eked out his salary by touting for the Kapiolani Race Track, placing bets on various events, doing press work for the occasional prizefights and by other transactions more or less shady. He knew how to handle Parslow.

He introduced him with great secrecy to a "club" where Parslow could buy liquor for himself and for his sponsors. There, one evening, Parslow bewailed the disillusion he had sustained at the performance of a so-called hula he had seen the night before.

"Bah," said Sayers. "That stuff is faked up for *malihinis* — for new chums. Can't take in a shrewd one like you, Parslow. You'd like to get in touch with the real thing, see native life like it used to be, I'll gamble. Annexation spoiled most of that, but it isn't all gone."

"They tell me I've got to go to the other islands to see any of it," said Parslow. Sayers eyed him keenly from between sandy lashes. He was not going to let this pigeon flutter out of his reach. "My son," he said as he finished his liquor and Parslow promptly ordered more, "I'll arrange it all for you. I'll give you the *entrée* to the right crowd."

"When?" The crimson corpuscle was becoming rampant. Sayers considered.

"You want to do the thing right. You can cut

It was a wonderful night. Parslow went seeking Pinao through the scented garden

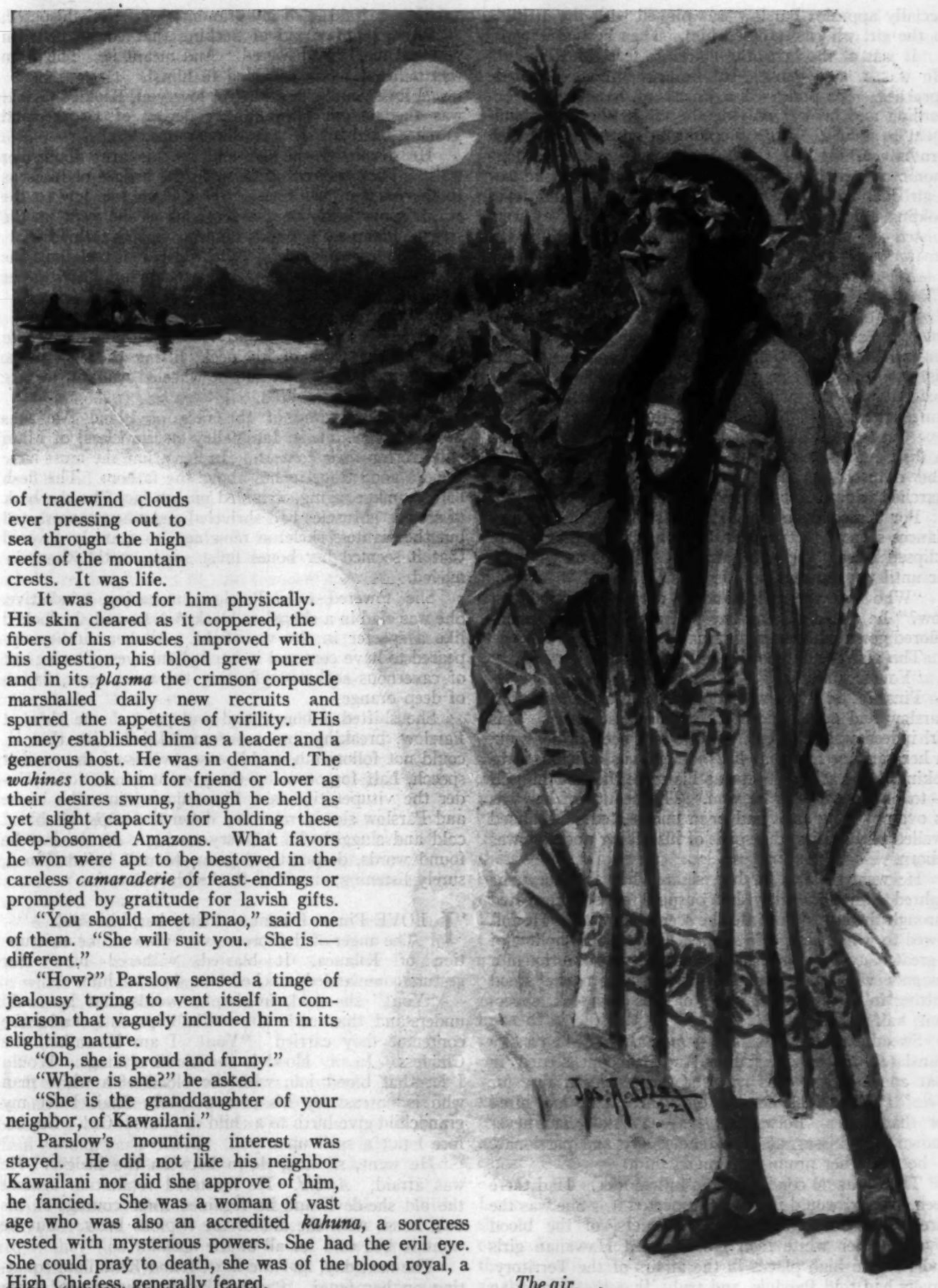
quite a dash. They'll treat you like a prince. You've got the money and I'll see you get the worth of it."

Thus Parslow went native. He rented a beach bungalow on the Ocean Road, one of a colony of frame houses, more or less pretentious, owned by the better class type of natives who still had lands left to mortgage and who lived an oldtime life of ease, *plus* modern embellishments.

He began to live the life he had coveted. He wore a fresh suit of white linen every morning and a hat of *hala* straw banded with a garland of ginger bloom, sweet leafed *maile* vine, carnation or plumaria. He rapidly acquired a liking for native dishes. He drove about with young native girls in taxicabs and appeared with them at the band concerts. It meant all loss of caste with the white community, but he did not miss it. To lose caste is a dangerous trick in any country, even for the transient, but Parslow was utterly content with the new-found friends who made much of him.

His dreams were coming true. There were long, sunny afternoons of sand lounging, away from the tourist beaches. There was fishing on the reef by torchlight, spearing for squid in the tide pools, fishing in canoes, swimming in the lagoon with gay companions who tried to teach him surfcraft and never made fun of failure. Some of these were amiable, bronzed beauties with black, abundant tresses, sloe eyes, red lips and inviting bosoms, who were not above accepting a gift nor chary of a caress.

There were nights of feasting, song and dance and laughter and love making, the rhythmical strum of guitar, taro-patch and *ukulele,* graceful bodies posturing in the *hula kui* and Parslow's pulses pounding in time. Strange things to eat grew every day more palatable, pungent things to drink banished self-consciousness, brews made of pineapple, of fermented orange and the root of the *ti* plant. There were starry hours that often found him plashing through the warm surf arm-linked with a laughing, permissive young goddess, Parslow himself, for the time, a god. Sometimes they went inland, where tree ferns catch the silver spray of thundering waterfalls and the air is sweet with scented fern and vine and blossom. There they feasted and made music and love under a moon that marked the proud argosy



The air, . . . the sky, the sound of the music were like velvet

of tradewind clouds ever pressing out to sea through the high reefs of the mountain crests. It was life.

It was good for him physically. His skin cleared as it coppered, the fibers of his muscles improved with his digestion, his blood grew purer and in its *plasma* the crimson corpuscle marshalled daily new recruits and spurred the appetites of virility. His money established him as a leader and a generous host. He was in demand. The *wahines* took him for friend or lover as their desires swung, though he held as yet slight capacity for holding these deep-bosomed Amazons. What favors he won were apt to be bestowed in the careless *camaraderie* of feast-endings or prompted by gratitude for lavish gifts.

"You should meet Pinao," said one of them. "She will suit you. She is — different."

"How?" Parslow sensed a tinge of jealousy trying to vent itself in comparison that vaguely included him in its slighting nature.

"Oh, she is proud and funny."

"Where is she?" he asked.

"She is the granddaughter of your neighbor, of Kawailani."

Parslow's mounting interest was stayed. He did not like his neighbor Kawailani nor did she approve of him, he fancied. She was a woman of vast age who was also an accredited *kahuna*, a sorceress vested with mysterious powers. She had the evil eye. She could pray to death, she was of the blood royal, a High Chiefess, generally feared.

"Pinao is visiting relatives on Maui," went on the girl. "But she is coming back. You will see her at the Keiliikuli *luau*. Keona is her brother."

All this was information tempered with ill nature. Parslow knew it preluded his dismissal by the girl as her cavalier, her errant fancy having tired of him. Keona was a halfwit — *pupule* Keona — who was said to act as his grandmother's familiar. Keona, it was whispered, could be changed to various forms. He could mimic all voices, even those of the dead, and Kawailani used him in her mysterious, dreadful rites.

Pinao — the name meant dragonfly — did not es-

pecially appeal. Parslow was piqued with the attitude of the girl who now teased him. Then he met Pinao.

It was at the *luau,* the marriage feast of Keiliikuli. He was a star guest. He brought gifts. He made speeches. He possessed a knack of handling an accordion and he was playing the air in the accompaniment to a *hula,* strings plunking in harmony, calabash drums marking the time, the crowd shouting in harmonic chorus the refrain of *Tomi, Tomi:* when he saw a girl looking at him with eyes like a deer at gaze, eyes holding admiration. Before his bold glance they were misted — not with shyness, but with an allure the greater for its veiling.

IT was a wonderful night. The air, the sky, the sound of the music was like velvet. Here was the rich color, the atmosphere of the belt that lies between Cancer and Capricorn, where Eros, bronzed and busy, lights his *flambeau* at both ends. The whole affair was intoxicant with the swing of music, the suggestion of the dance, the cries of the onlookers, the song of Hawaiian love verses, improvised for the occasion, none too subtle in their euphemism. Parslow's blood was in a ferment. The crimson corpuscle mustered its battalions and marched triumphant through his veins.

For a second he faltered in his playing as his own glances seemed to tangle in the long lashes that slowly eclipsed hers. Then he laughed and went on with the air until the dancers were exhausted.

"Who was the girl standing across from me just now?" he asked of Sayers. "The one in the lemon-colored gown with the red carnation *leis?*"

The girl beside the Australian laughed.

"You mean Pinao," she said.

Pinao? So that was Pinao! An exaltation that Parslow had never known before possessed him. This girl indeed was different. There had been pride, rank, in her carriage and that lure of hers was delicious, provoking, imperative. She was his mate, he told himself — to be wooed — to be won. The beauty of her was as overpowering as it had been unexpected. Manhood swelled within him, the spirit of his viking ancestor was reborn.

He went seeking for her, sighted her and knew she sighted him and knew his purpose as she retreated through the crowd out into the scented garden. He followed to where her gown showed dimly in the hollow of a great banyan's root-arbor, curtained with the riot of a *hapala* vine—the sweetheart vine—where she stood halting in the immortal game of hide and seek, expectant, half afraid.

Sweetheart in Hawaiian — *hapala* — literally translated, means ripe fruit. And fruit ripens early in that zone. Pinao was ripe for the plucking, ripe for love. Parslow took her home on the car he had hired for that night. Between kisses — Parslow had never known such kisses, at once tender, shy and passionate — he made her promise to marry him.

There was no condescension in his offer. Had there been, the girl would not have suspected it. She was the direct descendant of hereditary chiefs, of the blood royal. Other white men had married Hawaiian girls and risen to high places in the affairs of the Territory. Sayers had told Parslow, and truly, that the Polynesian race had come from the Caucasus in the fifth century, that the two peoples were of common origin. He knew that half caste children often had blue eyes and blond hair, that in the third generation all traces of brown skin vanished. But all this was very much in the back of his mind as he held Pinao in his arms and felt her supple body close to his.

"I am afraid — of my grandmother," she whispered.

"And I am afraid of nothing that comes between you and me," he answered. And meant it. The germ was militant. She snuggled to him.

"I love you," she said. "I love you, Kioki." Kioki was the smooth Hawaiian rendering of George and Parslow liked it. It was a love name.

He dismissed the car and set his arm about her waist. They walked up between the hedges of hibiscus to the *lanai* of her house. The moon was low to the sea, it shone fairly on the verandah as she went up the steps. Pinao set her soft, tapering fingers to his lips.

"Tomorrow, *huapala,*" she whispered, and took the wreath from about his neck, exchanging it with her own.

"Tomorrow we will be married," said Parslow.

The door opened abruptly. A cold wind seemed to blow on the nape of his neck, lifting the soft hairs. Pinao shrank from him and he wheeled, valiant, to face Kawailani. And wilted.

Kawailani came of the race of island Amazons whose descendants in Iao Valley on the island of Maui still overtop their consorts. In her prime she must have stood a good three inches above the fathom. The flesh had shrunk, sagging, wrinkled on her face like the bark of a tree. Muscles had shriveled and sinews contracted but the giantess skeleton remained, so sparsely covered that it seemed her bones must surely rattle when she moved.

She towered over Parslow, menacing, vindictive. She was clad in a shapeless black *holoku* and she looked like a specter in the moonlight. All her vitality appeared to have centered in her baleful eyes, glowing out of cavernous sockets, reflecting the moon rays, flames of deep orange.

She shifted a bony hand and pointed one claw at Parslow, breaking into a torrent of invective that he could not follow but could sense; words of the ancient speech, half forgotten by the present generation. Under the vituperative lash Pinao darted into the house and Parslow slowly retreated down the steps, his blood cold and sluggish, his bravery oozing. At the last he found words, desperate to prove himself before Pinao, surely listening, crouched in the black interior.

"I LOVE Pinao, I want to marry her," he said.

The anger of the sorceress overflowed like an eruption of Kilauea. It blasted, withered him. Her gesture commanded, mocked him, dwarfed him.

"You!" she said, in simpler words that he could understand, that made him writhe impotently under the contempt they carried. "You! I am Kawailani the Chiefess. In my blood is the blood of kings. Would I let that blood join with the blood of a white man who is outcast by his own people? Shall I let my grandchild give birth to a child of yours? Go! Go, before I put a spell upon you. Go!"

He went, slinking down between the hedges. He was afraid. *Afraid.* He muttered retaliation against the old she-devil and he regained some courage in his own house with the aid of the *ti*-plant brew. But he went to bed cold for all of the alcohol.

The next day, and the next, found Kawailani squatting on her *lanai.* Parslow lacked courage to storm that portal.

He loafed about disconsolately on his own *lanai.* He drank whenever the sense of his own impotency pricked him too deeply. He played doleful tunes at twilight on the accordion. He watched wistfully the light that his heart told him shone from his true love's prison chamber. Always, from the first streak of light

until twilight, the High Chiefess squatted, a female Cerberus, with mumbling jaws and glittering eyes, empowered in mystery.

The fifth day after the feast, Parslow, a little maudlin with self-pity, unrequited love and too much liquor, sat on his front *lanai* at midnight, defying the mosquitoes with punk sticks and moodily fingering on his accordion:

But I and my true love will never meet again,—
On the bonny, bonny banks o' Loch Lomond.

He was awaiting the extinguishment of Pinao's lamp before he turned in. Usually the light went out hours earlier. It was a mute appeal that he knew he should answer. But how?

He had asked Sayers to help him out but Sayers had balked. He did not want Parslow married. He was more profitable single. He advised Parslow to wait and borrowed twenty dollars on the strength of the advice.

The moon, almost full, laced the vine-set *lanai* with deep purple blotches of shadow and irregular pools of light. A great *hao* tree, in the garden between Parslow's house and Kawailani's, draped its shadow all about it and seemed a cave set in the night rather than a structure of leafy boughs. The land wind came down spicy from the mountains, the swash of the surf sounded faintly from the reef, where it curled faintly luminous. It was a night of love, and Parslow, in the grip of music and desire, heightened by the *ti*-root's distillation, felt especially abused and melancholy.

Suddenly the light in Pinao's window vanished. He got moodily to his feet, leaning his arms upon the rail and looked north, past the *hao* tree, beyond gleaming patches of *taro* fringed with coco-palms, up to the blurry ridges of the Manoa range.

A low drone that regularly disturbed the night gave evidence that Kawailani sometimes slept. Parslow, sodden with need of sleep and alcohol, turned away to go to bed. His faculties suddenly cleared, bounded into action at the call of a low, sweet voice.

"*Kioki! Kioki, pi mai.*" It was the voice of Pinao and it came from the cave of the great *hao* tree. He was with her in a moment, holding the fragrant yielding warmth of her in his arms. She kissed him passionately but pressed him back.

"*Kioki,*" she said swiftly in her husky-sweet whisper, close to his ear, "tomorrow the *Ka Moi* sails for Maui and Kawailani takes me on it to marry I know not whom. I have broken through my window and she still sleeps. Kioki, take me away. If you love me, do not let me go to Maui."

"IF he loved her?" There was no doubt of that. His spirit blending with hers, was strong. He loved her and desired her as his forebear might have loved in some wild wooing on a savage coast. No upstart from Maui should come between them. And he told her so.

"I will show you if I love you, Pinao," he answered. "Come."

As Pinao had planned the flight, so she led it. With some provisions, hastily gathered by Parslow from his larder, they fled inland. Dawn found them far up in the neck of Manoa Valley, hurrying along a narrow trail. Pinao had an objective and, as the sun rose, flashing back from the dewy leaves of the jungle, dissolving the wreaths of mist on the horny crags all about them, she pointed it out to her lover in triumph.

It was an old but habitable grass hut, hidden by giant *koa* trees, set in a tiny hollow, sheltered from the ever pounding battery of the trade-winds that went roaring overhead, chanting in the higher boughs. Here was a tiny Eden. Stately breadfruits stood all about with groves of mountain apple, wild bananas, a fringe of guava scrub. A waterfall sprang from the cliff into a crystal pool that mirrored fragrant ferns.

She looked to him for approval, her face glowing, her eyes dreamy. Weariness slid from them like a garment as their lips met. Pinao laughed for happiness, plucked a ripe guava, bit through the rind with her small white teeth and offered the fruit with its crisp, pink cooling pulp, to her lover. They gathered great bunches of redolent *palapalai* fern and carried them into the shadowy hut.

Five days they picnicked, living on the stuff they had brought, supplemented with wild fruit and berries. Twice Pinao slipped down the valley after nightfall and brought back young coconuts and *papaias*. From the second excursion she returned in a shivering fit to Parslow's arms. She had overheard news. Kawailani had not sailed without her granddaughter. He strove to comfort her.

"I AM a white man, beloved," he said. "She cannot cast her spells on me or take you from me." He spoke valiantly, more stoutly than he felt. But, to make a big talk, with her arms about him, her eyes gazing almost reverently into his, bolstered him.

"Oh, but I am afraid, I am afraid," she whispered. "Kawailani can call back the dead. She talks with ghosts, with those who dwell in the uttermost darkness."

"All rot," persisted Parslow. And, when he had said it enough times, he began to believe it. Why should he, a white man, with money — there was a draft due at the bank at that moment — be afraid of an old hag, this Hawaiian Witch of Endor? By God, he was a white man!

He succumbed to Pinao's pleading for secrecy and flight. He made a concession of it to her though he was afraid to lean upon his own strength. It was all right to defy the old sorceress in this mountain fastness, another thing to go back and brave her face to face. There was no talk of marriage because they did not think of it. Marriage was only a key to the magic garden they had gained without passing through the conventional gate. They were both children, after all. Pinao was fifteen and Parslow barely twenty-one. Children, who had discovered the tree of knowledge and found its apples very much to their liking.

They started back before daylight on the sixth morning, down the pass and through the deserted links of the Manoa Country Club to the head of the carline. They caught the first car and transferred to the waterfront, bribing the purser of the inter-island steamer *Moi Wahine* to let them aboard hours before sailing time. He was a half-white and he showed them to a tiny cabin where they hid like rabbits in a burrow until the boat was well out into the channel. Then he came to Parslow.

"See here," he said. "None of my business but, if I can do anything for you, I'm willing. I know who she is," he jerked his chin at Pinao, "and you're sure one lucky *haole* (white man). Don't you worry about the old lady. She's sulking. Trying to save her face, as the Chinks put it."

Parslow welcomed his aid. The purser cashed a check for him, arranged for further exchange of money, got them a little house at Lahaina and promised to bring them news from time to time. He got his commissions, which were liberal, and he proved a good friend. They spent three months at Lahaina undisturbed and the dread of Kawailani wore off. Parslow

pecially appeal. Parslow was piqued with the attitude of the girl who now teased him. Then he met Pinao.

It was at the *luau*, the marriage feast of Keiliikuli. He was a star guest. He brought gifts. He made speeches. He possessed a knack of handling an accordion and he was playing the air in the accompaniment to a *hula*, strings plunking in harmony, calabash drums marking the time, the crowd shouting in harmonic chorus the refrain of *Tomi, Tomi:* when he saw a girl looking at him with eyes like a deer at gaze, eyes holding admiration. Before his bold glance they were misted — not with shyness, but with an allure the greater for its veiling.

IT was a wonderful night. The air, the sky, the sound of the music was like velvet. Here was the rich color, the atmosphere of the belt that lies between Cancer and Capricorn, where Eros, bronzed and busy, lights his *flambeau* at both ends. The whole affair was intoxicant with the swing of music, the suggestion of the dance, the cries of the onlookers, the song of Hawaiian love verses, improvised for the occasion, none too subtle in their euphemism. Parslow's blood was in a ferment. The crimson corpuscle mustered its battalions and marched triumphant through his veins.

For a second he faltered in his playing as his own glances seemed to tangle in the long lashes that slowly eclipsed hers. Then he laughed and went on with the air until the dancers were exhausted.

"Who was the girl standing across from me just now?" he asked of Sayers. "The one in the lemon-colored gown with the red carnation *leis?*"

The girl beside the Australian laughed.

"You mean Pinao," she said.

Pinao? So that was Pinao! An exaltation that Parslow had never known before possessed him. This girl indeed was different. There had been pride, rank, in her carriage and that lure of hers was delicious, provoking, imperative. She was his mate, he told himself — to be wooed — to be won. The beauty of her was as overpowering as it had been unexpected. Manhood swelled within him, the spirit of his viking ancestor was reborn.

He went seeking for her, sighted her and knew she sighted him and knew his purpose as she retreated through the crowd out into the scented garden. He followed to where her gown showed dimly in the hollow of a great banyan's root-arbor, curtained with the riot of a *huapala* vine—the sweetheart vine—where she stood halting in the immortal game of hide and seek, expectant, half afraid.

Sweetheart in Hawaiian — *huapala* — literally translated, means ripe fruit. And fruit ripens early in that zone. Pinao was ripe for the plucking, ripe for love. Parslow took her home on the car he had hired for that night. Between kisses — Parslow had never known such kisses, at once tender, shy and passionate — he made her promise to marry him.

There was no condescension in his offer. Had there been, the girl would not have suspected it. She was the direct descendant of hereditary chiefs, of the blood royal. Other white men had married Hawaiian girls and risen to high places in the affairs of the Territory. Sayers had told Parslow, and truly, that the Polynesian race had come from the Caucasus in the fifth century, that the two peoples were of common origin. He knew that half caste children often had blue eyes and blond hair, that in the third generation all traces of brown skin vanished. But all this was very much in the back of his mind as he held Pinao in his arms and felt her supple body close to his.

"I am afraid — of my grandmother," she whispered.

"And I am afraid of nothing that comes between you and me," he answered. And meant it. The germ was militant. She snuggled to him.

"I love you," she said. "I love you, Kioki." Kioki was the smooth Hawaiian rendering of George and Parslow liked it. It was a love name.

He dismissed the car and set his arm about her waist. They walked up between the hedges of hibiscus to the *lanai* of her house. The moon was low to the sea, it shone fairly on the verandah as she went up the steps. Pinao set her soft, tapering fingers to his lips.

"Tomorrow, *huapala,*" she whispered, and took the wreath from about his neck, exchanging it with her own.

"Tomorrow we will be married," said Parslow.

The door opened abruptly. A cold wind seemed to blow on the nape of his neck, lifting the soft hairs. Pinao shrank from him and he wheeled, valiant, to face Kawailani. And wilted.

Kawailani came of the race of island Amazons whose descendants in Iao Valley on the island of Maui still overtop their consorts. In her prime she must have stood a good three inches above the fathom. The flesh had shrunk, sagging, wrinkled on her face like the bark of a tree. Muscles had shriveled and sinews contracted but the giantess skeleton remained, so sparsely covered that it seemed her bones must surely rattle when she moved.

She towered over Parslow, menacing, vindictive. She was clad in a shapeless black *holoku* and she looked like a specter in the moonlight. All her vitality appeared to have centered in her baleful eyes, glowing out of cavernous sockets, reflecting the moon rays, flames of deep orange.

She shifted a bony hand and pointed one claw at Parslow, breaking into a torrent of invective that he could not follow but could sense; words of the ancient speech, half forgotten by the present generation. Under the vituperative lash Pinao darted into the house and Parslow slowly retreated down the steps, his blood cold and sluggish, his bravery oozing. At the last he found words, desperate to prove himself before Pinao, surely listening, crouched in the black interior.

"I LOVE Pinao, I want to marry her," he said.

The anger of the sorceress overflowed like an eruption of Kilauea. It blasted, withered him. Her gesture commanded, mocked him, dwarfed him.

"You!" she said, in simpler words that he could understand, that made him writhe impotently under the contempt they carried. "You! I am Kawailani the Chiefess. In my blood is the blood of kings. Would I let that blood join with the blood of a white man who is outcast by his own people? Shall I let my grandchild give birth to a child of yours? Go! Go, before I put a spell upon you. Go!"

He went, slinking down between the hedges. He was afraid. *Afraid.* He muttered retaliation against the old she-devil and he regained some courage in his own house with the aid of the *ti*-plant brew. But he went to bed cold for all of the alcohol.

The next day, and the next, found Kawailani squatting on her *lanai.* Parslow lacked courage to storm that portal.

He loafed about disconsolately on his own *lanai.* He drank whenever the sense of his own impotency pricked him too deeply. He played doleful tunes at twilight on the accordion. He watched wistfully the light that his heart told him shone from his true love's prison chamber. Always, from the first streak of light

until twilight, the High Chiefess squatted, a female Cerberus, with mumbling jaws and glittering eyes, empowered in mystery.

The fifth day after the feast, Parslow, a little maudlin with self-pity, unrequited love and too much liquor, sat on his front *lanai* at midnight, defying the mosquitoes with punk sticks and moodily fingering on his accordion:

But I and my true love will never meet again,—
On the bonny, bonny banks o' Loch Lomond.

He was awaiting the extinguishment of Pinao's lamp before he turned in. Usually the light went out hours earlier. It was a mute appeal that he knew he should answer. But how?

He had asked Sayers to help him out but Sayers had balked. He did not want Parslow married. He was more profitable single. He advised Parslow to wait and borrowed twenty dollars on the strength of the advice.

The moon, almost full, laced the vine-set *lanai* with deep purple blotches of shadow and irregular pools of light. A great *hao* tree, in the garden between Parslow's house and Kawailani's, draped its shadow all about it and seemed a cave set in the night rather than a structure of leafy boughs. The land wind came down spicy from the mountains, the swash of the surf sounded faintly from the reef, where it curled faintly luminous. It was a night of love, and Parslow, in the grip of music and desire, heightened by the *ti*-root's distillation, felt especially abused and melancholy.

Suddenly the light in Pinao's window vanished. He got moodily to his feet, leaning his arms upon the rail and looked north, past the *hao* tree, beyond gleaming patches of *taro* fringed with coco-palms, up to the blurry ridges of the Manoa range.

A low drone that regularly disturbed the night gave evidence that Kawailani sometimes slept. Parslow, sodden with need of sleep and alcohol, turned away to go to bed. His faculties suddenly cleared, bounded into action at the call of a low, sweet voice.

"*Kioki! Kioki, pi mai.*" It was the voice of Pinao and it came from the cave of the great *hao* tree. He was with her in a moment, holding the fragrant yielding warmth of her in his arms. She kissed him passionately but pressed him back.

"*Kioki,*" she said swiftly in her husky-sweet whisper, close to his ear, "tomorrow the *Ka Moi* sails for Maui and Kawailani takes me on it to marry I know not whom. I have broken through my window and she still sleeps. Kioki, take me away. If you love me, do not let me go to Maui."

"IF he loved her?" There was no doubt of that. His spirit blending with hers, was strong. He loved her and desired her as his forebear might have loved in some wild wooing on a savage coast. No upstart from Maui should come between them. And he told her so.

"I will show you if I love you, Pinao," he answered. "Come."

As Pinao had planned the flight, so she led it. With some provisions, hastily gathered by Parslow from his larder, they fled inland. Dawn found them far up in the neck of Manoa Valley, hurrying along a narrow trail. Pinao had an objective and, as the sun rose, flashing back from the dewy leaves of the jungle, dissolving the wreaths of mist on the horny crags all about them, she pointed it out to her lover in triumph.

It was an old but habitable grass hut, hidden by giant *koa* trees, set in a tiny hollow, sheltered from the ever pounding battery of the trade-winds that went roaring overhead, chanting in the higher boughs. Here was a tiny Eden. Stately breadfruits stood all about with groves of mountain apple, wild bananas, a fringe of guava scrub. A waterfall sprang from the cliff into a crystal pool that mirrored fragrant ferns.

She looked to him for approval, her face glowing, her eyes dreamy. Weariness slid from them like a garment as their lips met. Pinao laughed for happiness, plucked a ripe guava, bit through the rind with her small white teeth and offered the fruit with its crisp, pink cooling pulp, to her lover. They gathered great bunches of redolent *palapalai* fern and carried them into the shadowy hut.

Five days they picnicked, living on the stuff they had brought, supplemented with wild fruit and berries. Twice Pinao slipped down the valley after nightfall and brought back young coconuts and *papaias*. From the second excursion she returned in a shivering fit to Parslow's arms. She had overheard news. Kawailani had not sailed without her granddaughter. He strove to comfort her.

"I AM a white man, beloved," he said. "She cannot cast her spells on me or take you from me." He spoke valiantly, more stoutly than he felt. But, to make a big talk, with her arms about him, her eyes gazing almost reverently into his, bolstered him.

"Oh, but I am afraid, I am afraid," she whispered. "Kawailani can call back the dead. She talks with ghosts, with those who dwell in the uttermost darkness."

"All rot," persisted Parslow. And, when he had said it enough times, he began to believe it. Why should he, a white man, with money — there was a draft due at the bank at that moment — be afraid of an old hag, this Hawaiian Witch of Endor? By God, he was a white man!

He succumbed to Pinao's pleading for secrecy and flight. He made a concession of it to her though he was afraid to lean upon his own strength. It was all right to defy the old sorceress in this mountain fastness, another thing to go back and brave her face to face. There was no talk of marriage because they did not think of it. Marriage was only a key to the magic garden they had gained without passing through the conventional gate. They were both children, after all. Pinao was fifteen and Parslow barely twenty-one. Children, who had discovered the tree of knowledge and found its apples very much to their liking.

They started back before daylight on the sixth morning, down the pass and through the deserted links of the Manoa Country Club to the head of the carline. They caught the first car and transferred to the waterfront, bribing the purser of the inter-island steamer *Moi Wahine* to let them aboard hours before sailing time. He was a half-white and he showed them to a tiny cabin where they hid like rabbits in a burrow until the boat was well out into the channel. Then he came to Parslow.

"See here," he said. "None of my business but, if I can do anything for you, I'm willing. I know who she is," he jerked his chin at Pinao, "and you're sure one lucky *haole* (white man). Don't you worry about the old lady. She's sulking. Trying to save her face, as the Chinks put it."

Parslow welcomed his aid. The purser cashed a check for him, arranged for further exchange of money, got them a little house at Lahaina and promised to bring them news from time to time. He got his commissions, which were liberal, and he proved a good friend. They spent three months at Lahaina undisturbed and the dread of Kawailani wore off. Parslow

began to long for the fleshpots of Honolulu, for the company of Sayers and others of his ilk. They took advice of the purser and went back to the beach-bungalow, still under lease to Parslow. Kawailani, he told them, had suddenly departed.

THE first bloom of possession had worn off with both of them. If Pinao discovered any shortcomings in her man, she discounted them with love and was frankly happy. She was no longer proud to the other *wahines,* she blossomed out into gorgeous raiment as a visible and outward sign of her joy. Parslow denied her nothing but he wished she had better taste. His own was not esthetic but Pinao's, as she ran *amok* in the stores, was bizarre, the moment she departed from native custom. Her naive delight in lace gowns, hats of startling shape and color, openwork silk stockings of rainbow hues, high shoes of bronze and patent leather, silk underwear — for which she had a passion — jewelry, brooches, chains and tinkling bracelets began to annoy him. He did not grudge them but he told himself they made her look common. They became her no better than her own former simple attire would have become a Parisian *cocotte.* He fancied she was beginning to lose her grace, her slenderness. So many Hawaiian women got stout, if not gross, after marriage.

Sayers welcomed him and Sayers shrugged his shoulders when Parslow hinted at these things. Well, what did you expect? he seemed to intimate. And he suggested a homecoming feast, a great *ahaina,* a gift bringing. They planned it together, the music, the native catering, the liquor, the illuminations. Pinao ordered a sumptuous gown for the occasion. She would not tell him what it was to be.

"Wait and see, Kioki," she said. "It will be wonderful, Kioki."

"Yes?"

"Kawailani has come back. Last night. I spoke to Keona this morning but he says she pretended not to see or hear him when he spoke of me. She is very old, Kioki. Perhaps she is sorry now she sees us so happy. But she is proud. Kioki, won't you ask her to the feast? If she comes everything will be all right."

She pleaded very hard about it, he thought. It might be a good thing, if the old witch was back, to be on the good side of her.

"I'll bring her around," he said.

Serene in his newly attained dignity of a mated man with a woman to protect and cherish, braced by several drinks, he went over to invite his grandmother-out-of-law to the *ahaina.* He did it in full sight of Pinao and her friends, seated on their own porch. And found his courage oozing as he strode up between the hibiscus hedges to where Kawailani squatted on her *lanai.* Kawailani began to slowly rear her fathom and a quarter of gauntness, her baleful eyes full upon him, and he wanted to bolt. She hobbled down the steps and, as he involuntarily halted, spat on the ground between them and, with a staff she carried, drew a line in the soft dirt.

"Cross that, you thief of honor," she said. "Pass that line, if you have the courage of a rat. And see what will happen."

He stood transfixed, his blood jellying. He strove for the strength to defy her. His mouth was dry and he could neither find words nor utter them. Mute now, she was pitiless, terrible. Her eyes were coals. Cursing his own weakness, he retreated.

"She won't come," he reported. "So much the better. She would have only spoiled things." His audience was silent. He met Pinao's eyes and met in them, not less of love, but the shadows of disillusion.

Despising himself, he turned some of the bitterness to her. She had been displaying her new gown, a salmon-colored satin trimmed with yellow lace, cut in the native fashion.

"You're not going to wear that?" he demanded. "Can't you get something better than that floppy *holoku?* It hasn't got any shape to it. Fits you like a sack and makes you look like a....."

But she had gathered up the gown and gone into the house, her eyes wet with tears. A spot splashed out on the satin as she set it in the closet. There had been a reason for its looseness she had not told him. He gave her no other chance. He flung off down town when the women had left, which they did almost immediately.

"Drat it," he told Sayers, "she's crying all the time. In a blue funk about her grandmother, moping about like a sick pigeon."

"End of the honeymoon, my boy," answered Sayers. "Disenchantment. The bloom is off the peach. And there are other peaches. Good thing you didn't marry her. If you don't suit each other you can fix things up. Give her some money. She'll forget. Clothes and a good time are all they think of. There's a new girl in town who is a wonder. From Hilo. Name's Kaupeka. I'm going to bring her to the blowout tonight. Wait till you see her. Listen....."

He poured confidences into Parslow's ears as they drank. Here was a chance to get Parslow back into his control and he made the most of it. Parslow, half resentful, half ashamed, listened. He bought a locket for Pinao and gave it to her when he found her, flung on the bed, her face swollen, shaking with sobs. The gift brought back her smile.

"See," she said, delightedly, "here is a place for your hair on one side, for mine on the other. Kioki, you must let me choose the lock and clip it. I shall always wear it next to my heart. It shall be my charm, my *akua,* when you are away from me. It will be like a bit of your shadow."

SHE got the scissors and cut a lock of his coppery hair. She made him do the same with her and then she placed both clips in the locket. All her happiness was restored. When the guests began to come she received them in a simple white dress. Parslow viewed her with disfavor.

Pinao was slender, she was like a dainty vine. Kaupeka from Hilo, noted flirt and beauty, was like a bush aglow with flowers in full bloom, flaunting, intoxicating. She had come with Sayers and his party, ahead of the scheduled time. While Pinao and her girl friends were still busied with the decoration of the tables and the wreaths for the guests, Parslow entertained the early comers. He had already taken liquor enough during the day to throw him off his poise. Inclined to be mellow, he might as easily have turned surly. Kaupeka flattered him, cajoled him, went to his head more effectually than the alcohol.

They went up together to where Pinao received. Kaupeka's air of possession was very patent. At sight of them all the spontaneity seemed to vanish from Pinao. She made a pitiful, timid figure among her guests, gazing anxiously at Parslow's frowning face. She looked like a white moth among gorgeous butterflies.

"Get a drink and buck up," Parslow told her. "You're putting a damper on the fun. For God's sake, change that dress and put on something cheerful."

The anger of the sorceress overflowed like an eruption of Kilauea

Kaupeka was beside him when he spoke and she laughed a little as Pinao moved away. Sayers had told her of Parslow's bank drafts. She had a random fancy for the white man who cut such an important figure. It suited her vanity to acquire him and to take him away from the daughter of a High Chiefess.

She laid herself out to display her charms at their best advantage. She challenged Parslow with bold, black alluring eyes, sang to him, danced to him, pledged him, crowned him with her own garlands. Pinao's attitude surprised Kaupeka. She had expected her to be haughty, resentful, not merely hurt, glancing at Parslow with a dazed look. Parslow's flirtation had been mingled at first with a plan to show Pinao what a desirable person he was but that idea had been drowned in his infatuation.

He jumped to his feet and clapped his hands.

"Let's go swimming," he cried. They sprang up with laughter. Torches were made and the crowd went flocking merrily down the beach.

"Come, Pinao," called Parslow. She shook her head, glancing at Kaupeka.

"I do not want to go," she said.

"Then stay." And Parslow went down the beach hand in hand with Kaupeka, swimming out with her into the lagoon where the stars were mirrored in the water. They swam apart from the rest, landed far down the beach and walked up together. Halfway to the house they halted in a little grove.

"Do you like me, Kioki?" she demanded, her hand on his arm.

"Don't you know?"

"How can I tell for sure — unless you show me?"

"I love you," he answered huskily.

They were the last to arrive. The *lanais* were filled with the guests.

Whispers, innuendoes, had stung Pinao's pride into a rally for her rights, for another life beside her own. She stood at the head of the steps, her head flung back, her eyes blazing at Kaupeka, primitive in her passion

of jealousy. Parslow, scenting trouble, stood helpless as the two women faced each other.

"You are not wanted here," panted Pinao.

"Not wanted? Surely one of us is not wanted," answered Kaupeka with easy assurance. "Let us see which it is." She turned towards Parslow. He was furious. Pinao had insulted a guest. Insulted him, who was the master. He would teach her a lesson.

"GO! Go into the house," he shouted. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself." Pinao looked at him, her deer's eyes misted with reproach. Kaupeka laughed and flung a wreath of ginger blossom over Parslow's head, using it as a loop to draw his face to hers. She linked her arms about his neck and kissed him full on the mouth, looking over his shoulder at Pinao.

Pinao, without a backward glance, walked down the steps of the *lanai* out into the night.

Parslow called to the musicians, ordered the liquor passed, caught up his accordion and smothered the promptings of remorse and regret that beset him. These things always wound up this way sooner or later, he assured himself. Off with the old love, on with the new.

"There'll be jealousy in Hilo, my young buck," whispered Sayers. "You'll have all the men wanting to cut your throat."

Twenty-four hours later, midway between midnight and dawn, a disorderly procession passed along the Ocean Road, a fishing party coming up from the lagoon. The torches they had borne for their sport splashed them with shifting orange and crimson lights. Their voices rent the air with *auwes* in the Hawaiian keen of anguish and sorrow for the dead, a banshee cry that chills the blood.

Parslow heard it, waking slowly from sleep. Kaupeka heard it, shuddered and clutched his shoulder. They went to the slatted doors that opened on Parslow's *lanai* and looked out at the crowd. It passed their gate. In the lead four men bore something that dripped lagoon water.

They turned into the gate of Kawailani, the wailing shrilling higher as they approached the steps. Then they halted. The Chiefess had suddenly appeared, grim in the torchlight, forbidding. The cries ceased, the leaders laid their burden at her feet and the crowd shrank back, seeking the shadows.

Kaupeka was clinging to Parslow, shaking with fear. He flung her off.

"Good God," he cried. "It was Pinao!"

They crept back into the room with averted eyes. Then one high-pitched *auwe* stabbed the night with sorrow.

Parslow stood stiffened in the middle of the floor, remorse blending with horror, horror changing into fright. He heard the click of bottle against glass. Kaupeka had poured out half a tumbler of raw *ti*-root alcohol. He tossed it down like water and she repeated the dose herself. Then she padded across the room in the dark and closed the slatted doors. They sat on the bed in the dark, huddled behind the mosquito netting, fearing, silent.

Presently grey light stole in between the slats of the doors. Parslow opened the doors to the fresh morning breeze, tanged with salt tonic of the flooding tide. The sky was beginning to glow over Diamond Head. He took in a full breath and stepped out on the *lanai*. His naked foot struck a small package and he stooped and picked it up, examining it curiously.

It was wrapped in *kapa* cloth of a finer texture, a different pattern and color to any he had seen, except in the Museum. It was tied with sinnet. As he unfolded it, a scrap of bone that looked as if it might have scaled from a mouldering skull, dropped into his palm, followed by one curling ring of blue black hair that was damp, and a coppery wisp of his own locks.

The hair had come from the locket he had given Pinao. It must have been about her neck when they had found her. He shivered violently. The thing was uncanny. This was not all the hair that Pinao had clipped from his forehead. Kawailani had kept some of it. He knew that this thing had come from Kawailani. The blue-black curl, tangling with his own, tendriled about his forefinger. The grisly scrap of bone, the ancient piece of *kapa* cloth, affected him with a spontaneous fright, a warning that he felt in the very marrow of his bones. This was sorcery.

Kaupeka came across the room back of him and peered over his shoulder.

"Ye-ah-h!" she cried in horror. "Ah, *pilikia nui!*" (Here is great trouble.)

He caught sight of her face before she whirled from him and began to fling on her things with nervous haste, snatching at her belongings. It was gray with terror and her eyes, staring wildly, avoided his glance. With face averted, one crooked arm across it, she fled past him, down to the gate and up the road, running fast.

The dawn wind rustled in the palms, the sun, climbing above the crater, sent a golden pointer reaching along the *lanai* floor to the little heap of bone and hair and barkcloth where they had fallen from his trembling fingers. He searched the debris of the feast for a measure of liquor but could not find any. Summoning his courage, born of desperation, he picked up the contents of the package and started out for the store of Ah Fung on the Waikiki Road, after he had put on some clothes over his pajamas. He knew he could get a drink of *samshu* at the Chinaman's.

AH FUNG was at his morning meal. So his English-speaking daughter tending the little general store informed Parslow and he went to the living room at the back. Ah Fung was sipping tea, his wife in dutiful attendance.

"Give me a drink, Ah Fung, for God's sake," cried Parslow. "I need it." The Chinaman surveyed him gravely and gave a singsong order to his wife who brought the rice wine in a cup. Parslow gulped it down, striving for control. He put down the package, opening it clumsily. He was a good customer to Ah Fung. The Chinaman was old and wise. Living among Hawaiians for years, he would be indifferent to native superstitions and yet know much about them.

"What do you make of that truck, Ah Fung?" he asked, trying to speak casually. His teeth clicked and he helped himself to more *samshu*.

Ah Fung looked at the exhibit without touching it, called for his spectacles, inspected it more closely and grunted. Then he finished his rice and his tea and his bit of fish. He dubiously turned over with his chopsticks hair and bone and *kapa* cloth and pushed them to Parslow, seated across the table.

"That *kahuna* pidgin," he said. "No good pidgin that. Pletty bad bis'ness, I think, suppose that come along by me. All same no good. All same play to death. All same *pule anaana. No good.* This stop along your house?"

"You mean someone is praying me to death?" asked Parslow. Inside him the cold spot had manifested itself. It spread.

Ah Fung nodded.

"All same that, suppose it belong along of you." He got up and walked over to the stove. He took off a kettle and the stove lid beneath it and then deliberately dropped his ebony, silver tipped chopsticks into the fire. The full meaning of that sacrifice struck Parslow like a blow.

"But I'm white. They can't pray me to death," he faltered.

"Mebbe not. I dunno. Suppose that come along of me, I no like. I go speak who send. Fixee dam quick."

Uninvited, Parslow took a third drink, picked up his package and left the store. Waiting for an electric car to take him into town he found inaction unendurable and started to meet it.

He wanted to be with his own, with white men. Sayers, he knew, would be still abed. There was the club. Sayers would be there at noon. He reached the place and bought round after round for anyone who came in, for the bartender, for the Portuguese cleaner-up.

He had a horror of being alone. He felt somehow detached from other men, even when he was talking with them. The sudden setting down of a glass, the tinkle of the telephone, put all his nerves on edge with apprehension.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the bartender. "You're jumpy as a Mexican bean. You ain't seen a ghost or committed a murder, have you?"

HAD he? Hadn't he? He saw his face in the mirror back of the bar. It was blotched and drawn with his eyes staring out of purple pits.

"You better lay off the booze," the man went on. "You'll be seein' things afore night, if you don't."

Sayers came in and slapped him on the back, peering at him with grey-green eyes between sandy lashes.

"I've got something to show you," he said. "Come over here." He led the way to a table in the corner and took out an afternoon edition.

"Left you out of it," he said as Parslow took the sheet with shaking fingers. The paper quivered and the type blurred until a headline caught his eyes. It was a short notice of Pinao's death and a notice of the funeral, set for the next morning at Nuuanu Cemetery, with a high mass at the cathedral. The death was assigned to accident. A coroner's jury, lacking evidence and, being mostly native, of intent to placate Kaiwailani, had brought in a verdict of "found drowned."

"Not much of a story," said Sayers. "The old girl is not easy to interview," he chuckled. "The other papers will copy. You won't be mentioned. You're well out of it, old man. But you want to buck up. What's this?"

Parslow had spread out the contents of the package on the table under cover of the paper. Sayers whistled.

"Where'd you find this?" he asked. Parslow told him.

"I showed it to Ah Fung," he said. "He claimed it meant *pule anaana*. That's all rot, isn't it?" There was a bottle between them and he tried to pour out a drink but spilled the stuff. Sayers completed the job.

"I don't know, Parslow," he said seriously. "I don't know. They say the old lady had a hand in Kaiulani's death. The princess died and the doctors disagreed. But the natives didn't. There have been others. It's a rum thing. Like *voodoo*, or *juju*." He paused, his eyes on Parslow's face, dubious, foreboding.

"But that sort of thing can't happen to a white man, Sayers."

"No-o. Perhaps not. Depends upon the white man, I fancy." Like Ah Fung, he poked gingerly at the relics, using a pencil he tossed into a cuspidor after the inspection. Parslow emptied his glass.

"AFRAID of it?" he sneered, none too bravely.

"I would be if it had been sent to me. If I were you, Parslow, I'd depart for other and healthier pastures. The farther away the better. Until I started, I'd do my own cooking and stick to canned goods, at that."

"What do you mean?" Parslow's face was ghastly and cold sweat was trickling down his forehead. "They wouldn't dare....."

"Who wouldn't dare? Old Kawailani would dare anything. And none of the natives would give her away. It would be their turn next. Look here, Parslow, you've helped me out more than once. I hate to see you go away. But I'm trying to help you now. This *pule anaana* isn't to be joked about. With the natives it works like Christian Science — only backwards. They believe they are going to die, everyone expects them to die, the *kahuna* tells them they are going to die and they seem to let go, turn their faces to the wall and quit.

"Another thing. Old Kawailani wouldn't take a shot at you or try to stick a knife into you, but you can wager that she has forgotton more about the native toxic pharmacopia than the *haole* (white) doctors will know, or could analyze, in five generations. I'm giving you my best advice in two words. Beat it."

"I can't. I haven't got any money. Not enough to pay my steamer fare. My next draft isn't due for two weeks. That feast about cleared me out. I could manage it to Hilo?" Sayers shook his head.

"I mean out of the islands," he said. "I can't help you out with money. Sorry. I've got to get to the office now. Ball game on this afternoon. Want to come? Do you good."

Parslow laughed unsteadily A ball game!

"I don't think it would interest me," he said. Sayers watched him narrowly.

"Well you get a grip on yourself. See you later, maybe. Going to stick around here?"

"Yes."

Parslow stayed, drinking by himself, with anyone who would join him. He did not feel hungry, he was conscious only of the curious, detached feeling. His brain remained clear — too clear. All the while, talking or alone, incidents between him and Pinao flickered through his mind like a moving picture film.

Other men drank briefly with him and made excuses to leave. He stood alone at the bar, a marked man, a pariah. Sayers did not come back and it began to grow dark. He went back to his corner and started to mumble though he was not conscious of it. His limbs began to refuse their functions. At last the bartender came over.

"Quit that," he said, shaking him. "I've got a cab and I'm going to send you home." Parslow could not resist and he was helped into the hack where he sat huddled in a corner. He came to himself a little along the Ocean Road, beside the darkling lagoon. Pinao was with him, by his side, dripping wet, looking at him with great eyes. She held something in her arms. He did not dare to ask what it was. He knew. It was the child that would never be born. His child. Oh, God, God, God!

The half-caste driver descended at the bungalow and opened the door to find him weeping, talking brokenly to someone invisible. He got him out and into the house. There he took off Parslow's shoes, his

clothes, put on his pajamas and rolled him into bed behind the mosquito netting. For his service he took all the money he found in the pockets of his fare. And he went away hastily, crossing himself as he heard Parslow beseeching the ghost that haunted him.

"Pinao. Pinao, do not leave me."

AS the driver turned his car he recognized Keona, the half-wit, slipping through the gloom and entering Kawailani's gate carrying something wrapped in leaves that he handled gingerly.

Kawailani did not go to the funeral nor did she attend the mass. When the hearse and carriages had gone she came out on her side porch with the bundle that Keona had brought home the night before. She had sent the lad away on an errand that would occupy him all day.

Inside the leaves was seaweed and from this she tumbled out a fish some six inches long. It was mottled dirty brown and yellow and armed with scabrous scales. A vicious snout projected between deepset eyes. It was the poison fish, a slimy, leprous thing. Venomous alive, its putrescent body was concentrated death. In the old days the weapons of the assassin, the jealous lover, the desperate woman, were dipped into its swollen body.

The sorceress put the fish on a board, never handling it, and exposed it to the full sunlight. Now and then she glanced across at the house where Parslow slept, and chuckled. Always she moved the fish so as to keep it in the rays, muttering as it bloated in the tropic heat. The beach colony came home from the funeral, passing with averted glances the squatting figure, stealing fearfully past Parslow's bungalow.

In the afternoon Kawailani went into her garden and broke off some thorny twigs from an *algaroba* tree. She tested these by tossing them again and again upon the floor of the *lanai,* setting aside those that persistently fell with a prickle uppermost.

Close to sunset she plunged each thorn into the distended belly of the fish that hissed and grew flabby as the noxious gas was freed. She arranged the venomed twigs in the last level rays to dry and hobbled into the house with board and fish, burning all in her stove. Then she returned to squat beside the twigs, rocking her giant body, her eyes watching Parslow's house. As she hunkered, elbows on her bony knees, her wrinkled skullface between her clawlike hands, she crooned a wild chant that ended its stanzas always with the same refrain,

O, ka po, ka po ele ele.

Several times through the morning and early afternoon Parslow had struggled up towards consciousness but the western sun was streaking in through his side windows before he actually opened his eyes. He lay on his tousled bed trying to think. He was drenched in perspiration, the air was sticky with heat. A *kona* wind was blowing up outside, the "sick wind" that sometimes changes Honolulu and the southern sweep of Oahu from a healthy lee to a miasmatic windward shore.

Recollection came back in spurts and with it came wave after wave of fear. His head seemed splitting at the sutures, his lips were cracked and his tongue coated, parched, too small for his mouth. His diaphragm twitched at every heartbeat, his thumbs, his big toes and his eyelids jerked. Once in a while he jumped like a stranded fish.

Body and soul, he was sick and frightened. His pounding heart seemed to choke him. There was a great buzzing of flies outside over the leavings of the uncleared feast. The room was shadowy. He thought he saw Pinao standing in the dim corners. Holding something in her arms. Had she not come home with him last night? Horror mastered him and he cowered under the clothes, chilly sweat breaking out from head to foot.

Pinao — Pinao was buried by now — in her grave — buried with bell and book and candle. What right had she to come back? Was it to meet him halfway?

He was almost prayed to death. A native might have passed out through sheer fright and failure of heart action. But Parslow still fought. "I am white — I am white — she can't touch me," he repeated to himself in a gibbering monotone. The doughty germ, the crimson corpuscle, deserted now by the cowardly rank and file, still prompted a struggle for life, urged him not to quit.

After a while he got up, faint, dizzy, fearful of those dark corners. He changed into his clothes. The empty bottle gave him a fit of shuddering revulsion and he managed to start the oil stove and boil some water for tea. Sayers' warning checked him as he started to put the dry leaves in the pot and he opened a fresh package. While it steeped he tried to roll a cigarette, succeeded after a fashion and struck a match. Before he could light the twisted roll he heard the sound of chanting, coming from Kawailani's direction. He crept to the door and looked out. The old devil was tossing about some twigs, weaving her spell. For him.

O, ka po, ka po ele ele.

HE crawled back to the bed, spent. His soul shriveled. He was only a shell filled with the supreme conviction that he was doomed. He felt utterly tired and yet his resignation was strangely tinged by a certain complacency of surrender. Men have in such wise faced the firing squad. The doughty corpuscle grew wan. Isolated, bereft of energy, it gave up the unequal fight.

As it died, panic gripped him. He had to get out of this. He would go back to his own, to white men, entrench himself. He searched his pockets but the driver had not left him even carfare. He would have to walk to town. He managed to gulp down some hot tea and it braced his nerves a little.

Once in town he would stay there until his money came. Then home. He could pawn something to live on until the steamer sailed. *Home!* It all seemed suddenly very dear to him. He could settle down now. Oh Lord! He had had his fling.

He hunted for fresher clothes. In a closet he brushed against draperies that gave up a sudden wave of perfume. The soft feel of satin was like yielding flesh. They were dresses of Pinao. For a moment it seemed as if she herself was standing there, hiding in the dim closet, as she used to do, for fun. He clutched the salmon-colored *holoku* and his tears splashed on it, making splotches beside the stain already there. Then rushed outside.

Honolulu lay to the west. Kawailani's house was to the east. He dared not look that way but he heard the weird refrain as he went blinking along with the last of the sunset in his bloodshot eyes.

O, ka po, ka po ele ele.

He plodded through the heavy red dust of the road, his long shadow stretching out beside him. Over the mountains enormous masses of clouds were piled banked up by the *kona* wind, now mounting to a gale. They were sulphur yellow, glooming and glowing on the heights, waiting for the *kona* to break, when they would come rushing down the glens, discharging their

watery freight. Under them the forest jungle showed purple black, unnatural, threatening.

Two toddlers, making beachwards, came suddenly upon him at a turn in the road. At sight of him they whirled and went screaming home. One of them leaped frantically across the trail of his shadow, a shadow *tabu'd,* trailing death.

Two hours later, soaked in the downpour, mired with black mud and red, he staggered into the club where the members beleaguered by the rain scowled at him.

He clutched at the towel rail of the bar, puddles forming about his feet, shaking as with ague, his teeth chattering.

"Give me a drink, Tom," he croaked. "A stiff one. I need it."

"I'll say you do. And then you better change your clothes *wiki-wiki.*" The bartender handed him brandy. He poured out the glassful, lifted it with a little clutter, spilling half of it. He checked his motion to drink and turned to the rest. He had gone through hell in the last two hours, struggling against wind and rain. Ever since the screaming child had leaped out of his shadow he had given himself up as accursed. Now, in the club room, among men of his own race, something of his pluck, perhaps it was a final throe of the corpuscle — came to him.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," he said, "won't you join me? Last time. We've got to stick together, we white men."

They eyed him distastefully. But they understood that he was going away. They did not understand that this was a clan call he was sending out, that he had come to his own in the last extremity. To them he was a nuisance, he was going to be a good riddance. Most of them turned away. There was an embarrassed pause and then one or two stepped up, a little ashamed. Sayers was among those who responded. He had come in after Parslow's entrance.

"Waiting for you, Sayers," said Parslow. The brandy warmed him and brought a little color to his gray cheeks.

"Another round, gentlemen?" he asked. One of the men insisted on paying for it.

"Happy voyage," he said. "Going home, Parslow?"

Parslow began to laugh, checked himself, swallowed his drink.

"The port's uncertain but the passage is booked. Sayers, what is the meaning of *ka po ele ele?*" Sayers surveyed him curiously.

"Why," he answered, his voice curious, "that's obsolete stuff, Parslow. You don't often hear it now. It means the uttermost darkness. The land of spirits. Did . . ." Parslow cut him off.

"I'll give you all a toast," he said. His manner held a certain dignity, ghastly and wretched scarecrow as he looked. Words and tone created a sudden tension in the atmosphere. Members who had ignored him, to play pool, turned towards him. The bartender, sensing the strained atmosphere, pushed along the bottles, produced fresh glasses.

"This is on the house, gentlemen," he said. The men at the bar filled their glasses. Parslow lifted his theatrically.

"I, who am about to die — remember your Latin, you chaps? — I, who am about to die, salute you." He tossed down the brandy and began to laugh immoderately, hysterically.

The laughter, the theatrical manner, destroyed his short suggestion of dignity and turned it to claptrap melodrama that jarred on all of them.

"Damned bounder!" muttered one of them. Sayers hesitated, about to speak.

Parslow stopped his laughter with an effort.

"Run along, Sayers," he said. "Curtain's down. Play's over. Exit Parslow. No flowers. Tom, I can't pay you for those drinks. Goodbye, gentlemen all and thank you for your kindly sympathy. Goodnight. I came to the wrong place. I'm going out to look for some *white* men. *Aloha!*"

They watched him sludge out into the wet night and then they turned on Sayers for having ever introduced him.

PARSLOW walked towards the waterfront and certain low groggeries. Late that night the same half-caste driver picked him up, set outside a sailor's boarding house, incoherent, unable to walk. He drove him home, undressed him and put him to bed once more. When Parslow sobered up he could collect for his attentions.

Parslow tossed and muttered in a delirium that partly wore off as the night deepened. The moon rayed in through the open door. The air was cool and sweet after the storm. Suddenly he sat bolt upright, his inflamed nerves coordinating to the one thing that could have so electrified them.

"Kioki! Kioki! Pi mai."

Pinao, Pinao calling to him from the *hao* tree!

This was the voice of Pinao. She was waiting for him. He stumbled out of bed and across the floor. The *lanai,* splattered in black and silver, was empty. He could not see Kawailani, squatting behind the hibiscus with Keona, Keona the half-wit, who could mimic all voices, who could call the dead, beside her.

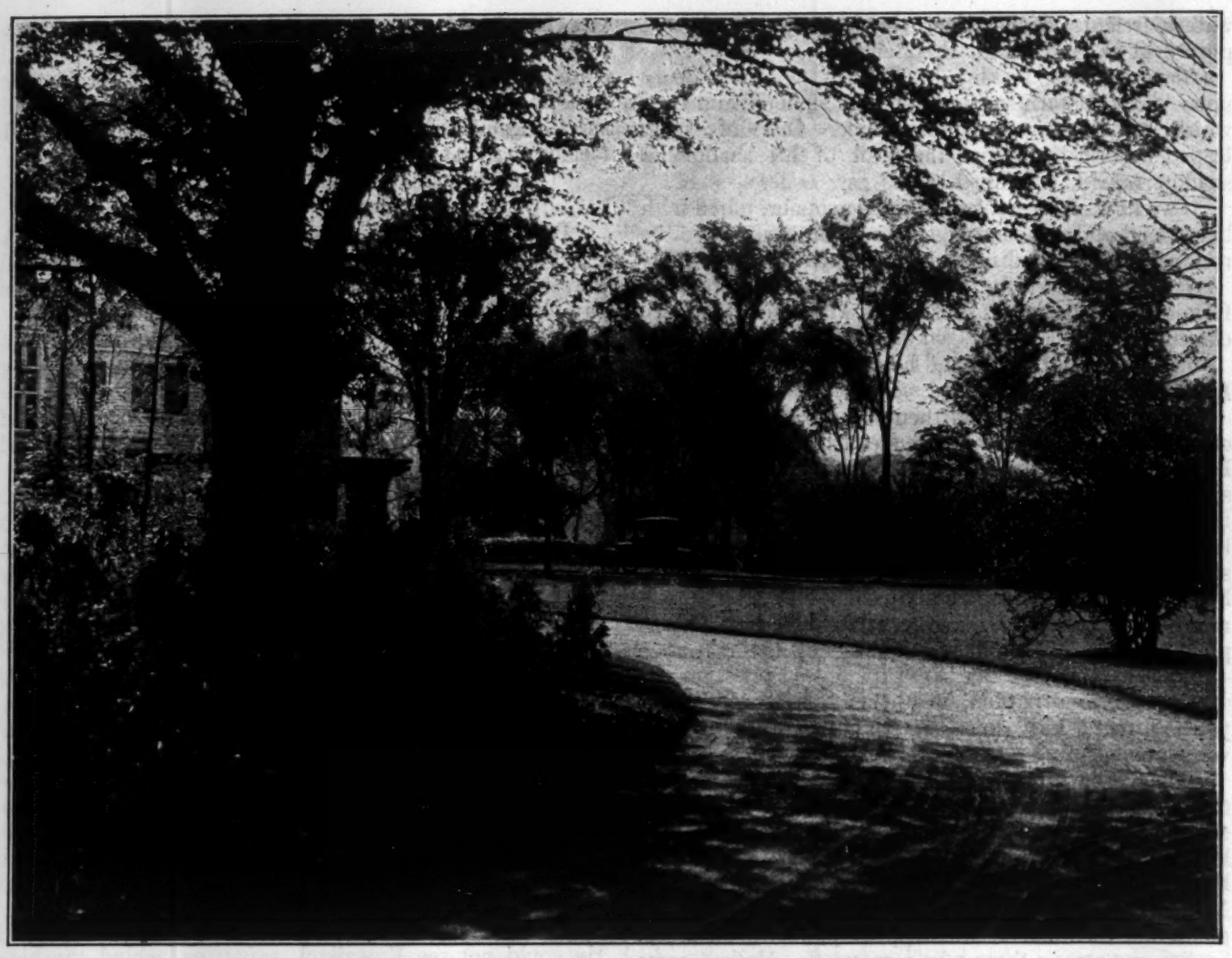
Parslow paused, holding to the frame of the door, uncertain of direction.

"Kioki! Pi mai."

To the left. The *hao* tree. No — there she was. In the far corner of the *lanai.* She no longer held anything in her arms. They were outstretched towards him. He took a step on his naked feet towards the shifting mass of moon-laced shadow that his delirium told him was Pinao. Something stabbed him sharply in the sole of his right foot. He stooped and plucked out a thorn-set twig, blown by the wind, no doubt, from the *algaroba* tree. He paid scant attention to it until he started to put down his foot. As he reflexed his leg the pith of his bones seemed suddenly shot with fire. The leg would not bear his weight. He stumbled and the fire mounted, swiftly spreading, a torture in his bowels, searing — his brain was ablaze. The giant hand was at his heart again — squeezing the life out of him. Pinao ——. He pitched forward and crumpled.

The dawn wind played along the *lanai* at sunrise, ruffling the slack folds of his pajamas. It collected some scattered thorns, drove them along sportively to the edge of the planks, then whirled them off with a sudden gust into a rubbish of old leaves.

The next puff lifted the coppery hair of the dead man, as if in a caress.



A beautiful wooded drive winds through the Ford estate

My Life and Work*

Chapter VIII

The Terror of the Machine

REPETITIVE labor — the doing of one thing over and over again and always in the same way — is a terrifying prospect to a certain kind of mind. It is terrifying to me. I could not possibly do the same thing day in and day out, but I have come to recognize that to other minds, perhaps I might say to the majority of minds, repetitive operations hold no terrors. In fact, to some minds, thought is absolutely appalling. To them the ideal job is one where the creative instinct need not be expressed. The jobs where it is necessary to put in mind as well as muscle have very few takers — we always need men who like a job because it is difficult. The average worker, I am sorry to say, wants a job in which he does not have to put forth much physical exertion — above all he wants a job in which he does not have to think. Those who have what might be called the creative type of mind and who thoroughly abhor monotony are apt to imagine that all other minds are similarly restless and therefore to extend quite unwanted sympathy to the laboring man who, day in and day out, performs almost exactly the same operation.

When you come right down to it, most jobs are repetitive. A business man has a routine that he follows with great exactness; the work of a bank president is nearly all routine; the work of under officers and clerks in a bank is purely routine. Indeed for many purposes and most people, it is necessary to establish something in the way of a routine and to make most motions purely repetitive — otherwise the individual will not get enough done to be able to live off his own exertions. There is no reason why anyone with a creative mind should be at a monotonous job, for everywhere the need for creative men is pressing. There will never be a dearth of places for skilled people, but we have to recognize that the will to be skilled is not general. And even if the will be present, then the courage to go through with the training is absent. One cannot become skilled by mere wishing.

There are far too many assumptions about what human nature ought to be and not enough research into what it is. Take the assumption that creative work can be undertaken only in the realm of vision. We speak of creative "artists" in music, painting, and the other arts. We seemingly limit the creative functions to productions that may be hung on gallery walls, or

*Copyright by Doubleday Page and Company 1922

The Ford home at Dearborn, Mich., is very near the first frame house

By Henry Ford in Collaboration with Samuel Crowther

played in concert halls, or otherwise displayed where idle and fastidious people gather to admire each other's culture. But, if a man wants a field for vital creative work, let him come where he is dealing with higher laws than those of sound, or line, or color; let him come where he may deal with the laws of personality.

We want artists in industrial relationship. We want masters in industrial method — both from the standpoint of the producer and the product. We want those who can mold the political, social, industrial, and moral mass into a sound and shapely whole. We have limited the creative faculty too much and have used it for too trivial ends. We want men who can create the working design for all that is right and good and desirable in our life. Good intentions plus well-thought-out working designs, can be put into practice and can be made to succeed. It is possible to increase the well-being of the workingman — not by having him do less work, but by aiding him to do more.

If the world will give its attention and interest and energy to the making of plans that will profit the other fellow as he is, then such plans can be established on a practical working basis. Such plans will endure — and they will be profitable both in human and financial values. What this generation needs is a deep faith, a profound conviction in the practicability of righteousness, justice, and humanity in industry. If we cannot have these qualities, then we were better off without industry. Indeed, if we cannot get those qualities, the days of industry are numbered. But we can get them. We are getting them.

If a man cannot earn his keep without the aid of machinery, is it benefitting him to withhold that machinery because his attendance upon it may be monotonous? And let him starve? Or is it better to put him in the way of a good living? Is a man the happier for starving? If he is the happier for using a machine to less than its capacity, is he happier for producing less than he might and consequently getting less than his share of the world's goods in exchange?

Repetitive Labor and Health

I have not been able to discover that repetitive labor injures a man in any way. I have been told by parlor experts that repetitive labor is soul as well as

body destroying, but that has not been the result of our investigations. There was one case of a man who all day long did little but step on a treadle release. He thought that the motion was making him one-sided; the medical examination did not show that he had been affected but, of course, he was changed to another job that used a different set of muscles. In a few weeks he asked for his old job again. It would seem reasonable to imagine that going through the same set of motions daily for eight hours would produce an abnormal body, but we have never had a case of it. We shift men whenever they ask to be shifted and we should like regularly to change them — that would be entirely feasible if only the men would have it that way. They do not like changes which they do not themselves suggest.

Some of the operations are undoubtedly monotonous — so monotonous that it seems scarcely possible that any man would care to continue long at the same job. Probably the most monotonous task in the whole factory is one in which a man picks up a gear with a steel hook, shakes it in a vat of oil, and then turns it into a basket. The motion never varies. The gears come to him always in exactly the same place, he gives each one the same number of shakes and he drops it into a basket which is always in the same place. No muscular energy is required, no intelligence is required. He does little more than wave his hand gently to and fro — the steel rod is so light. Yet the man on that job has been doing it for eight solid years. He has saved and invested his money until now he has about forty thousand dollars — and he stubbornly resists every attempt to force him into a better job.

Mr. Ford grows his own wheat at Dearborn

The most thorough research has not brought out a single case of a man's mind being twisted or deadened by the work. The kind of mind that does not like repetitive work does not have to stay in it. The work in each department is classified, according to its desirability and skill, into Classes "A," "B," and "C," each class having anywhere from ten to thirty different operations. A man comes directly from the employment office to "Class C." As he gets better he goes into "Class B," and so on into "Class A," and out of "Class A" into tool making or some supervisory capacity. It is up to him to place himself. If he stays in production it is because he likes it.

In a previous chapter I noted that no one applying for work is refused on account of physical condition. This policy went into effect on January 12th, 1914, at the time of setting the minimum wage at five dollars a day and the working day at eight hours. It carried with it the further condition that no one should be discharged on account of physical condition, excepting of course in the case of contagious disease. I think that, if an industrial institution is to fill its whole rôle, it ought to be possible for a cross section of its employees to show about the same proportions as a cross section of society in general. We have always with us the maimed and the halt. There is a most generous disposition to regard all of these people who are physically incapacitated for labor as a charge on society and to support them by charity.

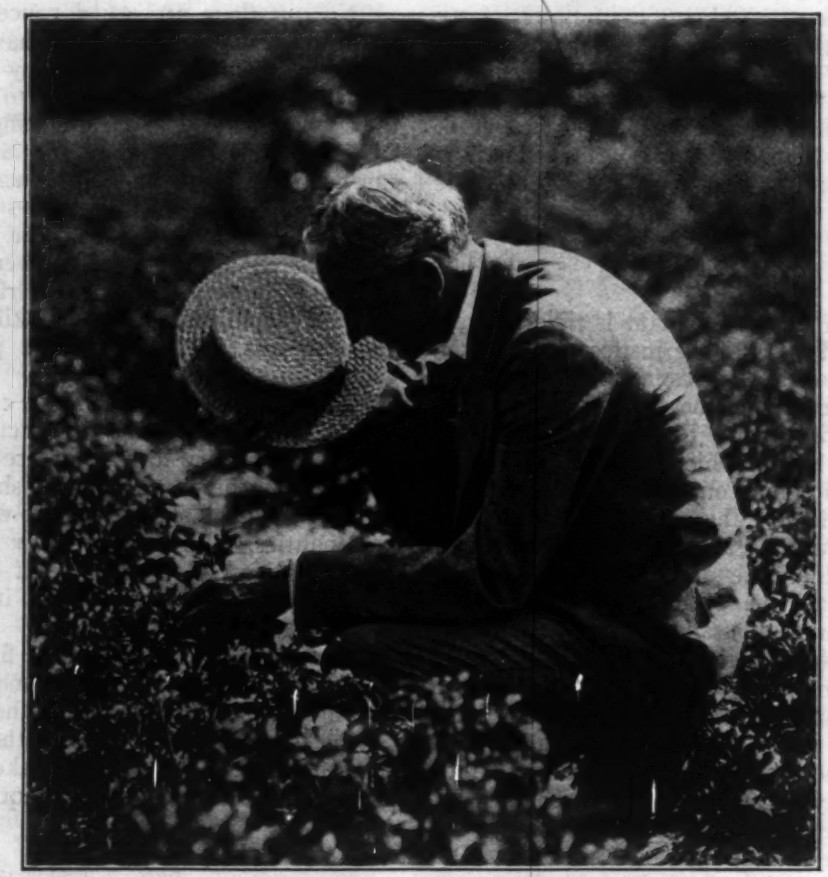
There are cases where I imagine that the support must be by charity — as for instance an idiot. But those cases are extraordinarily rare and we have found it possible, among the great number of different tasks that must be performed somewhere in the company, to find an opening for almost anyone and on the basis of production. The blind man or cripple can, in the particular place to which he is assigned, perform just as much work and receive exactly the same pay as a wholly able-bodied man would. Naturally we do not prefer cripples — but we have demonstrated they can earn full wages.

It would be quite outside the spirit of what we are trying to do, to take on men because they are crippled, pay them a lower wage, and be content with a lower output. That might be directly helping the men but it would not be helping them in the best way. The best way is always the way by which they can be put on a productive par with able-bodied men. I believe that there is very little occasion for charity in this world — that is charity in the sense of making gifts. Most certainly business and charity cannot be combined; the purpose of a factory is to produce and it ill serves the community in general unless it does produce to the utmost of its capacity. We are too ready to assume without investigation that the full possession of faculties is a condition requisite to the best performance of all jobs.

To discover just what was the real situation we had all of the different jobs in the factory classified according to the kind of machine and work — whether the physical labor involved was light, medium, or heavy; whether it was a wet or dry job, and if wet, with what kind of fluid; whether it was clean or dirty; near an oven or a furnace; the condition of the air; whether one or both hands had to be used; whether

the employee stood or sat down at his work; whether it was noisy or quiet; whether it required accuracy; whether the light was natural or artificial; the number of pieces that had to be handled per hour; the weight of the material handled; and the strain upon the worker. It turned out at the time of the inquiry that there were then seven thousand, eight hundred and eighty-two different jobs in the factory. Of these, nine hundred and forty-nine were classified as heavy work requiring strong, able-bodied and practically physically perfect men. Three thousand, three hundred and thirty-eight required men of ordinary physical development and strength. The remaining three thousand, five hundred and ninety-five jobs were disclosed as requiring no physical exertion and could be performed by the slightest, weakest sort of men. In fact most of them could be satisfactorily filled by women or older children.

The lightest jobs were again classified to discover how many of them required the use of full faculties, and we found that six hundred and seventy could be filled by legless men, two thousand, six hundred and thirty-seven by one-legged men, two by armless men, seven hundred and fifteen by one-armed men, and ten by blind men. Therefore, out of seven thousand, eight hundred and eighty-two kinds of jobs, four thousand and thirty-four — although some of them required strength — did not require full physical capacity. That is, developed industry can provide full wage work for a higher average of sub-standard men than are ordinarily included in a normal community.



Mr. Ford takes great interest in his garden

If the jobs in any one industry or, say, any one factory, were analyzed as ours have been analyzed, the proportion might be very different, yet I am quite sure that if work is sufficiently sub-divided — subdivided to the point of highest economy — there will be no dearth of places in which the physically incapacitated can do a man's job and get a man's wage.

It is economically most wasteful to accept crippled men as charges and then teach them trivial tasks like the weaving of baskets or some other form of unremunerative hand labor, in the hope, not of aiding them to make a living, but of preventing despondency.

When a man is taken on by the Employment Department, the theory is to put him into a job suited to his condition. If he is already at work and does not seem able to perform the work, or if he does not like his work, he is given a transfer card, which he takes to the Transfer Department, and after examination he is tried out in some other work more suited to his condition or disposition.

Human Salvage

Those who are below the ordinary physical standards are just as good workers, rightly placed, as those who are above. For instance, a blind man was assigned to the stock department to count bolts and nuts for shipment to branch establishments. Two other able-bodied men were already employed on this work. In two days the foreman sent a note to the Transfer Department releasing the able-bodied men because the blind man was able to do not only his own work but also the work that had formerly been done by the sound men.

This salvage can be carried further. It is usually taken for granted that when a man is injured he is simply out of the running and should be paid an allowance. But there is always a period of convalescence, especially in fracture cases, where the man is strong enough to work and indeed, by that time usually anxious to work — for the largest possible accident allowance can never be as great as a man's wage. If it were, then business would have an additional tax put upon it and that tax would show up in the cost of the product. There would be less buying of the product and therefore less work for somebody. That is an inevitable sequence which must always be borne in mind.

We have experimented with some of the bedridden men — men who were able to sit up. We put black oilcloth covers or aprons over the beds and set the men to work screwing nuts on small bolts. This is a job that has to be done by hand and on which fifteen or twenty men are kept busy in the Magneto Department. The men in the hospital could do it just as well as the men in the shop and they were able to receive their regular wages. In fact, their production was about twenty per cent. I believe, above the usual shop production. No man had to do the work unless he wanted to. But they all wanted to. It kept time from hanging on their hands. They slept and ate better and recovered more rapidly.

No particular consideration has to be given to deaf and dumb employees. They do their work one hundred per cent. The tubercular employees — and there

body destroying, but that has not been the result of our investigations. There was one case of a man who all day long did little but step on a treadle release. He thought that the motion was making him one-sided; the medical examination did not show that he had been affected but, of course, he was changed to another job that used a different set of muscles. In a few weeks he asked for his old job again. It would seem reasonable to imagine that going through the same set of motions daily for eight hours would produce an abnormal body, but we have never had a case of it. We shift men whenever they ask to be shifted and we should like regularly to change them — that would be entirely feasible if only the men would have it that way. They do not like changes which they do not themselves suggest.

Some of the operations are undoubtedly monotonous — so monotonous that it seems scarcely possible that any man would care to continue long at the same job. Probably the most monotonous task in the whole factory is one in which a man picks up a gear with a steel hook, shakes it in a vat of oil, and then turns it into a basket. The motion never varies. The gears come to him always in exactly the same place, he gives each one the same number of shakes and he drops it into a basket which is always in the same place. No muscular energy is required, no intelligence is required. He does little more than wave his hand gently to and fro — the steel rod is so light. Yet the man on that job has been doing it for eight solid years. He has saved and invested his money until now he has about forty thousand dollars — and he stubbornly resists every attempt to force him into a better job!

Mr. Ford grows his own wheat at Dearborn

The most thorough research has not brought out a single case of a man's mind being twisted or deadened by the work. The kind of mind that does not like repetitive work does not have to stay in it. The work in each department is classified, according to its desirability and skill, into Classes "A," "B," and "C," each class having anywhere from ten to thirty different operations. A man comes directly from the employment office to "Class C." As he gets better he goes into "Class B," and so on into "Class A," and out of "Class A" into tool making or some supervisory capacity. It is up to him to place himself. If he stays in production it is because he likes it.

In a previous chapter I noted that no one applying for work is refused on account of physical condition. This policy went into effect on January 12th, 1914, at the time of setting the minimum wage at five dollars a day and the working day at eight hours. It carried with it the further condition that no one should be discharged on account of physical condition, excepting of course in the case of contagious disease. I think that, if an industrial institution is to fill its whole rôle, it ought to be possible for a cross section of its employees to show about the same proportions as a cross section of society in general. We have always with us the maimed and the halt. There is a most generous disposition to regard all of these people who are physically incapacitated for labor as a charge on society and to support them by charity.

There are cases where I imagine that the support must be by charity — as for instance an idiot. But those cases are extraordinarily rare and we have found it possible, among the great number of different tasks that must be performed somewhere in the company, to find an opening for almost anyone and on the basis of production. The blind man or cripple can, in the particular place to which he is assigned, perform just as much work and receive exactly the same pay as a wholly able-bodied man would. Naturally we do not prefer cripples — but we have demonstrated they can earn full wages.

It would be quite outside the spirit of what we are trying to do, to take on men because they are crippled, pay them a lower wage, and be content with a lower output. That might be directly helping the men but it would not be helping them in the best way. The best way is always the way by which they can be put on a productive par with able-bodied men. I believe that there is very little occasion for charity in this world — that is charity in the sense of making gifts. Most certainly business and charity cannot be combined; the purpose of a factory is to produce and it ill serves the community in general unless it does produce to the utmost of its capacity. We are too ready to assume without investigation that the full possession of faculties is a condition requisite to the best performance of all jobs.

To discover just what was the real situation we had all of the different jobs in the factory classified according to the kind of machine and work — whether the physical labor involved was light, medium, or heavy; whether it was a wet or dry job, and if wet, with what kind of fluid; whether it was clean or dirty; near an oven or a furnace; the condition of the air; whether one or both hands had to be used; whether

the employee stood or sat down at his work; whether it was noisy or quiet; whether it required accuracy; whether the light was natural or artificial; the number of pieces that had to be handled per hour; the weight of the material handled; and the strain upon the worker. It turned out at the time of the inquiry that there were then seven thousand, eight hundred and eighty-two different jobs in the factory. Of these, nine hundred and forty-nine were classified as heavy work requiring strong, able-bodied and practically physically perfect men. Three thousand, three hundred and thirty-eight required men of ordinary physical development and strength. The remaining three thousand, five hundred and ninety-five jobs were disclosed as requiring no physical exertion and could be performed by the slightest, weakest sort of men. In fact most of them could be satisfactorily filled by women or older children.

The lightest jobs were again classified to discover how many of them required the use of full faculties, and we found that six hundred and seventy could be filled by legless men, two thousand, six hundred and thirty-seven by one-legged men, two by armless men, seven hundred and fifteen by one-armed men, and ten by blind men. Therefore, out of seven thousand, eight hundred and eighty-two kinds of jobs, four thousand and thirty-four — although some of them required strength — did not require full physical capacity. That is, developed industry can provide full wage work for a higher average of sub-standard men than are ordinarily included in a normal community.

Mr. Ford takes great interest in his garden

If the jobs in any one industry or, say, any one factory, were analyzed as ours have been analyzed, the proportion might be very different, yet I am quite sure that if work is sufficiently sub-divided — subdivided to the point of highest economy — there will be no dearth of places in which the physically incapacitated can do a man's job and get a man's wage.

It is economically most wasteful to accept crippled men as charges and then teach them trivial tasks like the weaving of baskets or some other form of unremunerative hand labor, in the hope, not of aiding them to make a living, but of preventing despondency.

When a man is taken on by the Employment Department, the theory is to put him into a job suited to his condition. If he is already at work and does not seem able to perform the work, or if he does not like his work, he is given a transfer card, which he takes to the Transfer Department, and after examination he is tried out in some other work more suited to his condition or disposition.

Human Salvage

Those who are below the ordinary physical standards are just as good workers, rightly placed, as those who are above. For instance, a blind man was assigned to the stock department to count bolts and nuts for shipment to branch establishments. Two other able-bodied men were already employed on this work. In two days the foreman sent a note to the Transfer Department releasing the able-bodied men because the blind man was able to do not only his own work but also the work that had formerly been done by the sound men.

This salvage can be carried further. It is usually taken for granted that when a man is injured he is simply out of the running and should be paid an allowance. But there is always a period of convalescence, especially in fracture cases, where the man is strong enough to work and indeed, by that time usually anxious to work — for the largest possible accident allowance can never be as great as a man's wage. If it were, then business would have an additional tax put upon it and that tax would show up in the cost of the product. There would be less buying of the product and therefore less work for somebody. That is an inevitable sequence which must always be borne in mind.

We have experimented with some of the bedridden men — men who were able to sit up. We put black oilcloth covers or aprons over the beds and set the men to work screwing nuts on small bolts. This is a job that has to be done by hand and on which fifteen or twenty men are kept busy in the Magneto Department. The men in the hospital could do it just as well as the men in the shop and they were able to receive their regular wages. In fact, their production was about twenty per cent. I believe, above the usual shop production. No man had to do the work unless he wanted to. But they all wanted to. It kept time from hanging on their hands. They slept and ate better and recovered more rapidly.

No particular consideration has to be given to deaf and dumb employees. They do their work one hundred per cent. The tubercular employees — and there

are usually about a thousand of them — mostly work in the Material Salvage Department. Those cases which are considered contagious work together in an especially constructed shed. The work of all of them is largely out of doors.

At the time of the last analysis of employed, there were nine thousand, five hundred and sixty-three substandard men. Of these, one hundred and twenty-three had crippled or amputated arms, forearms, or hands. One had both hands off. There were four totally blind men, two hundred and seven blind in one eye, two hundred and fifty-three with one eye nearly blind, thirty-seven deaf and dumb, sixty epileptics, four with both legs or feet missing, two hundred and thirty-four with one foot or leg missing. The others had minor impediments.

The length of time required to become proficient in the various occupations is about as follows: forty three per cent of all the jobs require not over one day of training; thirty-six per cent require from one day to one week; six per cent require from one to two weeks; fourteen per cent require from one month to one year; one per cent require from one to six years. The last jobs require great skill—as in tool making and die sinking.

Discipline

The discipline throughout the plant is rigid. There are no petty rules and no rules the justice of which can reasonably be disputed. The injustice of arbitrary discharge is avoided by confining the right of discharge to the employment manager and he rarely exercises it. The year 1919 is the last on which statistics were kept. In that year thirty thousand, one hundred and twenty-five changes occurred. Of these ten thousand, three hundred and thirty-four were absent more than ten days without notice and therefore dropped. Because they refused the job assigned or, without giving cause, demanded a transfer, three thousand, seven hundred and two were let go. A refusal to learn English in the school provided accounted for thirty-eight more; one hundred and eight men enlisted; about three thousand were transferred to other plants. Going home, going into farming or into business alone accounted for about the same number. Eighty-two women were discharged because their husbands were working — we do not employ married women whose husbands have jobs. Out of the whole lot only eighty were discharged outright and the causes were: misrepresentation, fifty-six; by order of Educational Department, twenty; and undesirable, four.

We expect the men to do what they are told. The organization is so highly specialized and one part is so dependent upon another that we could not for a moment consider allowing men to have their own way. Without the most rigid discipline we would have the utmost confusion. I think it should not be otherwise in industry. The men are there to get the greatest possible amount of work done and to receive the highest possible pay. If each man were permitted to act in his own way, production would suffer and therefore pay would suffer. Any one who does not like to work our way may always leave. The company's conduct toward the men is meant to be exact and impartial. It is naturally to the interest both of the foreman and of the department heads that the releases from their departments should be few. The workman has a full chance to tell his story if he has been unjustly treated — he has full recourse. Of course some injustice will inevitably occur. Men are not always fair. Defective human nature obstructs our good intentions now and then. The foreman does not always get the idea or misapplies it. But we go to any length to see that our intentions are carried out.

It is necessary to be most insistent in the matter of absences. A man cannot come or go as he pleases; he can always apply for leave to the foreman, but if he leaves without notice then on his return the reasons for his absence are carefully investigated and are sometimes referred to the Medical Department. If his reasons are good, he is permitted to resume work. If they are not good he may be discharged. In hiring a man the only data taken concerns his name, his address, his age, whether he is married or single, the number of his dependents, whether he has ever worked for the Ford Motor Company, and the condition of his sight and his hearing.

No questions are asked concerning what the man has previously done, but we have what we call the "Better Advantage Notice," by which a man who has had a trade before he came to us files a notice with the employment department stating what the trade was. In this way when we need specialists of any kind, we can get them right out of production.

This is also one of the avenues by which tool makers and molders quickly reach the higher positions. I once wanted a Swiss watchmaker. The cards turned one up — he was running a drill press. The Heat Treat department wanted a skilled fire brick layer. He also was found on a drill press — he is now a general inspector.

There is not much personal contact — the men do their work and go home — a factory is not a drawing room. But we try to have justice and, while there may be little in the way of hand shaking — we have no professional hand shakers — also we try to prevent petty personalities. We have so many departments that the place is almost a world in itself — every kind of man can find a place somewhere in it. Take fighting between men.

Men will fight and usually fighting is a cause for discharge on the spot. We find that does not help the fighters — it merely gets them out of our sight. So the foremen have become rather ingenious in devising punishments that will not take anything away from the man's family and which require no time at all to administer.

Machine Safeguarding

One point that is absolutely essential to high capacity as well as to humane production is a clean, well-lighted, and well-ventilated factory. Our machines are placed very close together — every foot of floor space in the factory carries, of course, the same overhead charge. The consumer must pay the extra overhead and the extra transportation involved in having machines even six inches further apart than they have to be.

We measure on each job the exact amount of room that a man needs; he must not be cramped — that would be waste. But if he and his machine occupy more space than is required, that also is waste. This brings our machines closer together than in probably any other factory in the world. To a stranger they may seem piled right on top of one another, but they are scientifically arranged, not only in the sequence of operations, but to give every man and every machine every square inch that he requires and, if possible, not a square inch, and certainly not a square foot, more than he requires. Our factory buildings are not intended to be

used as parks. The close placing requires a maximum of safeguards and ventilation.

Machine safeguarding is a subject all of itself. We do not consider any machine — no matter how efficiently it may turn out its work — as a proper machine unless it is absolutely safe. We have no machines that we consider unsafe, but even at that a few accidents will happen.

Every accident, no matter how trivial, is traced back by a skilled man employed solely for that purpose and a study is made of the machine to make that same accident in the future impossible.

When we put up the older buildings, we did not understand so much about ventilation as we do to-day. In all the later buildings, the supporting columns are made hollow and through them the bad air is pumped out and the good air introduced.

A nearly even temperature is kept everywhere the year round and, during daylight, there is nowhere the necessity for artificial light. Something like seven hundred men are detailed exclusively to keeping the shops clean, the windows washed, and all of the plant fresh. Dark corners are painted white. One cannot have morale without cleanliness. We tolerate makeshift cleanliness no more than makeshift methods.

No reason exists why factory work should be dangerous. If a man has worked too hard or through too long hours, he gets into a mental state that invites accidents. Part of the work of preventing accidents is to avoid this mental state; part is to prevent carelessness and part is to make machinery absolutely fool-proof. The principal causes of accidents as they are grouped by the experts are:

(1) Defective structures; (2) defective machines; (3) insufficient room; (4) absence of safeguards; (5) unclean conditions; (6) bad light; (7) bad air; (8) unsuitable clothing; (9) carelessness; (10) ignorance; (11) mental condition; (12) lack of cooperation.

The questions of defective structures, defective machinery, insufficient room, unclean conditions, bad light, bad air, the wrong mental condition, and the lack of cooperation are easily disposed of.

Accidents are Reduced to a Minimum

None of the men work too hard. The wages settle nine-tenths of the mental problems and construction gets rid of the others. We have then to guard against unsuitable clothing, carelessness, and ignorance, and to make everything we have fool-proof. This is more difficult where we have belts.

In all our new construction, each machine has its individual electric motor, but in the older construction we had to use belts. Every belt is guarded. Over the automatic conveyors are placed bridges so that no man has to cross at a dangerous point. Wherever there is a possibility of flying metal, the workman is required to wear goggles and the chances are further reduced by surrounding the machine with netting.

Around hot furnaces we have railings. There is nowhere an open part of a machine in which clothing can be caught. All the aisles are kept clear. The starting switches of draw presses are protected by big red tags which have to be removed before the switch can be turned — this prevents the machine being started thoughtlessly.

Workmen will wear unsuitable clothing — ties that may be caught in a pulley, flowing sleeves, and all manner of unsuitable articles. The bosses have to watch for that and they catch most of the offenders. New machines are tested in every way before they are permitted to be installed. As a result we have practically no serious accidents.

Industry does not have to exact a human toll.

CHAPTER IX

Wages

There is nothing to running a business by custom — to saying: "I pay the going rate of wages." The same man would not so easily say: "I have nothing better or cheaper to sell than anyone has." No manufacturer in his right mind would contend that buying only the cheapest materials is the way to make certain of manufacturing the best article.

Then why do we hear so much talk about the "liquidation of labor" and the benefits that will flow to the country from cutting wages — which means only the cutting of buying power and the curtailing of the home market? What good is industry if it be so unskillfully managed as not to return a living to everyone concerned? No question is more important than that of wages — most of the people of the country live on wages. The scale of their living — the rate of their wages — determines the prosperity of the country.

Throughout all the Ford industries we now have a minimum wage of six dollars a day; we used to have a minimum of five dollars; before that we paid whatever it was necessary to pay. It would be bad morals to go back to the old market rate way of paying — but also it would be the worst sort of bad business.

First get at the relationships. It is not usual to speak of an employee as a partner, and yet what else is he? Whenever a man finds the management of a business too much for his own time or strength, he calls in assistants to share the management with him. Why, then, if a man finds the production part of a business too much for his own two hands should he deny the title of "partner" to those who come in and help him produce?

Every business that employs more than one man is a kind of partnership. The moment a man calls for assistance in his business — even though the assistant be but a boy, that moment he has taken a partner. He may himself be sole owner of the resources of the business and sole director of its operations, but only while he remains sole manager and sole producer can he claim complete independence. No man is independent as long as he has to depend on another man to help him. It is a reciprocal relation — the boss is the partner of his worker, the worker is the partner of his boss. And such being the case, it is useless for one group or the other to assume that it is the one indispensable unit. Both are indispensable.

The one can become unduly assertive only at the expense of the other — and eventually at his own expense as well. It is utterly foolish for capital or for labor to think of themselves as groups — they are partners. When they pull and haul against each other — they simply injure the organization in which they are partners and from which both draw support.

It ought to be the employer's ambition, as leader, to pay better wages than any similar line of business and it ought to be the workman's ambition to make this possible.

Of course there are men in all shops who seem to believe that if they do their best it will be only for the employer's benefit — and not at all for their own. It is a pity that such a feeling should

exist. But it does exist and perhaps it has some justification. If an employer urges men to do their best, and the men learn after a while that their best does not bring any reward, then they naturally drop back into "getting by." But if they see the fruits of hard work in their pay envelope — proof that harder work means higher pay — then also they begin to learn that they are a part of the business, and that its success depends on them and their success depends on it.

The Basic Question

"What ought the employer to pay?" "What ought the employee to receive?" These are but minor questions. The basic question is, "What can the business stand?" Certainly no business can stand outgo that exceeds its income. When you pump water out of a well at a faster rate than the water flows in, the well goes dry. And when the well runs dry, those who depend on it go thirsty. And if, perchance, they imagine they can pump one well dry and then jump to some other well, it is only a matter of time when all the wells will be dry. There is now a widespread demand for more justly divided rewards, but it must be recognized that there are limits to rewards. The business itself sets the limits. You cannot distribute $150,000 out of a business that brings in only $100,000. The business limits the wages, but does anyone limit the business? As a rule, yes. The business limits itself by following bad precedents.

A drawing of the little old schoolhouse of Henry Ford's boyhood

If men, instead of saying "the employer ought to do thus-and-so," would say "the business ought to be so stimulated and managed that it can do thus-and-so," they would get somewhere. Because only the business can pay wages. Certainly the employer cannot, unless the business warrants. But if that business does warrant higher wages and the employer refuses, what is to be done? As a rule a business means the livelihood of too many men to be tampered with. It is criminal to assassinate a business to which large numbers of men have given their labors and to which they have learned to look as their field of usefulness and their source of livelihood. Killing the business by a strike or a lockout does not help. The employer can gain nothing by looking at the employees and asking himself: "How little can I get them to take?" Nor the employee by glaring back and asking: "How much can I force him to give?" Eventually both will have to turn to the business and ask: "How can this industry be made safe and profitable, so that it will be able to provide a sure and comfortable living for all of us?"

But by no means all employers or all employees will think straight. The habit of acting shortsightedly is a hard one to break. What can be done? Nothing. No rules or laws will effect the changes. But enlightened self-interest will. It takes a little while for enlightenment to spread. But spread it must, for the concern in which both employer and employees work to the same end of service, is bound to forge ahead in business. The unenlightened will either have to see the light or drop out of the running.

What do we mean by high wages, anyway?

We mean a higher wage than was paid ten months or ten years ago. We do not mean a higher wage than ought to be paid. Our high wages of today may be low wages ten years from now.

If it is right for the manager of a business to try to make it pay larger dividends, it is quite as right that he should try to make it pay higher wages. But it is not the manager of the business who pays the high wages. Of course, if he can and will not, then the blame is on him. But he alone can never make high wages possible. High wages cannot be paid unless the workmen earn them. Their labor is the productive factor. It is not the only productive factor — poor management can waste labor and material and nullify the efforts of labor. Labor can nullify the results of good management. But in a partnership of skilled management and honest labor, it is the workman who makes high wages possible. He invests his energy and skill, and if he makes an honest, whole-hearted investment, high wages ought to be his reward. Not only has he earned them, but he has had a big part in creating them.

It ought to be clear, however, that the high wage begins down in the shop. If it is not created there it cannot get into the pay envelopes. There will never be a system invented which will do away with the necessity of work. Nature has seen to that. Idle hands and minds were never intended for any one of us. Work is our sanity, our self-respect, our salvation. So far from being a curse, work is the greatest blessing. Exact social justice flows only out of honest work. The man who contributes much should take away much. Therefore no element of charity is present in the paying of wages.

Work Our Salvation

The kind of workman who gives the business the best that is in him is the best kind of workman a business can have. And he cannot be expected to do this indefinitely without proper recognition of his contribution. The man who comes to the day's job feeling that no matter how much he may give, it will not yield him enough of a return to keep him beyond want, is not in shape to do his day's work. He is anxious and worried and it all reacts to the detriment of his work.

But if a man feels that his day's work is not only supplying his basic need, but is also giving him a

margin of comfort, and enabling him to give his boys and girls their opportunity and his wife some pleasure in life, then his job looks good to him and he is free to give it of his best. This is a good thing for him and a good thing for the business. The man who does not get a certain satisfaction out of his day's work is losing the best part of his pay.

For the day's work is a great thing — a very great thing! It is at the very foundation of the world; it is the basis of our self-respect. And the employer ought constantly to put in a harder day's work than any of his men. The employer who is seriously trying to do his duty in the world must be a hard worker. It is useless for him to say, "I have so many thousand men working for me." The fact of the matter is that so many thousand men have him working for them — and the better they work the busier they keep him disposing of their products.

Wages and salaries are in fixed amounts, and this must be so, in order to have a basis to figure on. Wages and salaries are a sort of profit-sharing fixed in advance, but it often happens that when the business of the year is closed, it is discovered that more can be paid. And then more ought to be paid. When we are all in the business working together, we all ought to have some share in the profits — by way of a good wage, or salary, or added compensation. And that is beginning now quite generally to be recognized.

Mr. Ford felling a giant on his estate

There is now a definite demand that the human side of business be elevated to a position of equal importance with the material side. And that is going to come about. It is just a question whether it is going to be brought about wisely — in a way that will conserve the material side which now sustains us, or unwisely and in such a way as shall take from us all the benefit of the work of the past years.

Business represents our national livelihood, it reflects our economic progress, and gives us our place among other nations. We do not want to jeopardize that. What we want is a better recognition of the human element in business. And surely it can be achieved without dislocation, without loss to anyone, indeed with an increase of benefit to every human being. And the secret of it all is in a recognition of human partnership. Until each man is absolutely self-sufficient unto himself, needing the services of no other human being in any capacity whatever, we shall never get beyond the need of partnership.

Such are the fundamental truths of wages. They are partnership distributions.

When can a wage be considered adequate? How much of a living is reasonably to be expected from work? Have you ever considered what a wage does or ought to do? To say that it should pay the cost of living is to say almost nothing. The cost of living depends largely upon the efficiency of production and transportation; and the efficiency of these is the sum of the efficiencies of the management and the workers. Good work, well managed, ought to result in high wages and low living costs.

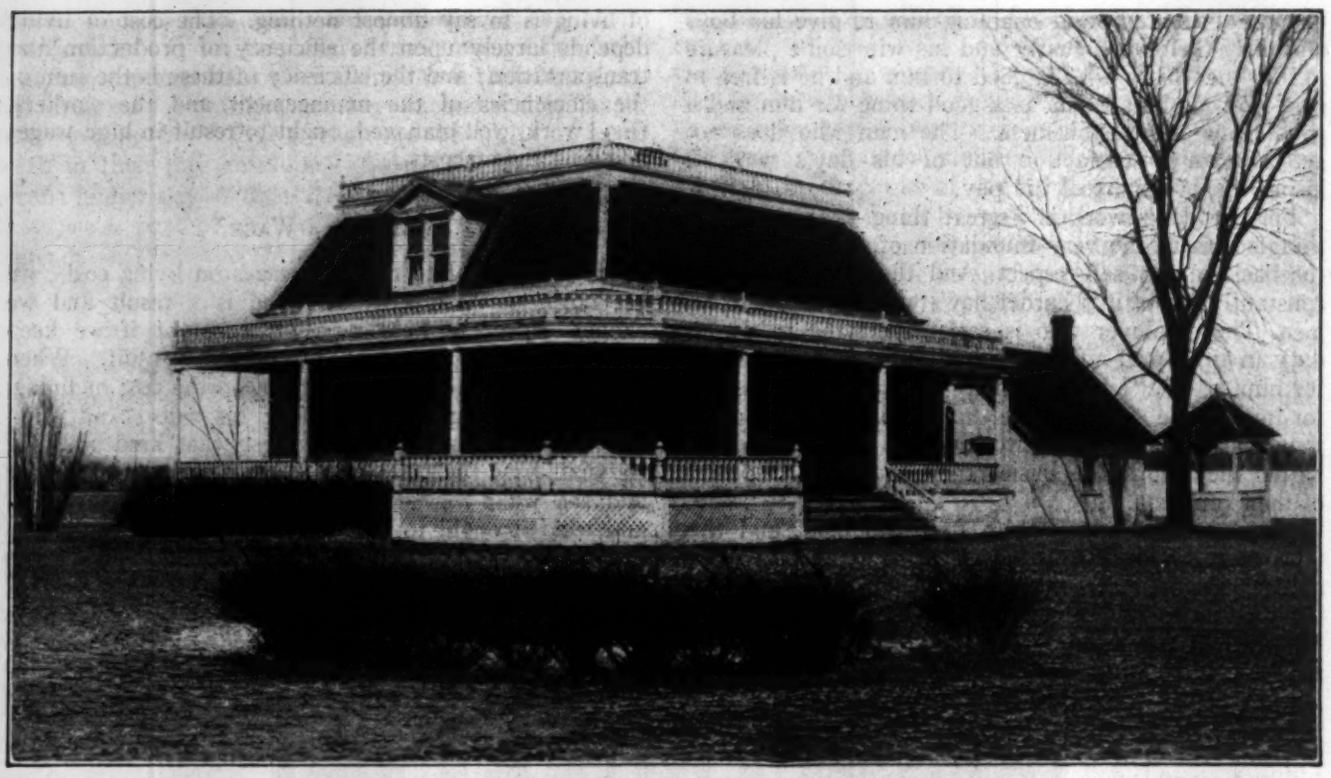
What Is a Wage?

If we attempt to regulate wages on living costs, we get nowhere. The cost of living is a result and we cannot expect to keep a result constant if we keep altering the factors which produce the result. When we try to regulate wages according to the cost of living, we are imitating a dog chasing his tail. And, anyhow, who is competent to say just what kind of living we shall base the costs on? Let us broaden our view and see what a wage has to be to the workmen — and what it ought to be.

The wage carries all the worker's obligations outside the shop; it carries all that is necessary in the way of service and management inside the shop. The day's productive work is the most valuable mine of wealth that has ever been opened. Certainly it ought not to bear less than all the worker's outside obligations. And certainly it ought to be made to take care of the worker's sunset days when labor is no longer possible to him — and should be no longer necessary. And if it is made to do even these, industry will have to be adjusted to a schedule of production, distribution, and reward, which will stop the leaks into the pockets of men who do not assist in production. In order to create a system which shall be as independent of the good-will of benevolent employers as of the ill-will of selfish ones, we shall have to find a basis in the actual facts of life itself.

It costs just as much physical strength to turn out a day's work when wheat is $1 a bushel, as when wheat is $2.50 a bushel. Eggs may be 12 cents a dozen or 90 cents a dozen. What difference does it make in the units of energy a man uses in a productive day's work?

If only the man himself were concerned, the cost of his maintenance and the profit he ought to have would be a simple matter. But he is not just an individual. He is a citizen, contributing to the welfare of the nation. He is a householder. He is perhaps a father with children who must be reared to usefulness on what he is able to earn. We must reckon with all these facts. How are you going to figure the contribution of the home to the day's work? You pay the man for his work, but how much does that work owe to his home? How much to his position as a citizen? How much to his position as a father? The



Mrs. Ford herself designed this little frame home at Dearborn

man does the work in the shop, but his wife does the work in the home. The shop must pay them both. On what system of figuring is the home going to find its place on the cost sheets of the day's work? Is the man's own livelihood to be regarded as the "cost"? And is his ability to have a home and family the "profit"? Is the profit on a day's work to be computed on a cash basis only, measured by the amount a man has left over after his own and his family's wants are all supplied? Or, are all these relationships to be considered strictly under the head of cost, and the profit to be computed entirely outside of them? That is, after having supported himself and family, clothed them, housed them, educated them, given them the privileges incident to their standard of living, ought there to be provision made for still something more in the way of savings profit? And are all properly chargeable to the day's work? I think they are. Otherwise, we have the hideous prospect of little children and their mothers being forced out to work.

These are questions which call for accurate observation and computation. Perhaps there is no one item connected with our economic life that would surprise us more than a knowledge of just what burdens the day's work carries.

It is perhaps possible accurately to determine — albeit with considerable interference with the day's work itself — how much energy the day's work takes out of a man. But it is not at all possible accurately to determine how much it will require to put back that energy into him against the next day's demands. Nor is it possible to determine how much of that expended energy he will never be able to get back at all. Economics has never yet devised a sinking fund for the replacement of the strength of the worker. It is possible to set up a kind of sinking fund in the form of old-age pensions.

But pensions do not attend to the profit which each day's labor ought to yield in order to take care of all of life's overhead, of all physical losses, and of the inevitable deterioration of the manual worker. The highest wages that have up to date ever been paid are not nearly as high as they ought to be. Business is not yet sufficiently well organized and its objectives are not yet sufficiently clear to make it possible to pay more than a fraction of the wages that ought to be paid. That is part of the work we have before us. It does not help toward a solution to talk about abolishing the wage system and substituting communal ownership. The wage system is the only one that we have, under which contributions to production can be rewarded according to their worth. Take away the wage measure and we shall have universal injustice. Perfect the system and we may have universal justice.

Sales Depend On Wages

I have learned through the years a good deal about wages. I believe in the first place that, all other considerations aside, our own sales depend in a measure upon the wages we pay. If we can distribute high wages, then that money is going to be spent and it will serve to make storekeepers and distributors and manufacturers and workers in other lines more prosperous and their prosperity will be reflected in our sales.

Country-wide high wages spell country-wide prosperity, provided, however, the higher wages are paid for higher production. Paying high wages and lowering production is starting down the incline toward dull business.

It took us some time to get our bearings on wages and it was not until we had gone thoroughly into production on "Model T" that it was possible to figure out what wages ought to be. Before then we had some profit sharing. We had at the end of each year, for some years past, divided a percentage of our earnings with the employees. For instance, as long ago as 1909 we distributed eighty thousand dollars on the basis of years of service. A one-year man received five per cent of his year's wages; a two-year man, seven and one-half per cent; and a three-year man, ten per cent. The objection to that plan was that it had no direct connection with the day's work. A man did not get his share until long after his work was done and then

it came to him almost in the way of a present. It is always unfortunate to have wages tinged with charity.

And then, too, the wages were not scientifically adjusted to the jobs. The man in job "A" might get one rate and the man in job "B" a higher rate, while as a matter of fact job "A" might require more skill or exertion than job "B." A great deal of inequity creeps into wage rates unless both the employer and the employee know that the rate paid has been arrived at by something better than a guess. Therefore, starting about 1913 we had time studies made of all the thousands of operations in the shops. By a time study it is possible theoretically to determine what a man's output should be. Then, making large allowances, it is further possible to get at a satisfactory standard output for a day, and, taking into consideration the skill, to arrive at a rate which will express with fair accuracy the amount of skill and exertion that goes into a job — and how much is to be expected from the man in the job in return for the wage. Without scientific study the employer does not know why he is paying a wage and the worker does not know why he is getting it. On the time figures all of the jobs in our factory were standardized and rates set.

We do not have piece work. Some of the men are paid by the day and some are paid by the hour, but in practically every case there is a required standard output below which a man is not expected to fall. Were it otherwise, neither the workmen nor ourselves would know whether or not wages were being earned. There must be a fixed day's work before a real wage can be paid. Watchmen are paid for presence. Workmen are paid for work.

Having these facts in hand we announced and put into operation in January, 1914, a kind of profit-sharing plan in which the minimum wage for any class of work and under certain conditions was five dollars a day. At the same time we reduced the working day to eight hours — it had been nine — and the week to forty-eight hours. This was entirely a voluntary act. All our wage rates have been voluntary. It was to our way of thinking an act of social justice and in the last analysis we did it for our own satisfaction. There is a pleasure in feeling that you have made others happy — that you have lessened in some degree the burdens of your fellow-men — that you have provided a margin out of which may be had pleasure and saving. Good will is one of the few really important assets of life. A determined man can win almost anything that he goes after, but unless, in his getting, he gains good will he has not profited much.

There was, however, no charity in any way involved. That was not generally understood. Many employers thought we were just making the announcement because we were prosperous and wanted advertising and they condemned us because we were upsetting standards — violating the custom of paying a man the smallest amount he would take. There is nothing to such standards and customs. They have to be wiped out. Some day they will be. Otherwise, we cannot abolish poverty. We made the change not merely because we wanted to pay higher wages and thought we could pay them. We wanted to pay these wages so that the business would be on a lasting foundation. We were not distributing anything — we were building for the future. A low wage business is always insecure.

Probably few industrial announcements have created a more world-wide comment than did this one, and hardly anyone got the facts quite right. Workmen quite generally believed that they were going to get five dollars a day, regardless of what work they did.

The Profit Distribution Plan

The facts were somewhat different from the general impression. The plan was to distribute profits, but instead of waiting until the profits had been earned — to approximate them in advance and to add them, under certain conditions, to the wages of those persons who had been in the employ of the company for six months or more. It was a classified participation among three classes of employees:

(1) Married men living with and taking good care of their families.

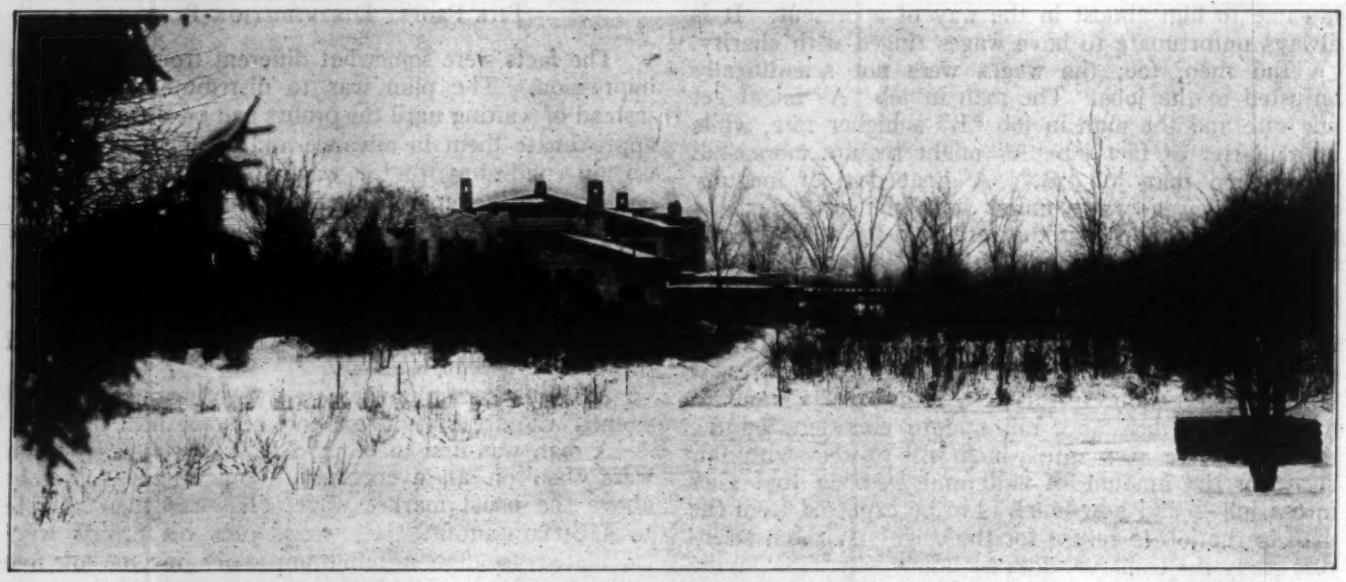
(2) Single men over twenty-one years of age of proved thrifty habits.

(3) Young men under twenty-two years of age, and women who are the sole support of some next of kin.

A man was first to be paid his just wages — which were then on an average of about fifteen per cent above the usual market wage. He was then eligible to a certain profit. His wages plus his profits were calculated to give a minimum daily income of five dollars. The profit sharing rate was divided on an hour basis and was credited to the hourly wage rate, so as to give those receiving the lowest hourly rate the largest proportion of profits. It was paid every two weeks with the wages. For example, a man who received thirty-four cents an hour had a profit rate of twenty-eight and one-half cents an hour — which would give him a daily income of five dollars. A man receiving fifty-four cents an hour would have a profit rate of twenty-one cents an hour — which would give him a daily income of six dollars.

It was kind of a prosperity sharing plan. But on conditions. The man and his home had to come up to certain standards of cleanliness and citizenship. Nothing paternal was intended — a certain amount of paternalism did develop and that is one reason why the whole plan and the social welfare department were discontinued. But in the beginning the idea was that there should be a very definite incentive to better living and that the very best incentive was a money premium on proper living. A man who is living right will do his work right. And then, too, we wanted to avoid the possibility of lowering the standard of work through an increased wage. It is demonstrated in war times that too quickly increasing a man's pay sometimes increases only his cupidity and therefore decreases his earning power. If, in the beginning, we had simply put the increase in the pay envelopes, then very likely the work standards would have broken down. The pay of about half the men was doubled in the new plan; it might have been taken as "easy money." The thought of easy money breaks down work. There is a danger in too rapidly raising the pay of any man — I do not care whether he previously received one dollar or one hundred dollars a day. In fact, if the salary of a hundred-dollar-a-day man were increased over night to three hundred dollars a day he would likely make a bigger fool of himself than the working man whose pay is increased from one dollar to three dollars an hour. The man with the larger amount of money has larger opportunity to make a fool of himself.

In this first plan the standards insisted upon were not petty — although sometimes they may have been administered in a petty fashion. We had about fifty investigators in the Social Department; the standard of common sense among them was very high indeed, but it is impossible to assemble fifty men equally endowed with common sense. They erred at times — it is the errors one hears about. It was expected that in order to receive the bonus, married men should live with and



A winter view of the Ford home

take proper care of their families. We had to break up the evil custom among many of the foreign workers of taking in boarders — of regarding their homes as something to make money out of rather than a place to live in. Boys under 18 received a bonus if they supported the next of kin. Single men who lived wholesomely shared. The best evidence that the plan was essentially beneficial is the record. When the plan went into effect, sixty per cent of the workers immediately qualified to share; at the end of six months seventy-eight per cent were sharing, and at the end of one year eighty-seven per cent. Within a year and one-half only a fraction of one per cent failed to share.

The large wage had other results. In 1914 when the first plan went into effect, we had 14,000 employes and it had been necessary to hire at the rate of about 53,000 a year in order to keep a constant force of 14,000. In 1915 we had to hire only 6,508 men and the majority of these new men were taken on because of the growth of the business. With the old turnover of labor and our present force we should have to hire at the rate of nearly 200,000 men a year — which would be pretty nearly an impossible proposition. Even with the minimum of instruction that is required to master almost any job in our place, we cannot take on a new staff each morning or each week or each month; for, although a man may qualify for acceptable work at an acceptable rate of speed within two or three days, he will be able to do more after a year's experience than he did at the beginning. The matter of labor turnover has not since bothered us; it is rather hard to give exact figures, because when we are not running to capacity, we rotate some of the men in order to distribute the work among the greatest number. This makes it hard to distinguish between the voluntary and involuntary exits. Today we keep no figures; we now think so little of our turnover that we do not bother to keep records. As far as we know the turnover is somewhere between three per cent and six per cent a month.

We have made changes in the system, but I have not deviated from this principle:

If you expect a man to give his time and energy, fix his wages so that he will have no financial worries.

It pays. Our profits, after paying good wages and a bonus — which bonus used to run around ten millions a year before we changed the system — show that paying good wages is the most profitable way of doing business.

There were objections to the bonus-on-conduct method of paying wages. It tended toward paternalism. Paternalism has no place in industry. Welfare work that consists in prying into employes' private concerns is out of date. Men need counsel and men need help, oftentimes special help; and all this ought to be rendered for decency's sake. But the broad workable plan of investment and participation will do more to solidify industry and strengthen organization than will any social work on the outside.

Without changing the principle we have changed the method of payment.

The Riding Song of a Free Company About Roche D'Arien

From Aldebaran

There du Guesclin bites his nails,
Listening to the jongleurs' tales,
Little love, or so they say,
Nourishing for such as they,
Or their newest virelay;
But he must bide his time and wait,
In that little room above the gate,
In that gray place, a chill place,
An old place, an ill place,
A bad place in winter,
In Roche d'Arien.

There du Guesclin sits each day,
Waiting for the word to slay,
Watching for the face he'll know,
Scans the folk who come and go,
Riding, trudging through the snow:—
There will be good blows to give
This March or April,—if we live!
But 'tis a cold place, a stark place,
A grim place, a dark place,
A bad place for waiting,
Is Roche d'Arien.

M. St. Clare Byrne

Justice on Rattlesnake

By Jane Hicks

Illustrated by John J. Griffin

ON the pallet in front of the hearth Tiny Lakey lay, her baby on her arm, her face dull in illiteracy, lighting with the animal joy of motherhood, darkening with the animal fear of harm to her child or her mate. About her the log walls of the cabin were black with the smoke of her mother's nineteen years of married life; the firelight showed Tiny the dully accusing and wondering faces of her four younger sisters and that of her mother standing over her, now tender as only a mother can be, now stern and furious with outraged pride.

Tiny was the first of Ida's five daughters to tarnish the fair name of Lakey on Rattlesnake, their mountain peak. Tiny had challenged her mother's alpha and omega.

"Whoever do wrong to one o' my gals, and don't marry to her, I'll punish him if I has to track him over these whole mountains to do it!"

Such an oath meant but one thing to those who heard it: the swift, sure, final justice of the mountaineer's code.

"Tell!" she demanded of Tiny lying on the pallet before the fire what she'd been demanding for many months, "Tell me who his name."

"You harm him, mammy."

Don't be afeard to say his name. Did he tole you as how if you tole nobody, he'll shoot you? But he'll not shoot you; he'll not harm you more. Tell your mammy."

"You harm him, mammy."

"Yas, I harm him. You don't want me to harm him arter he done you wrong?" Then tenderly, "Do ye love him to marry to him an' he give you his word an' didn't? You allays was one to take what folks tell you. Tell your mammy who his name. It won't no harm come to you."

But Tiny guarded the name she loved, and promised it to her baby when, some day, it could be safely disclosed. This would not be, Tiny knew, while her mother lived, for her mother never forgot to do what she thought was right for her to do. She'd explained many times to her daughters that if they were wronged, it would be her duty as their mother to exact just penalty: she'd impressed upon them that it was her duty as their father's woman to avenge his death which had occurred eight years before in a moonshine brawl between him and Si Scruggs. That both guns were fired and that one man was no more himself than the other did not convince Ida Lakey that chance was more responsible for her man's death than was Si Scruggs. Si Scruggs had killed her man; Si Scruggs must pay for it!

For eight years Si had daily expected exaction of his penalty; he'd grown nervous and irritable under the strain of the strict hostile relations between his family and Ida's — nearest neighbors and former intimate friends. Tiny remembered the many whippings she and the other children had had for the smallest show of friendship with a Scruggs child. No, her mother would never decide that a duty was too much trouble to perform, would never decide to let things go. What she'd determined she must do, she'd do, be it twenty years off.

So, through threats and commands and sympathy, Tiny guarded the dear name, whispering it to her baby when, in the next few weeks, they were alone in front of the fire.

It was one such time, when the baby was three weeks old, and a mountain blizzard was raging around the sturdy little cabin, Tiny sat in front of the fire, swaying and crooning to it, feeling it, warm and safe against her, when the door opened, Ida Lakey scraped the snow from her tough, bare feet, and came over near the fire where she chewed her tobacco and looked down at her daughter and her grandchild.

"How come you tuk up with one o' Si Scruggs' litter? If you want to bring disgrace on your mammy an' your sisters, why couldn't you a-tuk up with somebody fittin' to come to your cabin, nohow?"

Tiny held her baby tight and her dark eyes stared with terror up into her mother's light ones, now flashing and angry.

"Mammy, it warn't — "

"Don't say 'twarn't to me! Ain't I see that thar mark on that baby under his arm? An' ain't I holp Tilly Scruggs when Davie Scruggs was a-bornin'? Ain't it the same mark his pappy bears an' his pappy afore him?"

"Mammy — mammy, never harm him!"

"The sneakin' whelp! Come a-wrongin' one o' my gals! Ain't his pappy did enough a-killin' o' your pappy? An' you a-tuk up with him — a-beggin' o' me not to harm him! Yes, I harm him! Harm him just like his pappy!"

"Mammy!" Tiny's voice was a nervous cry. "Mammy, Davie's my man!"

"Your man! Name him your man to me! A low-down whelp! Killin's too good fer him. Come a-sneakin' 'round here every day, thinkin' to see you an' that baby! I'll learn him to come sneakin' 'round here!" as she went about her work.

So Ida knew! As the days passed, Tiny's face grew more pale and peaked, her eyes larger and more troubled, waiting to hear that Davie'd been punished. Often, she'd creep outside the door.

"If I can see him to tell him she's arter him!"

Once, she thought she saw him off in the trees and she ran from the steps, but her mother caught her and forced her back.

"Mammy, don't harm him! Me want to marry to Davie, Davie want to marry to me, if you not kill him an' me."

"No!" Ida stormed, pushing Tiny into the house. "'Tis well you ain't! Things is bad enough as they is! You just try marrying to one o' Si Scruggs' litter!"

But one day when her mother, her gun on her shoulder, had left saying that she was going to the little store in Free State Hollow, four miles down the

A bearlike form, gun in hand, crouching as it slipped from one tree to another

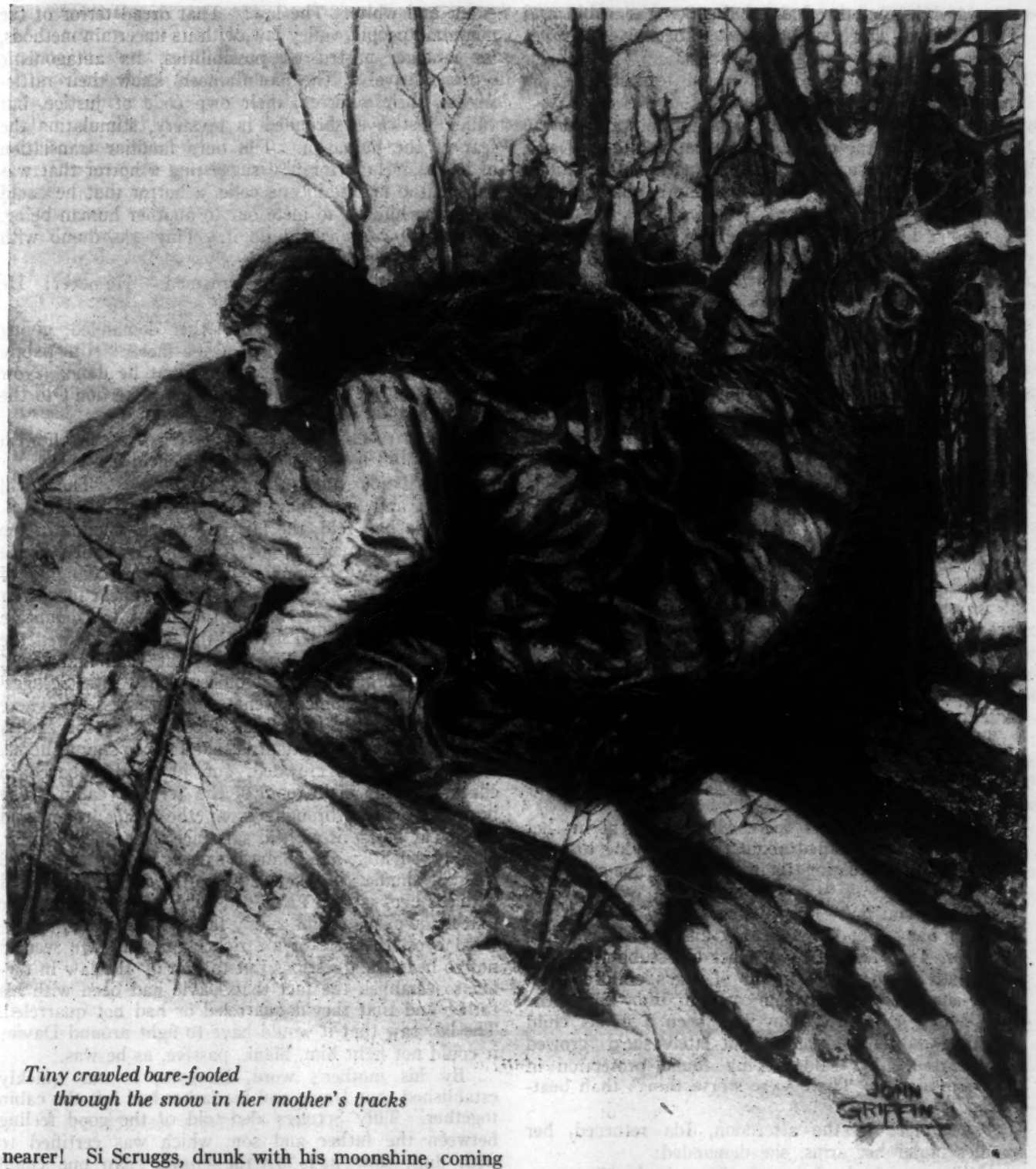
mountain, Tiny put her baby to sleep, put on the second of the two coats the family owned, tied her head in a piece of an old red blanket, and left the cabin. Now, she'd go find Davie. The tracks of her mother's bare feet in the snow, unpacked save by its own weight, led her through the trees to the "big road" that was the way to Free State Hollow.

With a sense of leaving the companionship which she'd felt in her mother's footprints, Tiny crossed the road to hurry through the woods to where she could get a view of Davie's cabin and, God willing, of Davie. She had gone some distance, looking only eagerly ahead, when suddenly she looked at the ground. There, unmistakable as the mark on her baby's body, were her mother's footprints. Tiny stopped; her hand went out to the tree beside her. With wide, terror-filled eyes she glanced back at the road, the *only* way to Free State Hollow, and ahead, in the direction of nothing but Si Scruggs' clearing — and Davie. Tiny ran forward a little through the deep snow. She stopped and looked about like a frightened hare. She tore the red blanket from her head, it would flare like a beacon in the white and brown of the mountain. She tucked it under her coat and now, her own color that of the trees and the bare bushes, she crawled in her mother's tracks till they met those of two men coming from the direction of the Scruggs' cabin and leading up the mountain-side.

"Davie and his pappy, to the still," Tiny knew as her mother had known before her.

Up the mountain in the tracks of Davie and his father and her mother, their sworn enemy, Tiny crawled, white and weak, her arms and legs trembling as she dragged them along, her eyes straining up ahead of her. There! A large, bearlike form, gun in hand, crouching as it slipped from one tree to another! The still was not far from here. Tiny watched her mother and moved only when she did, dropping behind a bush when Ida was still.

Suddenly, a man's loud, bawling voice, coming



Tiny crawled bare-footed through the snow in her mother's tracks

nearer! Si Scruggs, drunk with his moonshine, coming from the still! Tiny crept to a large tree; her body clung to its trunk as she stretched to tip-toe. She could see them all: her mother crouching, gun in hand; Si Scruggs, bawling and reeling, his gun under his arm; Davie behind, gun on shoulder. Her eyes returned to her mother with gun leveled at — Tiny could not tell. She opened her mouth and tried to scream. No sound came. She tried to run. Her legs were water under her. There was a shot. Tiny sank into the snow, unconscious.

When, after a while, she opened her eyes, saw the bare trees above her and realized where she was, she remembered. Davie had been shot! She tried to raise herself out of the snow; she could scarcely move. With her neck stretched, she looked up the mountain, gradually working herself to sitting posture. There was Davie — alive, kneeling above the body of his father, tears running down his face.

"Davie!" Tiny screamed.

The boy turned and looked stupidly at her as she hurried toward him.

"Davie!" Tiny crooned as she sank to her knees beside him. "Davie, my mammy shoot him?"

The boy, shaking his head in denial, turned from her and leaned over his father, his hands moving gently about the body.

"Davie, who shoot him? My mammy, Davie?"

Again Davie shook his head.

"Who done it, Davie? Who done it? — Davie — me — "

Her little strength gone, Tiny fell across the body of the dead man. When she regained consciousness,

she was lying on the floor of the Scruggs' cabin and Tilly Scruggs, Davie's mother, was kneeling beside her rubbing her hands and arms.

"Whar's Davie?" Tiny wanted to know of the mild faced woman.

"Him yonder with him pappy," pointing to the second room of the cabin. "Him pappy dead. Davie come totin' you like dead, then him and the other chillen fetch they's pappy. Who shoot him? Say, if you knows."

"Don't know," Tiny told her. "Davie seen."

"Done ask him," the woman said, still rubbing Tiny's numb limbs, "but looks like he's went dumb. He never war one to talk. Now he ain't say a word but just stay by him pappy. He allays was one to think much o' him pappy; him the fust child we'uns done had. My old man allays say if he was to die and cheat Ida Lakey outer her swearin' to kill him, as she'd pass it on down to Davie."

At the mention of her mother, Tiny sat up quickly, terror on her face.

"Her kill me here!" trying to stand.

"You'd best to take this here something hot 'fore you starts off," Tilly Scruggs told her, going to the fireplace for the tin cup that was on the hearth. "It's some o' my man's drink in hot water. It'll hold you up whilst you's goin'."

As she drank, Tiny looked into the gentle, tired face of Davie's mother. "I wisht you was my mammy too," she said as she handed back the cup. "I's got a pretty little baby."

"Ain't you got nothin' to your head?" Tilly asked as Tiny started to the door.

Tiny pulled the piece of red blanket from beneath her coat, glanced toward the door of the other room as she tied it on, then bidding Tilly Scruggs "Good-day," started for home.

Her mother was not there when she went in; her four sisters were huddled about the fire trying to quiet Tiny's baby and eating their dinner of hoe-cake and hog fat.

"Where you go?" one of them asked Tiny as she took her baby, but Tiny did not answer. During the last year, Tiny had developed her old stubborn streak — the streak that was in all of Ida's children, but which she subdued in them early in life. Since the breaking of her spirit, Tiny had been a model child according to Ida's standards, but lately she'd "growed hard-hearted," Ida said. Tiny found protection in stubborn silence. There were worse things than beatings.

When, late in the afternoon, Ida returned, her bundles under her arms, she demanded:

"Whose tracks in the snow along o' mine?"

For a minute no one spoke, then the youngest girl told.

"Whar you been?" Ida demanded threateningly of Tiny.

But she could get no answer.

"You tuk that time I's off to go hunt that thar boy to tole him I's arter him to punish him, but the law's like to cheat me out o' it once they shows on him he done kill him pappy today."

"He never done it!" Tiny flashed at her as the four younger girls were stirred to interest.

"Him pappy done dead?" they wanted to know.

"Shot to the mountain side this mornin'. I carry the word on down to the Holler when I done my tradin'. The law'll be to the mountain to-morrer."

Tiny looked up quickly, her eyes dilated, her face gaunt and white. The law! That dread terror of the mountain people, valley law, with its uncertain methods, its strange, mistrusted possibilities, its antagonistic representatives! The mountaineers know their rattlesnakes, their wildcats, their own code of justice, but valley justice is shrouded in mystery, stimulating the fear of the unknown. The only familiar translation of it was, "Hang for it!" suggesting a horror that was beyond the mountaineer's code, a horror that he could not bring himself to mete out to another human being. But valley folks would do it. Tiny was dumb with horror. Davie to hang!

"He never done it!" she screamed. "He never! He never! He never! He — "

"Shut your noise!" her mother demanded, giving her a hard slap on the side of the face. "Him pappy done went now — done paid for what he done. Now his boy's to pay and he'll pay to me if he don't to the law — the low whelp!"

Several times that night, Tiny tried to slip off with her baby, but by physical force Ida held her back.

"You'll not can save him," she said. "The law'll find him, and once they show it on him — "

As Ida had told, the law was on the mountain the next day. The coroner and two officers came. Since the calendar of the mountaineers is the changing of the seasons, they cannot be trusted to appear in answer to summons, so to save having to send up the mountain for the witnesses when needed, the officers followed the custom of taking the evidence right then and there. While the coroner with one officer went to the Scruggs' cabin, the other officer went to get witnesses. There was no difficulty; the mountaineer starves for excitement. With stern threats, Ida told Tiny to stay at home.

Everyone was crowded, gun in hand, tobacco in cheek, into the main room of the Scruggs' cabin. The body had been brought from the other room and Davie sat beside it as he'd sat since the tragedy, dully, blankly, silently. He glanced eagerly among the crowd when it shuffled in, then, apparently disappointed and with his eyes on Ida Lakey, he relapsed into the stupor that made of his round, ruddy face with its wide, terror-filled eyes, the face of a stricken animal. He seemed not to hear the questions put to him by the law in trying to establish the fact that Davie had been with his father and that they'd quarreled or had not quarreled. The law saw that it would have to fight around Davie; it could not fight him, blank, passive, as he was.

By his mother's word, however, it was quickly established that Davie and his father had left the cabin together. Tilly Scruggs also told of the good feeling between the father and son, which was certified to with dull, slow nods by the crowd. No one could deny it, nor would have, for except when outraged as was Ida Lakey, the mountaineers stand together against that common enemy, valley law.

"Were there any eye-witnesses — that is, did anybody see the shooting?" the law asked.

Ida moved forward a step, her head-cloths pushed back, her sharp, weathered, blond face intense and fierce while behind the crowd the door opened and a red head-piece slipped in among the lank shoulders of the men against the wall.

"I seen it," Ida declared. "Seen 'em from the time they left whar they was at — " even Ida wouldn't break faith by disclosing their still. "They was comin' on down the mountain side. Si Scruggs was drunk. He had his gun 'neath his arm. That thar boy was terhind him and he had his gun, and as they was comin' along I seen — "

" 'Tain't so!" came a hysterical cry from the back of the crowd as Tiny pushed her way through to the front. " 'Taint so! Davie never done it! Her done it! Her terhind the tree with her gun. Her say all the time since Si Scruggs done kill my pappy her gwine kill him. Her done it! Davie never done it! Her never know I be thar, terhind a tree."

The law was amazed. Davie's face had brightened once again as Tiny appeared and burst forth her accusation.

"You've vowed to kill this man?" the law asked Ida.

"No, I ain't never said I'd kill him."

"But all your neighbors say you had."

The crowd had by looks denied Ida's denial.

"Her is! Her is!" Tiny cried. "Her is! Her done it! Her shoot him. Davie never done it. He never! He never!"

"It won't nobody listen to what you says," Ida turned to her. "A man's woman ain't got no say in the law. Would they take my word when my old man was shot? If they had, Si Scruggs would a-hung that very day. You's that boy's woman, and them as don't take my word can see by the mark on your baby's body and hisn, the dirty whelp!"

"Are you his woman?" the law asked Tiny, who cried:

"He never do it! He never! Her do it!"

"Just hush now," the law demanded. "Your word isn't what we want. You're saying this woman did it because you want to save your man." Then to Ida, "Go on with your story."

Before Ida could say anything, however, Tiny cried: "Him never done it! Davie never do it! Me do it! Me to hang! Davie never do it!"

In the few minutes of shocked silence that followed, Davie rose, rubbed his hand across his brow:

"Her never do it," he drawled. "I do it. Her never do it. Her ain't to hang. It's me."

The law looked from one to the other, and then it spoke sternly to Davie and to Tiny.

"All right, now. You say you did it and you say you did it. Now if either one of you says anything more while this old woman's talking, you'll *both* hang! Now shut up and let her tell what she saw."

This frightened them and they let Ida talk.

"Had you sworn to kill this man?" she was asked.

"I swore to punish him for he kill my man. I ain't never tole what ain't the truth yet as I knows on. I aims to do what I knows to be right. Yes, I swored to punish him, but I ain't never swored to kill him. It's things worst than killin'. It's things that makes folks wanter die. Lookin' for to die this day and the next and the next's wussern dyin' an' bein' done with it. That's how I aim to punish Si Scruggs and that's how I done it for eight rounds o' summers an' winters. I ain't had no notion to kill him. I don't want no man's blood on my hands. I don't wanter hang for none o' Si Scruggs, but I pester his life till he done kill hisself. Drunk like he was, soon's ever he sees me terhind the tree like I done track him all this time, he up and shoot hisself."

"Yes," Tilly Scruggs took up the testimony, "most likely that's the way it was, 'cause many's the time I's had to wrench him gun 'way from him to keep him from shoot hisself since he know Ida Lakey's arter him. I'd think that afore I'd think my boy Davie do it, lovin' him pappy so."

"No," Ida interrupted, "that boy thar ain't never do it. He say he do it cause Tiny say she do it. Must be he ain't so much of a skunk like his pappy if he'd do like that-a way, an' even if he is Si Scruggs' boy, it ain't so many like him, an' it 'ud be bettern things like they is, so — is you the law to marry folks? 'Cause if you is, bein's you's right here handy, you'd as well to marry 'em. It ain't no good ever to come o' things like they is, now they's took to likin' one another."

So, with Ida's vengeance turned to forgiveness, the law that came to convict remained to conjoin, and hand in hand and somewhat dazed, Tiny and her man Davie followed in the funeral procession while in their ears rang Ida's blessing.

"What you knows in your mind it's right to do, do it like I do to Si Scruggs, an' it ain't no harm'll come to you."

The Book of the White Birch

By Eleanor M. Denny

Along their branches, kissed by the April sun,
Green-syllabled, the laughing lyrics run.

In summer's glowing dawn their white souls glance
Through tender blurring mists of young romance.

Dim, waning leaf-shades as the brief days pass
Trace tragic drama on the crisping grass.

Naked and pure, their delicate tracery
Writes Beauty's scripture on the wintry sky.

Personality

By Helene Searcy

You seem to swing in from the windy beach
  Bringing salt-scented air,
Just coming up from the white sand's reach,
  The sea-smell still in your hair.

I know that you come from a dingy street
  Where toilers grow dingy, too;
Where did you find those foam-light feet?
  Who lifted that chin for you?

From The Lyric West

Prince Four

By Jeremy Lane

BECAUSE he felt he was a prisoner in the little place, Crane dressed in his dinner clothes, took his time, and tried to hum a tune — a good American tune from the last revue he had seen and heard before the ship pulled out for this bedeviled country. He powdered his face with care — a first-rate keen face, showing vigor and intelligence and a certain wilfulness — while knowing there could be no one to see, and nowhere to go. He went so far as to "do" his nails. But the attempt failed. An intense disgust, a considerable loneliness, and a touch of fear, spoiled it.

There would be Señor Guayados and his unkind wife, also their pretty, greasy son, Tomaso. The Señor would carve the veal or the chicken, and serve the American guest with unctuous care. The thick Señora would beam at him with her aging teeth, and wish him in hell. The youth, Tomaso, would hold a tight face to restrain snickers — this lad was the hardest to bear, yet the least to blame. Even the two servants knew the situation, and were more and more amused at Crane's expense. There were no other guests at the Inn now. Fate or the devil had set the place apart.

Crane's room was stifling hot at this hour of the day, just before dinner. He braved his own pride, and went down — glad to find his door unlocked — as, of course, it should be, since he had the key. But he could not deny a sensation of relief every time he found it still untouched — the cell not yet made actual. Presentiments were bothering him.

But why should they lock him in? Indeed, they had their way with him. His freedom, limited as it was, better suited their convenience. He was less care, moving at large — at large? He was not likely to go far!

He descended the ancient stairs, which were worn into hollows, uncarpeted hard wood, the grain in it still beautiful and clear, good for another century or two. The odd old tapestries pegged to the wall were dim, but rare in weave. The inner parts of the house had a slight tilt that intrigued the eye. The stones and squared timbers had found their final position, just so, a little out of plumb; and they would remain so for a great many years to come. In fact, as Señor Guayados had confided to his guest:

"When Cortez was an infant baby, this place was old, like now. Yes, beyond question! And the King — ah, King Felipe, many years ago, slept in the front room — why, the very room you occupy, Señor Crane! — my great-grandsire say, I remember, that was one night of the hell — big rain on the hills — no road then, only a trail into the valley — black, running with water — slip, slip, what you call? — —"

"Skid," supplied the American.

"Skeed — the King, he skeed, bad, and turn in here till daylight — big fire going up the chimney — ah, the best wine from under the stairs — ah, *Dios*, that was a night!"

Crane nodded skeptically, and said: "They were lucky in those days of horses — no motor cars, nothing to worry about."

Now, any American is a judge of automobiles, but Jul Crane was a devotee, a master, even a "Major" in the sense that some men of Kentucky were used to know horse flesh and all the art thereof. He was barely out of university. What he might have lacked, from time to time, in ready money, was more than compensated by an extra-fine profile, unusually lithe physical development, and a sense of humor and good-humor that never left him — never until he came to Spain, and could not dislodge himself from a certain Inn, set up in the mountains.

But his distinction was motors. With him, as a life-giving element, gasoline ranked above oxygen. He had voyaged over with an irresistible ambition to sell Prince Fours — the one supreme car of America, embodying all the skill and good taste and power . . . . well, later in life Jul Crane would build them himself, would seek out and eradicate every four-wheeled broncho ever made, and replace all with Prince Fours, the one really supreme car . . . he dreamed of a great factory, a wonderful selling arrangement, until the Eskimaux and the Zulus should know and be able to tell why! Crane was born for the Automobile. His soul was a strong, fine motor, sharply tuned, clean for a race.

In the larger Spanish cities he had worked up more live prospects than his factory could handle in two years' production — then he had slipped away to the mountains for a few days, to make them miss the afternoon rides he had been giving them, make the old Dons and dames and ribboned grandchildren feel part of their very life snatched away, make them ready to sign checks. Jul Crane took small credit — it was all in Prince Four, the one supreme car of all America, embodying the skill and . . .

However, out in the woodshed, at the rear of the Inn yard, rested the one and only Prince Four in all Europe. The Prince Four factory was closed, silent, a place of spider-webs and a drowsy watchman.

"Bankrupt. Sell your demonstrator."

Such a cablegram had come in answer to his thrice-repeated message: "Mail check." No check would ever be mailed.

Crane had smiled away his acute disappointment at the fiasco. But it aged him. Meanwhile, his Spanish prospects waited and wondered why their American young-man-in-a-hurry did not return, to delight them with further demonstrations of a very luxurious and fast automobile. And Jul Crane's bill was running up at the Inn of this fiendish Ramon Guayados.

His supply of cash was exhausted some days ago, the last traveler's check signed and gone. He had tried to sell the Prince Four demonstrator to the Guayados family — and that was a subtle error. Tomaso was the only one of the family willing to risk his neck, speeding over the mountain trails with the American. Old Señor smiled a smile of humble deprecation, and shook his venerable crafty head. Something was in the air. Jul Crane was worse than broke. The local authorities came like a committee of undertakers and, despite all protestation, placed Prince Four under a heavy padlock — protection for the Innkeeper, security that the American would not jump his bill. So they said.

When Crane explained to them that they were killing his only chance of raising money, by preventing his return to the cities and selling the car for cash, they

looked to Señor Guayados, who glanced at his wife, who focused her maternal eyes upon Tomaso — and it was Thumbs Down.

When he threatened to communicate with the American consul and start a war that would finish what was barely begun in 1898, they did not comprehend the English language, or Crane's brand of Spanish.

When he dismissed that, and turned to the dark-faced committee, offering them the captive car — the last and finest serial number ever turned out by the defunct company, this one supreme car of America — to be used as a patrol, pursuing bandits and renegades through these mountains, aiding in the cause of local justice — they would not listen, but felt affronted. They knew what they were doing. Crane perceived, and was infuriated.

Each day, the very best in cookery was set on the table at every meal — and charged on his bill. In the fabled visit of King Felipe on that black rainy night of skidding long ago, no better wines could have been served — and Jul Crane paid. Wheel by wheel, cylinder by cylinder, the last of the beautiful Prince Four's was going over into alien hands in a diabolic land, to become the unappreciated plaything of Tomaso. As soon as its salesman had eaten up the last spare tire, so to speak, he would be released, in fact, ejected. The Guayados family would possess the car, absolutely, without having paid him a peso.

He cabled to friends for money, but realized later that his messages had not gotten beyond the Inn yard.

To-night he did not care for the mountain sunset, hated the hill-top position of the Inn, did not marvel at the glorious blending of color in the ridged and purpled west, did not feel the cool breath of evening as anything of a comfort. He went as a prisoner to the dining-room — a low paneled hall with curious dark paintings on the wall, with a ledge of ancient red porcelain ware, silver mugs and swords, and a worn stone floor.

Again the series of luxuries, served with solicitation as to his exact taste in soups, trout, roast pig, sauces, vegetables, fruit, wines, pastry and cordial. Crane's palate was lagging, yet he could not hurry the service — indeed, there would be nothing to do after dinner, but smoke a royally good cigar, and crawl up to his cell to put in the night — sleeping as much as possible.

Two hours after he sat down to olives and relish, he arose from nuts and perfect coffee. It was a relief to leave such a comfortable chair, and walk. He perversely hated his cigar for its excellence. He was growing more and more moody, premonitive, and repressed. The Guayados family were increasingly alert, gently courteous, and abominable.

He walked out upon the veranda. His first pacing brought him around near the stables and the woodshed. In the summer gloom he discerned the big brass padlock, behind which the finest of motor cars stood in disgrace. He turned away. Tomaso was starting on the guitar, back in the shadows of the veranda, scratching with lazy, adolescent fingers. This, too, had to be avoided. Crane went slowly down the drive toward the outer gate.

A black valley below, all around, and a beautiful night of stars above. A heavy peace lay on the world, smothering the American. Defeat was terrible. Great energies were stirring within him.

The dew brought up a moist, rich, pure scent from the slope. Crickets were making their friendly lonesome noise in the long grass and shrubbery. A bat capered through the gloom overhead. An odor of roses drifted up from the gate. The guitar's subdued twanging was afloat in the darkness.

"Prince Four — —"

Unbelievable, it was a woman's voice. Crane was magnetized, unable to lift a foot. From the bushes ahead, near the lower edge of the enclosure, it came again:

"Aren't you — Prince Four —?"

"Yes, for God's sake. You sound like an American."

"I am. But not so loud. I'm hiding."

"Who are you? Don't I know your voice?"

"Don't come any nearer, please. Keep on walking, back and forth, while I talk to you. I'll never get my rings back, if you don't do as I say — —"

Crane could not place her, but it was impossible to refuse such a voice, on such a night, in such a place. He sensed her personal quality, or believed he did — a tensely nerved girl who has learned, one way or another, to control herself — a distinction about her — it was all in her voice, a smooth vital element that he comprehended. He moved a little nearer toward, then a little farther from, the voice.

"You came to see us, to sell us a car, three weeks ago — out here in the mountains, just around the valley, on the west road — —"

"Bonnard!" exclaimed the salesman.

"That's the name."

"Your place is five miles, six miles, from here."

"Yes, by the road, but I cut down through the valley because I thought it would be shorter. Maybe it is. I got all torn up. And what you call our place isn't ours — it belongs to the Guayados family, here."

"Then you're in trouble — —"

"Of course. You see, we have sent for money, but I think our messages get side-tracked somehow. It isn't possible that father's bankers, and his lawyer, too, would fail to send us money when we ask — so we can get away from here and go home. Señor Gayados was very nice at first, even loaned us the cash to pay for our stores and keep our servants. I let him take my rings as security — father needs his watch, because there isn't a clock in the place that will run. Now we've got to have some more money. The Señor was over this morning for his rent — it's high enough, too! He's willing to take a necklace I have — oh, it's a game. You don't see that side of him, over here. He's a good host, and all that — —"

"He's a fine warden, and a new kind of a financier, for me —" commented the man pacing within the hedge. But the girl's voice went on, in hurried recital:

"Here's a card with the name and address of father's attorney, back in New York. Would you be so good as to cable him, just as soon as you get to a telegraph line — to-morrow, if possible, and not too inconvenient — to send us some money — two thousand will be enough to get us out of here, and my rings back from the Señor? Will you, please? I forget your name — I suppose a salesman can't forgive that — well, here: can you see my hand?"

Crane heard the flutter in the leaves and groped toward it. He was hot and cold. He touched her hand. It was an experience.

"But, Miss Bonnard, I'm not worth a damn to you, in this business. The Señor has me nailed, much the same way. My firm has gone broke, and so have I, and he's got my car locked up, with a flock of constables — and I'm living it away, you might say, meal by meal."

"Oh," she said, through the greenery. There was a

brief silence — of starlight, crickets, roses, the vast breath of a mountain night. His strained senses fancied she was laughing a very little — or swearing to herself. "Well, it's all right," she concluded. No mistaking the disappointment now.

She had withdrawn her hand, also the card. An intimate scent hovered about Crane's palm — different, sweet. He lived fast.

"Wait!" he whispered. "I'm coming through the bushes."

"Don't! I beg of you: don't do it!"

"All right, then, the gate — —"

"No, no, please. You see, really, the Señor — he's no fool. He has his own way. The police here are thieves — why, we — —"

"All right," said Crane. "But the trouble with us is, we're a long way from home, and broke, and we're scared."

"Sure we are," she replied with a little anger.

He continued, forgetting to whisper: "I see it plainly. These people are stupid, and we let them get away with it. Now you go around to the gate, at the road, and wait there. I'll be along in a minute. Have you got a gun?"

"No. What for?"

"Neither have I," he said. "We don't need any."

"I don't get you," she said.

"You will," he promised, surprised at the return of his own spirits. "Please be ready for me — at the side of the road."

"Just as you say," she consented, to humor him.

With heart jumping, Jul Crane sauntered not too rapidly back up the rise toward the veranda, and around past the open well, forcing himself to move slowly and avoid suspicion. He circled the stables, and came in behind the woodshed. He remembered a small square window there, for the winter's wood to be thrown in. Leaping, he clutched at that black square, caught the sill of the window, which was never closed by glass, and drew himself up.

Down in the warm darkness of the woodshed, he reached out for his inanimate friend. Softly he raised the beauty's hood and fingered over the plugs and wiring. Without noise, he twisted the steering gear to see that it was as he had left it. The tires were up. The dash lights came on. There was gasoline and oil to spare. Jul Crane slipped down into the familiar seat and stretched out his trembling legs. He pulled the starter, and the sound of it was like the swirl of the rapids before the thunder of Niagara Falls — that stout four engine.

He shouted for joy, dropped the muffler, and the exhaust became a machine-gun. He let in the clutch, grimly. Prince Four backed with a leap, encountered the padlocked doors, hesitated, then, with a splitting and crunching demolition that endangered the driver's head, plowed through. Out! At liberty! As good as on Riverside Drive!

The Inn, the veranda, rushed backward. Dimly he heard cries, between the explosions that he loved to throw back in imitation of a volley of bandit's pistols. The long, white rays of his lamps painted the down-curving gravel path a bright gray. He whisked out through the ancient stone gateway, wheeled to the right, and the brakes gripped.

She was ready. She stepped in without a question, and occupied the seat close beside him. They roared down the valley trail, and the night air of these Spanish mountains was, at least in her company, more stimulating than anything ever poured before the King. Until she said, coldly:

"Does a salesman have to be a liar — always? Do you think a woman enjoys it — especially as an introduction? What was that yarn about your poor dear car being put in jail by the naughty Spaniards?"

"Why, really —" Crane began, half paralyzed at her interpretation. He was tremendously busy with the mountain road, and dared not look at her. "Why, you got me wrong there."

"Certainly I did," said the girl, quite content.

"Listen, didn't you hear — why, don't you know — I climbed — —"

"Just wait until we get somewhere, and then tell me — —" she cut him, pleasantly.

Crane stopped the car dead in the road and began to explain. Her eyes were lovely — but impossible to convince. "Shall we wait here for the family to catch up?" she asked, softly.

"Oh, confound it!" Crane sent the Prince Four over the road, with very little to spare.

The three members of the Guayados family were on their feet, in consternation. Three pairs of Spanish eyes strained after the low-dipping red spark of a tail-light, disappearing down the trail. In another moment, Prince Four's headlights shot up against the trees of the roadside, wavered, lowered — gliding, fading, gone, at the bend of the trail. Señor Guayados laid down the old-fashioned rifle, the barrel still hot after two passionate but awkward shots.

"We are a thousand donkeys!" groaned the lord of the Inn.

"We —?" queried his wife, poisonously.

"Tomaso!" shouted the father.

"Don't crack your lungs!" snapped the son, close beside his Señor.

"Don't be disrespectful, young sprig!" cursed the father. "Find your legs. Get to the stable, and, if not paralyzed, ride!"

Tomaso shrugged in angry resentment. "Catch that motor car, with our off horse of Noah's team!" he withered his parent, incredulously. "Why not send me a-foot or a-wing?"

Señor Guayados chortled at the upstart: "Thou incomparable dolt! Thou babe at breast! If our fortunes lay with you, this American would reach Carmoala, send his messages, and bring us trouble — yes, black trouble. Our investment becomes a loss and a shame. He has a long arm, once he gets it free of our sling! How then! Is it beyond your infant intelligence to remember the way to Zeppo? Dost recall the place? Thou wert born there — a village across our valley, where thou wert riding yesterday, and the day previous, and last week, and every week for a score of years — eh, simpleton? Are there not telephones at Zeppo? Dost remember how to ring it?"

The mother cut in, to her lord: "Appropriate time for oratory, Guayados. I have two fools on my hands, instead of three — —"

The effect was sufficient on the son. He had been shocked to hear the splintering of the woodshed door, terrified at the volcanic rush of the car he so dearly coveted; its loss seemed unbearable, it had so nearly been his own. He ran out through the kitchen, his father's despairing sarcasms chasing him. The hamlet of Zeppo was one-fifth the distance to Carmoala, the probable goal of Prince Four. From Zeppo, the police could be reached, all around the country.

Tomaso flung a saddle upon the mare — an animal

scarcely deserving the epithet of "Noah's off horse" except by contrast to the excellent Prince Four — and in a moment was galloping, hatless and with passion, down into the valley, at right angles to the course the American would be obliged to take. The night-path to Zeppo seemed long.

Jul Crane morosely changed the subject.

"Are you cold?"

"Very."

"It's about twenty miles to the nearest telegraph station on this road," he mentioned.

"How's your gas?"

"Plenty."

She cheerfully ignored him, as one deals with a chauffeur learning his place. Presently, far off to the right among the hills, a great ominous signal appeared — the lop-sided moon, a smoky copper color.

Crane drove for all the road would permit. His attractive companion took the unavoidable bumps with fortitude. She was frankly grateful, and frankly skeptical. Old Prince Four was behaving up to standard — long low leaps through the gullies, soft and velvety complainings of the springs when the path was cut and sanded by wash-outs, and a mighty purring willingness for steep climbing. The moon rose heavily, and the crooked Spanish miles unreeled.

At the crest of a long pull, the car found itself on top of the world — dark country stretched all around, and down far to the right the clustered lights of a Spanish town.

"That's Carmoala — —"

"It would have been a long walk for father," she mused.

"But you had a hard time crossing the valley, on foot, didn't you?"

"Oh, a few ladders," she said, distantly, with a delayed glance at him.

Crane's mental search for the kind of ladders she meant was cut short by two uniformed figures directly in the road ahead, whitened by the lights — police, with carbines leveled at the wind-shield. He stopped Prince Four. "What's this — customs?" he demanded.

A lantern was swung before his nose. Its beams outlined an unshaven but very official countenance, also the barrel of a gun in the hands of the second man in uniform — and four very unfriendly eyes.

In exasperation, Crane's half-knowledge of the language fled, and the girl had to do the talking. Crane felt, rather than saw, that she grew pale.

"Is it possible," she said, turning to her companion, "that you were telling the truth?"

"Why, certainly!" he declared. "I wouldn't lie to you. I hardly know you, yet — —"

The two roadside police interrupted, demanding that the prisoners stop all conversation. One with a carbine stood on the left running-board, and the other with like weapon stepped up on the right side, and the command was given to drive slowly down to the city.

The girl said: "I'm tremendously sorry —"

"That's a good deal," said Crane, not yet cooled down. The intruders gently but firmly prodded his back with the muzzles of their guns, to enforce the order of silence.

In the town, they drove through a festival of derision, all inhabitants turned out to build bonfires in their especial dishonor. Prince Four was halted before the ancient lock-up. Two Americans, despite all declarations, with hot and cold temper, were registered on the docket as prisoners.

Their cells were opposite in the leaning corridor, barred doors facing across a kind of indoor alley, where a lantern was hung, possibly as a guide to the excited rats. Walls and floor were of damp stone, and probably of an age to have heard the laments and curses of unhappy men in the time of Columbus and Isabella. A bench of rock was humpy, cold and slanting — impossible to sit on — not to say filthy. It was too much.

Immediately the officials withdrew, out of range of Jul Crane's barbarous threats — and fists. There were no other prisoners, only these two fellow-countrymen and the Spanish rats.

"Please don't take it so hard," said the voice from the further set of bars. "I'm to blame. I got you into this — and insulted you, besides."

"Nonsense! It's my own mess."

But her voice had its effect. He used his eyes more and his tongue less. The daze of being jailed wore off. In a modified tone he inquired:

"Did you have your dinner?"

"I'm not hungry," she evaded.

"When did you eat last?" Crane insisted.

"This noon — but — —"

He set up a fresh uproar, rattling the iron door until there was danger of the lock cracking open. At once, a brighter lantern came bobbing down the corridor. The jailer, a small, well-fed unwashed citizen, with ratty eyes and medieval garments, was alarmed. He carried a long wicked stick, which he thrust in at the prisoner, as a keeper prods an unsatisfied lion, and demanded silence for the night. He wished to retire. Jul Crane seized the stick and held it fast.

"Food!" he said, in passable Spanish. "Food for the young lady. She is starving."

"Impossible. To-morrow. Let go my wand."

"Not impossible!" cried Jul Crane. "Must have food this evening! Immediately!"

Having no coins on his person, or indeed in all of Europe, he fastened the night-stick with his body against the bars, while he took out a pearl-and-platinum cuff-link and thrust it between the grating. The jailer sniffed, eyeing it, then grasped for it. Crane caught his thick, square hand.

"Release!" blazed the stout little jailer.

"Very well, friend," said the American, "but this pays for her dinner, to-night, *pronto!* — it pays also for the services of your wife or daughter or niece, who is to be sent here at once for the New York Señora — it pays for a night's lodging for her in your own living quarters if they are any better than this tunnel. Understand?"

The jailer gave assurance, and Crane let go. The cuff-link changed hands. The small fat man scurried away with the lantern and his new treasure.

From across the corridor came a soft, amused, "Thanks. I'll try to get a cablegram through right away," said the girl.

"Are you really as wonderful as your voice?" Crane was moved to inquire.

"Why discuss that now?" she replied.

"Will you forgive me for having seemed — nervous — to-night?" he pursued.

"Will you forgive me?" she returned, "for doubting your word — about the car, and your bill at the Inn?"

"Yes, but they've got a case against us now — we certainly were getting away — fast. They won't let you send any messages — —"

"How comforting you are!" she laughed.

"My God!" he groaned, "you have never been in a place like this in your whole life."

"Well, neither have you."

"I wish I had not slowed up when those country police stepped in front of us, on top of that hill. I ought to have gone through them — —"

A different step sounded on the flag-stones.

A short, thick, be-scarred and be-shawled woman, the counterpart of the jailer, came questioningly to the girl's barred door, and the voice was somewhat doubtful:

"You will be agreeable to me, and I will be kind to you. If you are not gentle with me, I shall stab you."

Miss Bonnard consented, and the woman unlocked her cell.

There was a moment's low conversation between them, lost to Crane. Then the girl said:

"We are going into their quarters, to cook up some dinner. Do you want anything?"

"No, thanks, I dined back there. And — please don't — don't do anything foolish. I don't want to go to your father with bad news."

"Oh, is that all?" laughed the girl. "I'll be back here when I've had something to eat."

Crane had a final glimpse of her as she passed down the corridor, the jailer's stubby wife three paces behind her, actually with a bared knife.

The prisoner clutched the bars, then sank back against the stones of the wall. It was too, too much.

His dark reverie ended. The street outside the jail had come to life again — more loud halloos, a carnival horn blown as before, and the amazing sound of a motor-car — not a Prince Four. Crane tried to name it.

The little jeering storm of human noise suddenly became louder as the jail door opened, then subsided as it closed again.

Quite plainly, with the awful clearness of some special sort of dreaming, Jul Crane heard the voice of an American male, aged anywhere from forty to fifty, presumably with heavy angry features, to judge without being able to see around corners and into the ante-room of the lock-up, and the voice was saying:

"Send me somebody that understands English. This is pure outrage! I'm going to do something about it!"

Crane pressed, panting, against the bars, and called out: "Here, let me talk with him!"

But a conversation immediately began without him. He heard the girl's voice — lovely, lovely! — saying:

"What can I do?"

"Glad to know you, Miss Bonnard," continued the big red-necked voice of the American stranger; "meet my wife. My name's Richards — J. U. Richards. We're touring France and Spain and all sorts of places. I make motor cars. You know the Apsard — that's my car.

"Wife and I crossed the water this summer to see Europe and the battlefields and take home some souvenirs. Maybe sell some cars, too.

"As soon as we've had a look at Spain, we're going back. I'm ready now. These crazy cockaloos stopped us with guns on the road west of here, and said they had orders for our arrest, that we had jumped our board bill over at some country hotel in these parts — wasn't that the how of it, dear? — but they got us confused with somebody else.

"We haven't jumped any bills that I know of. Haven't been in a hotel since morning. And the reason we're driving over this way at all is to get to a place where I understand a fellow is staying, that I want to see — an automobile salesman for a company that's gone to the wall and left him stranded here.

"They wired me to look him up because nobody's heard from him. I thought, too, maybe I could line him up to sell my cars — might as well sell a real life-size automobile while he's at it — —"

Around the corner and down the inner alley, within the cell, Crane grew dizzy against the iron grating.

A protest for the honor of Prince Four came to his lips. He did not feel the short stub of his last cigarette burning his thumb.

From heaven, it seemed, he heard the girl saying:

"Oh, his car is a good car — we were planning to buy a Prince Four — you see, I know him — in fact — —"

The Czar, the Czarina, and their children

The Real Czarina

Part II

By Julie Dehn

Madame Dehn was the intimate friend of the Imperial Family of Russia and was with them till their arrest at Tsarkoe Selo. She writes these memoirs from her home in England.

SEVERAL writers have asserted that when Rasputin's remains were dug up after the Revolution, a Holy Image bearing the signatures of the Empress and the Grand Duchesses, was discovered resting under the cheek of the dead man. The Empress has been credited with placing this image there herself, but this is not the case. The image, that of the miraculous Virgin of Pskov, was one of several which the Empress brought back from Pskov, when she and her daughters visited her hospital. The Empress purchased these images much in the same manner that visitors to Lourdes purchase souvenirs of our Lady of Lourdes. The Imperial Family wrote their names and the date in pencil on the base of all these souvenirs which were given to various friends; Rasputin received one, and when his body was placed in the coffin, Akilina with some sinister motive, insisted upon the image being placed under his cheek, and she was doubtless responsible for the story that this was done by order of the Empress.

Rasputin's family begged the Empress to avenge their father's death. She replied:

"I can promise you nothing. All rests with Justice: we cannot possibly interfere in any way for, or against that which has taken place."

Rasputin lived, and died, a poor man. He usually wore the dress of a peasant, and his wonderful jewelled cross exists only in the brains of novelists and journalists.

Rasputin at first wore a simple copper cross, later he wore one of gold which he afterwards sent to the Emperor at the Stavka. This gift in Russia is usually unwelcome, as it signifies that you present with it the sorrows and sufferings synonymous with the Cross. The Emperor thought that Rasputin's cross was unlucky to him, so he sent it back to me, and asked me to give it to Anna. But Anna stubbornly refused to accept it, and I was at my wits' end to know what to do. I could not write to the Emperor and say that Anna would have none of Rasputin's cross — so I mislaid it, and I do not know what became of it.

After the declaration of hostilities the Empress at once instituted her own hospitals, and both she and her daughters went in for a medical course to qualify as Sisters of Charity. Princess Gedroits, herself a Professor of Surgery, instructed them, and the Imperial Family gave up most of their time to lectures and demonstrations. Directly they had passed the necessary examinations, the Empress and "the four sisters Romanoff" started nursing, spending hours with the wounded, and almost invariably being present at operations. Society at once began to criticize this procedure.

Perhaps the Empress erred in her conception of the mentality of the Russian peasant. As an impartial critic, I fear this was the case. When she wore the Red Cross, the sign of a universal brotherhood of Pity, the average soldier only saw in the Red Cross an emblem of the lost dignity of the Empress of Russia. He was shocked and embarrassed when she attended to his wounds and performed almost menial duties which others could have done.

At this time life in general was excessively difficult and painful, so much so that when my husband arrived from Mourmansk, and asked Count Kapnist how things were going, the Count replied: "You'll soon see for yourself, and you'll be horrified. We have gone back to the days of Paul I. Ruin lies ahead of us."

The Empress saw a good many people at this time.

Every Thursday there were musical evenings, where I met various friends. A Roumanian orchestra, under the direction of the famous Goulesko played on these Thursdays, and the Empress derived great pleasure in listening to the really exquisite music. A huge fire was always burning in the Salon; the Empress sat near it, and a little seat immediately behind her was arranged for my exclusive use. If I happened to arrive after the Empress was seated, she always indicated the vacant place with a gesture and a sweet smile.

One evening about a fortnight before the Revolution when I was sitting in my usual place listening to the Roumanian orchestra, I noticed that the Empress seemed unusually sad. So I ventured to bend forward and whisper anxiously: "Oh Madame, why are you so sad to-night?"

The Empress turned and looked at me. . . . "Why am I sad, Lilla?. . . . I can't really say, but the music depresses me. . . . I think my heart is broken."

The same evening Anna childishly observed: "We all seem out of sorts. What fun it would be to have some champagne!"

The Empress was angry at the suggestion. "No . . ." she said, "the Emperor hates wine, he can't bear women to drink wine — but what matter his likes or his dislikes when people will have it that he's a drunkard himself."

The Empress was in very indifferent health. At an official reception following the departure of the Guards, she told me that she hardly knew how to endure the strain.

When my husband came home on a few days' leave, the Emperor sent for him, and listened attentively to all that he had to say, questioning him very closely on certain subjects. We had never thought of, nor mentioned the subject of his preferment; he had now spent two strenuous years in the mine fields, and the Emperor noticed how ill he looked.

"Dehn must have a rest," remarked His Majesty, "I shall give him a post near my person."

But this kindly thought never matured. My husband was sent for by the Ministers of the Marine, and left for England at twenty-four hours' notice.

The Czarevitch

At this time the Emperor had every intention of remaining with his family but one morning, after having received General Gourko in audience, he suddenly announced:

"I'm going to G. H. Q. to-morrow."

The Empress was surprised.

"Cannot you possibly stay with us?" she enquired.

"No," said the Emperor, "I must go."

Almost immediately after the Emperor's departure, the Czarevitch fell ill with measles — and I used to spend every evening with the Empress. In these days, our intimacy had increased so much that my time was mostly devoted to the Empress, and I saw few of my friends and relations. But my aunt, the Countess Kotzebue-Pilar, was a great society leader, and I heard all that transpired in her salon. One evening I found her in an excessively agitated condition.

"It's awful what people are saying, Lilla," she cried. . . . "and I must tell you, you *must* warn the Empress!"

In somewhat calmer tones, my aunt continued: "Yesterday I was at the Kotzebues. . . . many officers were present, and it was openly asserted that His Majesty will never return from G. H. Q. What are you going to do? You cannot allow the Empress to remain in ignorance of these reports."

"She will not believe them," I said.

"Nevertheless," said my aunt, "it is your duty to warn her."

I returned to the Palace feeling very unhappy. As I had anticipated, the Empress made light of the story.

"It's all nonsense, Lilli, I can't believe such a thing, it's nothing but malicious gossip. However, as you seem so apprehensive, send for Grotten (the *Commandant du Palais*) and tell him."

"Don't pay any attention to such a canard," cried Grotten angrily, when he heard my story. "It's a lie which stamps itself as the worst kind of lie."

"Well, General," I retorted, now thoroughly vexed with myself for having apparently made a mountain out of a molehill, "if God ordains my aunt's report to be a lie, so much the better."

"Don't be cross. . . . I'll most certainly get in touch with G. H. Q.," said Grotten reassuringly.

Three Days After Came The Revolution

And now the funeral knell of Russia began to sound, at first muffled, but always insistently. Disorders broke out in Petrograd. The strikes began on February 21st (old style) and crowds clamored for bread of which the supplies had suddenly stopped. No one could understand this, as Protopopoff's last words to the Emperor were, "There is plenty of flour, I'll pledge my word that we have enough flour to last us for a month, and after that fresh supplies will be coming in." The bread shortage was in reality due to the action of the Duma — it was an organized arrangement!

Each day matters grew worse. Fighting took place in the streets, drunkards indulged in indescribable orgies, the police were murdered. It was bitterly cold — snow lay in deep drifts, and Petrograd was in the iron grip of a black frost.

Protopopoff, the Minister of the Interior, promised everything without considering whether his promises were possible of fulfillment. Nothing could possibly happen.

"Trust in me," said Protopopoff, striking an attitude. And when someone meekly remarked that the working classes were undoubtediy restive — Protopopoff struck another attitude which implied, "Did I fancy I heard you say *'restive'?"* and aloud, in pained but hearty tones: "What? Are you actually troubling yourself about a little unrest? We'll soon crush them — Labor cannot stand up against *ME."*

The Empress knew that she was unpopular, but she never would believe that this lay with the people. She bade me remember the afternoon, two years before, when we drove out to a little Lett village near Peterhof. I *did* remember. The automobile had stopped near the church, and the moment the Empress alighted, she was surrounded by a crowd of peasants, who knelt before her, and with tears in their eyes, prayed aloud for her happiness. After this, the Empress was offered bread and salt, and it was with great difficulty that a passage was cleared to her waiting automobile.

"And yet you tell me, Lili, that these people wish me ill."

"Madame, many things have happened during the last two years."

"*Nothing* has happened, Lili, to touch the real heart of Russia."

The Czar at Tsarkoe Selo

On Saturday, February 25th, 1917, the Empress telephoned me that she wished me to come to Tsarkoe Selo on the following Monday.

The train was just moving out of the station when I arrived on the platform, but I scrambled in, and found myself in the company of Madame Tanieff, Anna's mother, who was going to see her daughter, now ill, like the Grand Duchesses Olga and Tatiana, with the measles. Madame Tanieff, like M. Sablin, knew nothing fresh; she was chiefly concerned about Anna's illness. But the first words of the Empress, who, true to her promise, was awaiting me, were:

"Well, how is it in Petrograd? I hear things are very serious."

We said that there was apparently nothing alarming, and the Empress told Madame Tanieff to get into the car with us, and she would take her to the Palace.

It was a glorious morning. I remembered the splendor of the day long afterwards; the sky was an Italian blue, and snow lay everywhere. We were not able to drive in the Park on account of the drifts! On the way back, we met

Captain Hvostchinsky, one of the *Garde Equipage*. He smiled at the notion of danger. Completely reassured, the Empress and I returned to the Palace.

I went at once to see the Grand Duchesses. They were certainly very ill, but they were pleased to see me, and I sat between the two camp beds, talking to them. After lunch, I went up again, and presently the Empress joined us.

She beckoned me into the next room: I could see that she was agitated. "Lili," she said breathlessly, "it is *very* bad. I have just seen Colonel Grotten and General Resin, and they report that the Litovsky Regiment has mutinied, murdered the officers, and left barracks. The Bolinsky Regiment has followed suit. I can't understand it, I'll never believe in the possibility of Revolution! Why, only yesterday, everyone said it was impossible! The peasants love us. . . . they adore Alexis! I'm sure that the trouble is confined to Petrograd alone. But I want you to go and see Anna — she may also have been told this, and you know how easily she is frightened!"

Kerensky

I found Anna ill, and light-headed, and as I entered her bedroom, I thought what a contrast it presented to the cool darkened room which I had just left. Olga and Tatiana were so patient, they lay so still, and were so grateful for any attention. *This* sick-room resembled a *"Lever du Roi"* in the days of Louis XIV. Anna was surrounded by a crowd of "sisters," and three doctors were in attendance. Madame Tanieff was there, looking the picture of misery, and Anna's sister, who was almost hysterical, kept on exclaiming, "All is lost!" They had expected General Tanieff to lunch, but he had not arrived. . . . there was no news of him — what were they to do? General Tanieff entered in the midst of this confusion, breathless, and scarlet in the face. "Petrograd is in the hands of the mob," he exclaimed, "they are stopping all cars. . . . they commandeered mine, and I've had to walk every step of the way."

At this intelligence, Allie Pistolkors — she had married the Grand Duke Paul's stepson — burst into tears and begged me to ask the Empress what she had better do. I promised to see the Empress at once, and as the Grand Duchesses Anastasie and Marie had just come to fetch me, I returned to the private apartments with them.

The winter afternoon was fast drawing in, and I found the Empress alone in her boudoir. She could give me no message for Mme. Pistolkors.

"I don't *know* what to advise," she said sadly. Then, turning to me: "What are *you* going to do, Lili? Titi is in Petrograd. . . . had you not better return to him this evening?"

At the sight of the Empress so tragically alone, so helpless in the midst of the signs and splendor of temporal power, I could hardly restrain my tears. Controlling myself with an effort, I tried to steady my voice.

"Permit me to remain with *you*, Madame," I entreated.

The Empress looked at me without speaking. Then she took me in her arms and held me close, and kissed me many times, saying as she did so:

"I *cannot* ask you to do this, Lili."

"But I must, Madame," I answered. . . . "Please, please let me stay. I can't go back to Petrograd and leave you here."

The Empress told me she had tried to 'phone the Emperor, but that she had been unable to do so. "But I have wired him, asking him to return immediately. He'll be here on Wednesday morning."

After this conversation we went to see the Grand Duchesses, and the Empress lay down on a couch in their bedroom. I sat beside her, and we conversed in low tones so as not to awaken the sleeping girls. The Empress was still unable to believe in the reports, and she expressed a wish to see the Grand Duke Paul.

The evening wore on. . . . News came that Petrograd was in a state of upheaval, and that crowds of mutineers were everywhere. The Empress begged me to 'phone Linavitch, the A. D. C. to the Emperor, and ask him to tell us what was happening. Linavitch was in command of a company of Horse Artillery at Pavlosk, two miles from Tsarkoe Selo, so it was not difficult to get him. "Tell Her Majesty," he said, "that I am here with my Company, and that all will be well."

A bed had been made up for me on one of the couches in the Red Drawing-room, and the two Grand Duchesses, with tender solicitude, had arranged the minor details themselves. Anastasie's night-gown lay outside the coverlet, Marie had put a lamp and an Ikon on the table by the bed, and a snapshot of Titi, taken from their collection of photographs, had been hastily framed, and occupied a place next to the holy Ikon.

How dearly I loved them all. . . . how glad I was that I was privileged to share their danger!

The Empress left me with Anastasie, as she wished to see Count Beckendorff, so Anastasie and I sat down comfortably on the red carpet and amused ourselves with gig-saw puzzles until she returned.

On Tuesday morning, the *Garde Equipage,* which was now augmented by the Mixed Guard and by sentinels taken from the Cossack *Convoi,* took up its quarters outside the Palace, and in the vast souterrains. The Grand Duchesses were frankly overjoyed.

"It's just like being on the yacht again," they said.

The Empress told me that she had wired repeatedly to the Czar, but had received no reply.

Tuesday was a day of general unrest. It seemed as if the weather were in sympathy with man's savage mood. The blue sky of Monday had vanished, an icy blizzard swept around the Palace, and a north wind drove the deep snow into still deeper drifts. In the afternoon, on my way back from seeing Anna, I encountered Baroness Isa Bouxhoevden in one of the corridors. She was almost running and she seemed very much disturbed.

"I must see the Empress," she said, "I've just come from Tsarkoe Selo (the town): everything is awful, they say there is mutiny and dissatisfaction amongst the troops."

Isa's terror was general: panic seized the dwellers in the Palace, but none of the servants left us. Mlle. Schneider's maids, it is true, fled, but they came back again the next day.

During the afternoon the Empress called me into her boudoir. "Lili," she said, "they say that a hostile crowd of 300,000 persons is marching on the Palace. We shall not be, we *must* not be afraid. Everything is in the hands of God. To-morrow the Emperor is sure to come. . . . I *know* that when he does, all will be well." She then asked me to 'phone to Petrograd, and get in touch with my aunt, Countess Pilar, and other friends.

The news grew worse and worse. At last I 'phoned to my flat. The Emperor's A. D. C., Sablin, who lived in the same building, answered my ring. I begged him to take care of Titi, and if it were possible, to join us at Tsarkoe as the Imperial Family needed protection, but he replied that a ring of flames practically surrounded the building which was well watched by hostile sailors. He managed, however, to bring Titi to the 'phone — and my heart ached when I heard my child's anxious voice:

"Mamma, when are you coming back?"

"Darling, I'll come very soon."

"Oh, *please* come: it's so dreadful here."

I felt torn between love and duty, but I had long since decided where my duty lay.

I told the Empress what Sablin had reported, she listened in silence, and then by some tremendous effort of will, she regained her usual composure. Her strength strengthened me. We had, indeed, every need for courage. The poor "children" were lying desperately ill. . . . They looked almost like corpses. . . . Anna was in high fever, the Palace was terror-stricken, and outside brooded the dread spectre of Revolution!

All at once the Empress was seized with an idea to talk to the soldiers. I begged to accompany her, in case of any unforeseen treachery, but she refused.

"Why, Lili," she said reproachfully, "they're all friends!"

Marie and Anastasie went with her, and I watched them from a window. It was quite dark, and the great courtyard was illuminated with what appeared to be exceptionally powerful electric lights. The distant sound of guns was audible. . . . the night was bitterly cold. From where I stood, I could see the Empress wrapped in furs, walking from one man to another, utterly fearless of her safety. She was the calm, dignified Czarina, the typical consort of the Czar of all the Russias.

When the Empress came back she was apparently possessed by some inward exaltation. She was radiant, her trust in the "people" was complete; she was sustained by that, often, alas, broken reed of friendship.

"They are our friends," she kept on repeating, "they are so devoted to us."

After her visit to the soldiers, the Empress received Count and Countess Benckendorff into the safety of the Palace! The Grand Duke Paul arrived later in the evening. The Empress's first words were:

"What of the Guards?"

And the Grand Duke replied in tones of fatality:

"I can do nothing. Nearly all of them are at the front."

When we went to bid the Grand Duchesses goodnight, I was distressed to find that the firing was distinctly audible from their room. Olga and Tatiana did not appear to notice it, but when their mother had gone, Olga asked me what the noise signified.

"Darling, I don't know — it's nothing. The hard frost makes everything sound much more," I said lightly.

"But are you *sure,* Lili?" persisted the Grand Duchesses. "Even Mamma seems nervous; we're so worried about her heart, she's most certainly over-tiring herself. *Do* ask her to rest."

The Empress decided that Marie should sleep with her. "You, Lili, will sleep in the room with Anastasie, and have Marie's bed. Don't take off your corsets. . . . one doesn't know what may happen. The Emperor arrives between five and seven to-morrow morning, and we must be ready to meet him. Come to my room early, and then I'll tell you the train."

Neither the Grand Duchess nor I could sleep, and we lay awake in the darkness talking in low tones. Occasionally I was silent, but when this was so Anastasie never failed to ask: "Lili, are you asleep?"

During the night we got up and looked out of the windows. A huge gun had been placed in the courtyard. "How astonished Papa will be!" whispered Anastasie. We stood for a few minutes watching the weird scene. It was so bitterly cold that the sentinels were dancing round the gun in order to keep warm. Their figures were sharply defined against the arc-lights — it seemed like some new *Carmagnole.* In the distance we heard shouts of drunken voices and occasional shots — and so the night passed.

At five a. m. on Wednesday morning we went downstairs to the Empress's bedroom on tiptoe. She was awake, and as she opened the door she whispered: "Hush. . . . Marie is asleep: the train is late. . . . most probably the Emperor won't come until ten."

The Empress was fully dressed, and she looked so sad that I could not help saying impulsively, "Oh, Madame, *why* is the train late?"

She smiled wanly, but did not reply. As we went back to our bedroom, Anastasie said in agitated tones: "Lili, the train is *never* late. Oh, if Papa would only come quickly. . . . I'm beginning to feel ill — what shall I do if I get ill? I can't be useful to Mamma. . . . Oh, Lili, say I'm not going to be ill!"

I tried to calm her, and I persuaded her to lie down on her bed and sleep: but the poor child was actually sickening for the measles. Anastasie was the sweetest-natured girl: she adored her mother, and delighted in running hither and thither on her errands.

The Empress always alluded to Anastasie as "my legs!"

When the Empress joined me in Olga's room a little before nine she still hoped for the ten o'clock train. "Perhaps the blizzard detains him," she said. She lay down on the couch, and I sat on the floor beside her; we spoke in undertones. Her chief anxiety was concerning my want of sleep.

"Sit on a chair, Lili, and put your feet up on the couch," she said.

"No — no — Madame," I replied, "it's not to be thought of!" But, at her request, I compromised matters by resting the tips of my shoes on the end of the couch!

Ten o'clock came, but we still heard nothing. It was the first of March, a month fatal to the Romanoffs — well might they "beware the Ides of March!" The Emperor Paul was suffocated on the first of March, and thirty-six years previously, on this date, the Emperor's grandfather, Alexander II., was killed by a bomb. The March of 1917 is destined to be associated with the downfall of the Dynasty.

The Grand Duchess Tatiana at Tsarkoe Selo

Early on the morning of March 2nd, the Empress came into the Grand Duchesses' bedroom. She was deathly pale, she seemed hardly alive. As I ran towards her I heard her agitated whisper — "Lili, the troops have deserted!"

I found no words with which to answer. I was stupefied. At last I managed to stammer: "Why, Madame? In the name of God, why?"

"Their Commander-in-Chief, the Grand Duke Cyril, has sent for them." Then, unable to contain herself, the Empress said brokenly, "My sailors — my *own* sailors — I can't believe it!"

But it was too true! The *Garde Equipage* had left the Palace at one a. m., and at five a. m. the "faithful friends," the "devoted subjects," were with us no longer! The officers were furious, especially their Commandant, Miasocdoff-Ivanof, a big, burly sailor, whose kind eyes were full of tears. One and all begged to be allowed to remain with the Empress, who, almost overcome by emotion, thanked them, saying: "Yes — yes — I beg you to remain! This has been a terrible blow, what *will* the Emperor say when he hears about it?"

There was still no news of the Emperor, although the Empress constantly telegraphed. In the late afternoon came the worst possible tidings from Petrograd and two officers of the Mixed Guard undertook to get a letter through to the Emperor. March 3rd was a day of agony.

The Grand Duchesses grew worse, it seemed as if they might not recover.

The Empress tried to snatch a little rest by occasionally lying on a couch; her feet had now become very painful, and her heart affection was, at times, alarming. Meals were silent and horrible affairs. I conceived the notion of communicating with the Emperor by aeroplane, but even the weather was against us. . . . A blizzard set in, the dark sky was blotted out with scudding snow and the wind howled dismally round the Palace.

The Grand Duke Paul arrived about seven o'clock in the evening.

The interview took place in the Red Drawing-room. Marie and I were in the adjoining study and from time to time we heard the loud voice of the Grand Duke and the agitated replies of the Empress. Marie began to get apprehensive.

"Why is he shouting at Mamma?" she asked. "Don't you think I had better see what's the matter, Lili?"

"No, no," I said, "we had better remain here quietly."

"*You* can remain, but I'll go to my room," she answered. "I can't bear to think Mamma is worried."

Hardly had the Grand Duchess left the study when the door opened and the Empress appeared. Her face was distorted with agony, her eyes were full of tears. She tottered, rather than walked, and I rushed forward and supported her, until she reached the writing table between the windows. She leaned heavily against it, and, taking my hands in hers, she said brokenly:

"*Abdiqué!*" ("He has abdicated!")

I could not believe my ears — I waited for her next words. They were hardly audible.

"The poor one, all alone down there, going through it! O God, what he has gone through! And I cannot be near him to console him!"

"Madame, most dear Madame, you must have courage!"

She paid no attention to me, but kept on repeating, "My God, how terrible! All alone down there!"

I put my arms around her and we walked slowly up and down the long room: at last fearing for her reason, I cried:

"But, Madame, in the name of God, he lives!"

"Yes, Lili," she replied, as if new hope inspired her. "Yes, he lives."

"I entreat you, Madame, don't lose your courage, don't give way: think of your children and of the Emperor!"

The Empress considered me with almost painful scrutiny. "And you, Lili, what of you — ?"

"Madame, I love you more than anything in this world."

"I know it, I see it, Lili."

"Well, Madame, *write* to him, think how pleased he will be." I drew the Empress towards the writing table, and she sank on a chair. . . . "Write, dear Madame, write!" I repeated.

She obeyed almost like a child, murmuring, "Yes, Lili. . . . how glad he'll be!"

Feeling that I might venture to leave the Empress for a few minutes, I went in search of Dr. Botkin, who gave me a composing draught for her. . . . But the Empress did not wish to take it, and it was only when I said: "For *his* sake, Madame," that she complied.

The sound of bitter weeping now attracted my attention. In one corner of the room crouched the Grand Duchess Marie, she was as pale as her mother. She *knew* all! At this moment Volkoff, that faithful servant, entered, and in trembling tones announced that dinner was served.

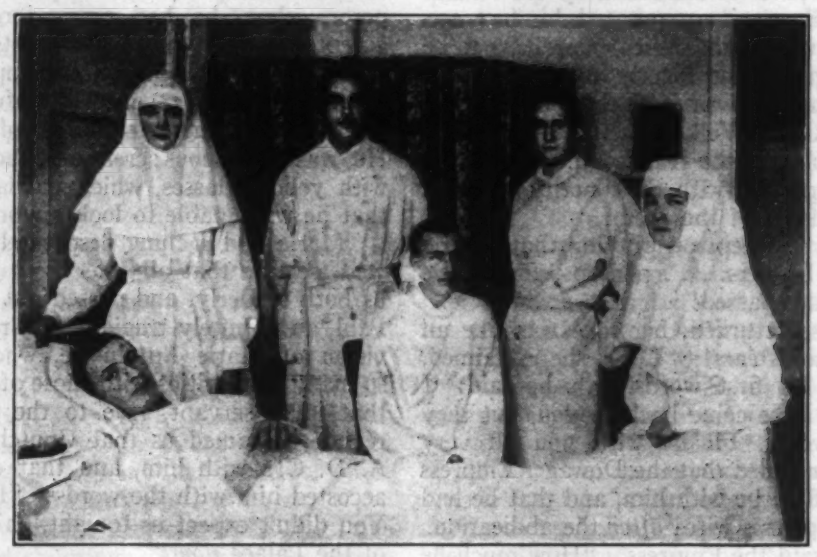
The Empress rose and endeavoured to regain her composure. I followed her into the next room. She looked around. "Where is Marie?" she asked.

I went back to the Red Drawing-room. Marie was still crouching in the corner. She was so young, so helpless, so hurt, that I felt I must comfort her as one comforts a child. I knelt beside her, her head rested on my shoulder, I kissed her tear-stained face.

"Darling," I said, "don't cry. . . . you will make Mamma so unhappy. Think of *her*."

At the words: "Think of *her*," the Grand Duchess remembered the unswerving devotion of the children towards their parents.

"Ah. . . I'd forgotten, Lili. Yes, I must think of Mamma," she answered. Little by little her sobs ceased, her composure returned, and she went with me to her mother.



The Grand Duchesses Tatiana and Olga as nurses

That night the Empress told me that the Emperor had abdicated in favour of the Czarevitch. "Now *he'll* be taken from me," she cried, "the people are to assume the Regency. What shall I do?"

She started at every footfall, she trembled at the mere sound of a voice. . . . one idea obsessed her, someone might come at any moment to take away her son!

"But, Madame, nothing can be done until the Emperor returns."

"No, surely they will not dare — and he'll be with us very soon," she answered.

It was a tragic morning. Towards noon the Empress sent for me.

"Lili," she said, "The Duma is losing no time. M. Rodziansko* has intimated that we must make our preparations for departure — he says we are to meet the Emperor somewhere en route. But we can't possibly go! How can we move the children? I've spoken to the doctors, and they say it would be fatal! I've told Rodziansko this, and he is returning later to acquaint me with the decision of the Duma."

Rodziansko and his colleagues returned at the time appointed. They were at once taken to the Empress.

"The decision of the Duma is unalterable," said Rodziansko curtly.

"But my children — my daughters," . . . pleaded the Empress.

"When a house is on fire, it is best to leave it," answered Rodziansko with a sardonic smile.

There was apparently nothing to be done. We were at the mercy of Tiberius, and we commenced our preparations for departure. The Empress asked me if I would like to accompany them. I begged to be permitted to do so. "I *cannot* leave you, Madame," I said.

We endeavoured to 'phone to certain friends, but it was impossible. At last, the operator, in frightened tones, whispered, "I can't give you the number: the telephone is not in our hands. I beg you, don't talk — I'll ring you up directly it is safe."

That afternoon, as I traversed the long corridors, I heard the sound of rough voices. I stopped, terrified, at the entrance of one of the salons — the Mixed Guards were just about to change the Guard. But "changing the Guard" was no longer the decorous proceeding of yester-year! When the fresh detachment entered the salon, they threw themselves literally into the arms of the other soldiers, shouting, "Newborn citizens of freedom — we congratulate you!"

The Empress, faced with hurried flight, collecting her favourite books and photographs, was more the woman than the Empress; her chief treasures were those of sentiment. She had transformed a Palace into a home; here she had watched the beautiful growth of her four fair daughters and her adored son. And here she was destined to drink the cup of sorrow.

Sunday the 5th of March was for us another hopeless dawn. The Empress gave orders for a *Te Deum* to be sung, and the miraculous Ikon from Znaminie to be brought to the Palace and taken to the sick rooms.

It was a strange sight to witness the solemn little procession as it traversed the almost deserted splendors of the Palace. Incense wafted wreaths of perfume towards Heaven, the solemn chant rose and fell, the gold and blue of the Virgin's draperies were now and then revealed in the searching light when the Ikon passed one of the windows, and the sacred symbol of the Cross raised its head above the tumult of Revolution. It seemed to me as if this were some last appeal to God, who. we are told, is a God of love and pity.

On Monday, March 6th, all was in readiness for our departure. But one thing yet remained for us to do, and this was, in my eyes, of the utmost importance. During one of my restless nights, I suddenly remembered that the Empress had always kept a diary, and that she possessed the diaries of her friend Princess Orbelliany, which had been bequeathed to her by the Princess. These contained most intimate accounts of various people and events connected with the Court. I

*M. Rodziansko, the President of the Duma, was an aristocrat who had turned Revolutionary; he was always antagonistic to the Imperial Family.

likewise remembered the Empress's sentimental habit of preserving correspondence with associations — and I dreaded the possibility of either letters or diaries falling into the hands of the Revolutionaries. I knew that the worst construction would be placed by the "Sons of Freedom" on anything unusual which these papers might contain. Even the Empress's habit of calling people by pet names might be construed as sensualism or treason!

I hardly dared suggest the wisdom of destroying this personal property, but my devotion triumphed over my nervousness. To my intense surprise, the Empress at once agreed to do as I proposed.

The Grand Duchesses were very ill, and we had to be with them constantly. Olga was now suffering with inflammation of the head, and Anastasie made little or no progress; there was still no news from the Emperor.

After lunch, when the Empress and I were sitting in the Mauve Boudoir, we were startled by the sudden entrance of Volkoff. He was very agitated, his face was pale, he trembled in every limb. Without waiting to be addressed by the Empress, and utterly oblivious of etiquette, he cried: "The Emperor is on the 'phone!"

The Empress looked at Volkoff as if he had taken leave of his senses; then, as she realized the full import of his words, she jumped up with the alacrity of a girl of sixteen, and rushed out of the room.

I waited anxiously. I kept on praying that a little happiness might yet be hers. . . . perhaps, for all we knew, the danger had passed!

When the Empress returned, her face was like an April day, all smiles and tears! "Lili!" she exclaimed, "imagine what were his first words. . . . he said: 'I thought that I might have come back to you, but they keep me here — however, I'll be with you all very soon!'" The Emperor added that the Dowager Empress was coming from Kieff to be with him, and that he had only received the Empress's wires *after* the abdication.

"The poor one!" said the Empress. "How much he has suffered, how pleased he'll be to see his mother!"

We went at once to tell the glad news to the Grand Duchesses and the Czarevitch, who was much better, and greatly excited at the prospect of his father's return.

The burning of the diaries extended over Wednesday and Thursday. . . . but on Thursday one of the Empress's dressers came to the Red Drawing-room and begged us to discontinue. "Your Majesty," said she, "the sweepers are searching for the half-charred pieces of paper, some of which have been carried up the chimney. I beg of you to cease, these men are talking among themselves. They are utterly disloyal." But our task was completed; at any rate we had checkmated the curiosity of the Revolutionaries!

At seven o'clock the Empress asked me to telephone again to the Winter Palace. As on the previous occasion Prince Retief answered me.

"How are things with you?" I enquired.

"The mob is even now at the gates of the Palace," he replied, with absolute unconcern. "I beg you, Madame, to present my assurances of fidelity and devotion to the Empress. I may not be able to do so again. . . . Ah. . . . I thought as much! Madame, it distresses me to appear discourteous, but I fear I am about to be killed. . . . the doors of this room are being forced." His voice ceased, there was a terrible crash. . . . I could bear no more, and the receiver slipped from my nerveless hands.

As we were about to go to bed, Volkoff entered in a state of painful agitation. He managed to tell us that M. Goutchkoff had arrived, and insisted upon seeing the Empress. It was then eleven o'clock.

"But, at this hour — it's impossible!" said the Empress.

"Your Majesty — he *insists*," stammered Volkoff. The Empress turned to me, terror and pathos in her eyes. "He has come to arrest me, Lili!" she exclaimed. "Telephone to the Grand Duke Paul, and ask him to come at once."

Regaining her composure, the Empress rearranged the Red Cross head-dress which she had taken off, and stood waiting in silence for the Grand Duke. Neither Marie nor I dared speak. At length, after what seemed an interminable agony of suspense, the Grand Duke entered, and the Empress told him in a few words about her ominous summons. The next moment, loud voices in the corridor, and the banging of a door announced Goutchkoff's arrival in the adjoining room.

Goutchkoff, the Minister of War during the Revolution, was an openly avowed personal enemy of the Emperor, whom he had never forgiven for not having accepted him at his own valuation as the uncrowned King of Moscow. He had compelled the Emperor to abdicate through revenge; spiteful curiosity now urged him to gloat over the sufferings of a defenceless woman! He was a hideous creature who wore big spectacles with yellow glasses, which partially disguised the fact that he was unable to look anyone straight in the face.

Marie and I clung desperately to the Empress; we were certain that all was now finished! She kissed us both tenderly, and passed out with the Grand Duke Paul, an infinitely tragic figure, recalling to my mind a vision of Marie Antoinette, whose troubles possessed so many similarities with those of the Empress. Volkoff, that loyal servant, true to the traditions of Imperial régime, informed us that Goutchkoff had brought two A. D. C.'s with him, and that one of these men had accosted him with the words: "Ha, ha! Here we are! You didn't expect us tonight, eh? But *we* are masters of the Palace *now!*"

Marie and I sat side by side on the sofa, the young girl shook with fear, but her terror was not for herself: Marie, like all the children, thought only of her beloved mother.

In this crisis of their fortunes, the Imperial Family manifested no sorrow at the loss of their rank and prestige. The only anxiety shown by them was the fear of parting one from the other. Theirs might have been the words inscribed upon the wall of an old prison in Italy: "Better death than life without you." And if the report of their death be true, they most mercifully never knew the pain of separation.

At last footsteps sounded in the corridor, the door of the boudoir opened, and to our unspeakable relief we saw the Empress!

Marie ran towards her mother, half crying, and half laughing, and the Empress quickly reassured us.

"I am not to be arrested this time," she said. "But, oh, the humiliation of the interview! Goutchkoff was impossible, I could *not* give him my hand. He told me that he merely wanted to see how I was supporting my trials, and whether or no I was frightened." Her pale cheeks were rose-flushed, her eyes sparkled: at this moment the Empress was terrible in her anger!

Wednesday, March 8th, is a day momentous in the annals of the new-born Russia, inasmuch as it witnessed the arrest of a woman and five sick children, and of those adherents who knew the meaning of the words Friendship and Duty.

The Palace was now thronged with Revolutionaries,

who were walking about everywhere. When the officers of the Mixed Guard bade farewell to the Empress, many of them broke down and sobbed. It was a day of good-byes.

At last the Empress decided to tell the Grand Duchesses about the abdication. . . . she could not bear this painful task to devolve upon her husband. She therefore made her way to their apartments, and was with them alone for a long time. Anastasie seemed to sense what had happened, and after her mother had left them, she looked at me, and said, very quietly: "Mamma has told us everything, Lili: but as papa is coming, nothing else matters. However, you have known what was going on. . . . how could you keep it from us? Why, you're usually so nervous. . . . how is it you are so calm?"

I kissed her, and said that I owed all my fortitude to her mother. She had set such an example of courage that it was impossible for me not to follow it!

When the Empress broke the news to the Czarevitch, the following conversation took place:

"Shall I never go to G. H. Q. again with Papa?" asked the child.

"No, my darling, never again," replied his mother.

"Sha'n't I see my regiments and my soldiers?" he said anxiously.

"No. . . . I fear not."

"Oh, dear! And the yacht, and all my friends on board — shall we never go yachting any more?" He was almost on the verge of tears.

"No, we shall never see the *Standart*. It doesn't belong to us now."

The Empress and I took tea together in the Red Drawing-room, and she told me how glad she felt that the *Garde Equipage* had left their colors in the Palace.

"I should be so sorry to think that the colors were in the possession of the Duma," she remarked.

At that moment we heard the sound of voices, and a noise of singing and shouting. The Empress sprang off the couch on which she was lying, and rushed across the room to the window.

"Oh, Madame, don't look, I implore you!" I said, fearing the worst. But she did not hear me. Then I saw her grow pale, and she fell back, half fainting on the couch. The sailors were leaving the Palace with the Colors!

The Grand Duchess Marie was seized with measles late that evening. Like her sister, Anastasie, she dreaded being ill. "Oh, I did so want to be up when Papa comes!" she kept on repeating, until high fever set in, and she lost consciousness. Her last comprehensible words were, "Lili, can't you sleep with Mamma to-night?"

"Yes, darling," I told her. "I won't leave Mamma alone, I'll be somewhere near her, even if I have to sleep in the bath."

I went to the Empress. "Madame," I said, "will you permit me to remain near you to-night?"

"No, Lili, certainly not. If anything should happen, why should you be obliged to witness a tragedy?"

I returned to Olga and Tatiana, who, like Marie, were very anxious about their mother. "Lili, you *must* not leave Mamma alone — one of us has always slept with her — she's not strong. Promise, promise us that you won't leave her alone!" And when the Empress came to pay her last visit to the sick-room, the Grand Duchesses reiterated their request.

The Empress at first demurred, but when she realized how much the Grand Duchesses dreaded her being left alone, she consented.

"Well, Lili," she said reluctantly, "you see that the children must have their own way. But I will not allow anyone to think I am frightened. Undress upstairs, and when my maids have left me, slip down the private staircase. Bring your sheets and blankets, and you can make a bed on the couch in my boudoir."

It was a bright moonlight night. Outside the snow lay like a pall on the frost-bound park. The cold was intense. The silence of the great Palace was occasionally broken by snatches of drunken songs, and the coarse laughter of the soldiers. The intermittent firing of guns was audible. It was a night of beauty, defiled by the base passions of men.

I went quietly downstairs to the Mauve Boudoir. The Empress was waiting for me, and as she stood there, I thought how girlish she looked. Her long hair fell in a heavy plait down her back, and she wore a loose silk dressing-gown over her night clothes. She was very pale, very ethereal, and unutterably pathetic.

As I stumbled into the boudoir with my draperies of sheets and blankets, she smiled a little affectionate, mocking smile, which deepened as she watched me trying to arrange my bed on the couch. She came forward, still smiling. "Oh, Lili, you Russian ladies don't know how to be useful! When I was a girl, my grandmother, Queen Victoria, showed me how to make a bed. I'll teach *you*." And she deftly arranged the bedding, saying, as she did so: "Take care not to lie on this broken spring — I always had an idea *something* was amiss with this couch."

The bed-making "*à la mode de Windsor*" was soon finished, and the Empress kissed me affectionately and bade me good night. "I'll leave my bedroom door open," she said, "then you won't feel lonely."

Sleep for me was impossible; I lay on the mauve couch, *her* couch, unable to realize that this strange happening was a part of ordinary life. Surely I must be dreaming, surely I should suddenly awake in my own bed at Petrograd, and find that the Revolution and its attendant horrors were only a nightmare! But the sound of coughing in the Empress's bedroom told me that, alas, it was no dream! . . . She was moving about, unable, like myself, to sleep. The light above the sacred Ikon made a luminous pathway between the bedroom and the boudoir, and presently the Empress came back to me, carrying an eiderdown.

"It's bitterly cold tonight," she said. "I want you to be comfortable, Lili, so I've brought you another quilt." She tucked the quilt well round my shoulders, regardless of my protestations, and again bade me good-night.

At seven o'clock the Empress told me I had better return to the Red Drawing-room, so I gathered my bed-clothes together and slipped, unperceived and unheard, up the staircase.

On the morning of Thursday, March 9th, the Empress came into the Grand Duchesses' bedroom: she was agitated and anxious, as she had been informed that the Emperor would arrive at the Palace between eleven and twelve. I went with her to see the Czarevitch, and we sat by his bed talking to him. The little boy was very excited, and he kept on looking at his watch, and counting the seconds which must pass before his father's arrival.

Presently we heard the sound of an automobile, and Volkoff entered. The faithful servant had refused to accept the fact of the Emperor's abdication, and, in a manner worthy of Imperial traditions, he announced:

"His Majesty, The Emperor."

The Empress sprang up from her chair, and ran out of the room. I, too, rose. The meeting between the re-united family must not, surely, be witnessed by any outsider! But the Czarevitch seized my hand. "No, no, Lili, you're not to leave me!" he insisted. So I sat down by him for five minutes, but eventually I managed to slip away and take refuge in Anna's room, where I remained until after lunch, when I was summoned to the Imperial presence.

Following my instructions, I went into the Grand Duchesses' room: the Empress was not there. Suddenly I heard the sound of footsteps. . . . I knew to whom they belonged, but they were no longer the footsteps of a confident and happy man. They sounded as if the person who was advancing was very, very tired.

I trembled from head to foot, I dared not at first raise my eyes. When I did so, I encountered the tragic, weary eyes of the Emperor.

He advanced to where I was standing, and took my hands in his, saying very simply:

"Thank you, Lili, for all you have done for us. . . . and I. . . . ? what have I done for you — ? Absolutely nothing! Why, I have not even kept Dehn near you."

The Grand Duchesses were delighted to know that their father had returned, and I think the knowledge of his safety acted on them like a tonic. Poor Marie, who had so longed to be the first to welcome the Emperor, was now delirious, with intervals of consciousness. When I entered her room, she recognized me.

"Well, Lili, where have you been?" she exclaimed. "I've been waiting and waiting for you. Papa is really *here*, isn't he?" The next moment she was back in the fantastic and terrible kingdom of fever. "Crowds of people. . . . dreadful people. . . . they're coming to kill Mamma! Why are they doing these things?" Alas, poor child, others have since asked the same question!

That day the Emperor and the Empress dined and spent the evening together. The Empress told me afterwards that the Emperor completely lost his self-control when he was alone with her in the Mauve Boudoir. He wept bitterly.

It was excessively difficult for her to console him, and to assure him that the husband and father was of more value in her eyes than the Emperor whose throne she had shared.

Life at first went on much as usual after the Emperor's return: he always insisted upon reading the daily papers, but the filth of the gutter press sickened and pained him. One evening I happened to come into the library where the Emperor was reading a newspaper: his expression showed that something had seriously displeased him.

"Just look here, Lili," he said, showing me the portraits of the new Cabinet. "Look at these men. . . . their faces are of the real criminal type. And yet I was asked to approve of this Cabinet, and to agree to the Constitution," he added, with a touch of bitterness.

My time was now fully occupied. The Grand Duchess Marie was seriously ill, and I relieved the Empress in nursing her. I had taken upon myself the task, formerly performed by the Empress, of sponging poor Marie's body, and when the child was conscious, she liked me to brush and comb her lovely hair, which became sadly tangled as she tossed to and fro in her delirium. Marie was the first unmarried Grand Duchess to sleep on a real bed of her own, but as she was so ill, we moved her from the narrow camp bed to a more comfortable resting place.

The Empress was a skilful nurse; she was especially expert in changing sheets and night-clothes in a few minutes, without disturbing the patients. When I showed my surprise she said quite simply: "I learned to do useful things in England. I've never forgotten what I owe to my English upbringing."

One awful day a lorry full of soldiers, in charge of an excessively ill-favoured officer, arrived at the Palace Kotzebue interviewed him.

"I've come to fetch the Emperor," said the officer, with an unprintable oath. "He's going to be imprisoned in Peter and Paul."

"You cannot remove the Emperor," answered Kotzebue. "I am Commandant here. I refuse to give up the Emperor at your orders."

"Ah. . . . ah. . . . I knew it!" shouted the officer. "The Emperor has fled! . . . we were told so in Petrograd. Let's search the Palace!"

Kotzebue almost came to blows with the man. "I tell you the Emperor is *here*. I'll prove it!" He then sent for Count Benckendorff and told him to ask the Emperor to pass through the corridor whilst the soldiers were looking. In a few moments the Emperor came slowly down the corridor: the officer rushed threateningly towards him, but Kotzebue restrained him, saying, "Well, you ———, now you've seen the Emperor. Go back to the Soviet, tell them he's still here — and don't come again on a fool's errand."

One day, Kotzebue told me that Titi was ill; in fact, *very* ill, but I did not like to agitate the Empress until Kotzebue came to ask her to permit me to go with him and telephone from the basement of the Palace. She was greatly distressed to hear that her godson was ill, and equally concerned at not having been told before. "My poor girl, what you must have suffered!" she said.

Kotzebue and I descended into the basement: two soldiers guarded the telephone, and I was informed that I could only be allowed five minutes' conversation.

"How is the child?" was my first question.

"Very ill, Madame," answered my maid.

"Please, please, bring him to the 'phone." I waited impatiently, and then a little feeble voice whispered: Maman. . . . *c'est vraiment toi! quand viendras-tu?*" ("It is really you! When are you coming back?")

At that moment a soldier interposed: "Your five minutes is up!"

I returned to the Empress, almosts heart-broken, but I endeavoured to appear cheerful. The interminable day wore away, evening fell.

That night I was glad to seek refuge in the Red Drawing-room and find myself alone, and able to indulge in what is described as "a good cry." As I left the Mauve Boudoir, the Emperor and the Empress kissed me, and made the sign of the Cross. I felt instinctively that they loved me, and were sorry for me.

A bright fire was burning in the Red Drawing-room but I did not undress — I sat in front of the fire, crying, and thinking of Titi. Suddenly I heard the door of the salon open very softly, and a line of light pierced the darkness. . . . someone was coming in!

I turned quickly to face the person who dared intrude upon the privacy of the apartment occupied by the Imperial Family. Was it some fresh assumption of power on the part of the Revolutionaries?

But my visitor was no emissary of the Revolution: the slender figure standing in the doorway was that of the Empress, and when I remembered the arduous ascent of the stairs, I was terrified lest a heart attack would ensue.

"Madame, Madame," I cried, "is anything amiss? Are you in danger?"

"Hush, Lili," said the Empress. "The Emperor and I are quite safe. But I couldn't rest without coming to see you. I know all about Titi, I quite realize what you feel." She took me in her arms just as a tender mother might have done, and soothed and caressed me. "My poor, dear child," she said. "Only God can help you. Trust in Him as I do, Lili."

We mingled our tears, and she stayed with me for some considerable time. I wish that those who revile the memory of the Empress could have seen her then, and experienced the pity, love and understanding which were so essentially her prerogatives.

She looked more than usually fragile . . . she breathed with difficulty, her face was pale. But she strengthened and consoled me as no other could have done, and her last words of comfort before she left me were: "Perhaps they'll let us bring Titi from Petrograd to the Red Cross Hospital opposite the Palace. Then you could always see him through one of the windows."

The Czarevitch was now almost well, and running about the Palace much as usual. I do not think he noticed many changes; the Revolution conveyed nothing to him except when he missed certain of his soldiers and his friends. He was still a happy, light-hearted child.

The Imperial Family had no presentiment of disaster for themselves, but they suffered untold agonies of mind over the fate of Russia. "Can you imagine what it means to the Emperor to know that he is cut off from active life?" said the Empress.

The long monotonous days passed — we endured them alternately with the calmness of despair, and with gratitude for their dullness.

The Grand Duchess Marie was still very ill, and Anna, who knew this, decided to go and see her. The Empress was against the idea. Anna was ill, she said, and it was better for her health and her safety to keep as quiet as possible, and not to draw any undue attention to her presence in the Palace. So strongly did the Empress disapprove, that she was taken in her wheeled chair to see Anna, but she returned more nervous and apprehensive than before.

I spent the morning with the Empress, and I lunched with Anna, in the apparently forlorn hope of dissuading her from attempting to see Marie. After luncheon we discussed the burning question of Kotzebue's disappearance. Suddenly we were startled by hearing a noise in the corridor. Anna instantly rang the bell. A servant answered it.

"Who is outside?" demanded Anna.

"I don't know," replied the man, who was evidently much disturbed. "The soldiers are here." At this moment a *Shorohod* entered, and handed me a tiny folded note. I opened it. Written in pencil in the Empress' handwriting were these ominous words:

"Kerensky passe par toutes nos chambres, n'ayez pas peur — Dieu est là. Vous embrasse." ("Kerensky is going through all our rooms, have no fear—God is here. I embrace you.")

Heavy steps sounded in the corridor. I had barely time to slip the precious note inside my bodice, when the door was flung open, and a man, followed by two others, came in. I stood up at once and looked at our visitor. It was Kerensky himself!

I saw a slight man with a pale face, thin lips, shifty eyes seen under lowered lids, and a nondescript nose. Kerensky gave one the impression of being unkempt . . . he was not tall, but slight in figure, and his head drooped in a curious manner. He wore the blue jacket of an ordinary workman.

Kerensky slowly considered us.

"Are you Madame Anna Virouboff?" he said, addressing Anna.

"Yes," replied Anna, faintly.

"Well, put on your clothes immediately and be ready to follow me."

Anna made no answer.

"Why the devil are you in bed?" he demanded, staring at Anna's invalid déshabille.

"Because I'm ill," whimpered Anna, looking more childish than ever.

"Well," said Kerensky turning to an officer, "perhaps we had better not move her. I'll have a chat with the doctors. In the meantime, isolate Madame Virouboff! Place sentinels before the door. She's to hold no communication with anyone. Nobody is to come into this bedroom or to leave it until I give the order!"

He went out of the room, followed by the officers. Anna and I looked at each other, speechless with dismay. My first collected thought was for the Empress — I would not be separated from her.

"I *must* try and see Their Majesties," I said wildly.

"Yes, Lili, do! For God's sake, see them!" sobbed Anna.

I opened the bedroom door very softly: the sentinels had not yet arrived. I caught a glimpse of Kerensky entering the room occupied by the doctors — then, impelled by some desperate courage, I ran down the corridors, and arrived, breathless, in the Grand Duchesses' apartments. I found the Empress with Olga. I told her in a few words what had happened — then distant footsteps warned us of Kerensky's approach.

"Run . . . Lili! Hide in Marie's room — it's dark *there!*" whispered the Empress.

I had barely time to crouch down behind a screen in Marie's room, when Kerensky came in. He took no notice of the sick girl, but went in search of the Empress, who, with the Emperor, had now gone into the schoolroom. From where I was hiding I could hear Kerensky shouting; in a few moments the Empress entered, she was trembling visibly. The Grand Duchesses Olga and Tatiana, now convalescent, rushed forward.

"Mamma, Mamma, what is the matter?"

"Kerensky has insisted upon my leaving him alone with the Emperor," answered the Empress . . . "they'll most probably arrest me."

The two girls clung to their mother, and slowly made their way back to Marie. I had now emerged from behind the screen, and I went into the schoolroom, where I determined to remain until I saw the Emperor.

After what seemed a very long time, the Emperor came out, alone.

"Your Majesty!" I cried. "Tell me, I implore you, if there is anything dreadful in store for Her Majesty?"

The Emperor was painfully nervous. "No, no, Lili, and if Kerensky had uttered one word against Her Majesty, you would have heard me strike the table — thus —" and he struck the writing table with his fist. "But I hear they've arrested Anna. Poor unfortunate woman, what will become of *her?*"

At the sound of her husband's voice, the Empress came out of Marie's bedroom. The Emperor told her that Kerensky had arrested Anna because he suspected that she was implicated in political plots.

"If it's true, it's an awful thing," said the Emperor, "but I suppose everything will now be disclosed."

Their Majesties then related the particulars of their interview with Kerensky.

"His first words," said the Empress, "were 'I am Kerensky. You probably know my name.' We made no answer. 'But you must have heard of me,' he persisted. Still no reply.

" 'Well,' said Kerensky, 'I'm sure I don't know why we are standing. Let's sit down — it's far more comfortable!'

"He seated himself," continued the Empress, "the Emperor and I slowly followed his example, and finding that I still declined to speak, Kerensky insisted upon being left alone with the Emperor."

Shortly afterwards, to our great relief, we were informed that Kerensky had left the Palace and gone to the Town Hall. The new Commandant, Colonel Korovitchenko, was then presented to the Empress, who begged him to allow her to say good-bye to Anna. Korovitchenko consented, and the Empress went unaccompanied, to Anna's room. She was very silent when she returned: she felt the parting keenly, as both the friends knew that in all probability it might be forever!

The Emperor, the Grand Duchesses and myself now took up our position in a room from which the windows commanded a view of the entrance to Anna's apartments. I was sitting by the Empress near the window when all at once she took my hand and said in a voice choked with emotion —

"At least, God will allow you to remain, and . . ."

Her sentence remained unfinished. At this moment someone knocked at the door; it was Count Benckendorff, who had hurried to tell the Empress that he still hoped better things for Anna.

This was only a temporary respite. A little later we heard the sound of an automobile in the courtyard. I looked down, and saw two automobiles drawn up in front of the Imperial entrance to the Palace. Another knock! This time it was a servant who announced:

"The new Commandant wishes to speak to Madame Dehn."

I went out. Korovitchenko, a fair haired, common looking man with a hard mouth, was standing at the end of the corridor.

"Madame Dehn?" he enquired brusquely.

"Yes, I am Madame Dehn."

"Well . . . get ready! Take as little as possible with you; you are to follow Kerensky to Petrograd."

I nearly fainted, but I managed to run back to the Empress. In a few hurried words I acquainted her with Korovitchenko's orders. . . . I could not look at any of them. . . . I tried to be calm, but at the sound of Tatiana's uncontrollable sobbing, I broke down, and wept in the arms of the Empress.

"Eh bien . . . " she said, releasing me gently from her embrace. "We can do nothing about it!"

"Is Madame Dehn ready?" shouted someone.

The Empress called Zanoty, one of her dressers, and told her to put some things together in a suit case. She did not speak to me — or I to her — our hearts were too full. It was like some terrible nightmare. At length I managed to go into Anastasie's room: she was in bed. I kissed her many times, and told her that I would never forsake them. Poor Marie lay asleep in her darkened room. I kissed her flushed cheek, blessed her, and went out quietly. There was no time to say good-bye to the Czarevitch.

Zanoty had packed my suit case, and the Empress now sent her to fetch a sacred medal which she hung round my neck, blessing me as she did so. At the last moment Tatiana ran out of the room, and returned with a little leather case containing portraits of the Emperor and the Empress, which had stood on her especial table ever since she was a tiny child. "Lili!" she cried. "If Kerensky *is* going to take you away from us, you shall at least have Papa and Mamma to console you!"

Another imperative summons told us that the moment of parting was at hand. I put on my hat, and we left the room. The Emperor and the Empress walked on either side of me, and the Grand Duchesses Olga and Tatiana followed us. I had never imagined in the happy days that it would ever be my lot to traverse this familiar corridor with a breaking heart, or under such conditions. For ten years I had received nothing but affection from the Imperial Family, I had watched the children grow up, I had been their playmate and their friend — now I had to leave them in hostile and menacing surroundings!

Russia had already deprived them of their Imperial state, their possessions and their liberty, surely she might not have deprived them of their friends?

We walked slowly towards the head of the great staircase . . . the moment for saying farewell had arrived. . . . I tried to be brave . . . the silence was unbroken save for Tatiana's stifled sobbing. Olga and the Empress were quite calm, but the proud, reserved, Tatiana made no secret of her grief.

Two soldiers were waiting for me on the staircase . . . the little group of the Imperial Family stopped, and surrounded me. All pretence of self control vanished: we clung together, but our unavailing tears made no impression on hearts harder than the marble staircase on which we stood.

"Come, Madame!" said one of the soldiers, seizing me by the arm.

I turned to the Empress. With a tremendous effort of will she forced herself to smile reassuringly, then, in a voice whose every accent bespoke intense love and deep religious conviction, she said, "Lili, by suffering we are purified for Heaven. This good-bye matters little — we shall meet in another world."

The Empress and the Grand Duchesses corresponded with me regularly after they left Tsarkoe, in fact up to a few weeks of their departure for Ekaterinburg. These letters were entrusted to confidential persons and smuggled by them out of the prison. Those who expect startling revelations of political importanee will be sadly disappointed in these pathetic little leaves which have drifted from Friendship's tree, across a passion-racked country, and, like the song, "have found their home" in the heart of a friend. But for the student of psychology, the just man or woman, the curious seeker "behind the scenes" of royalty, they will, I think, possess some interest. They will plead for a hearing far more effectively than any poor words of mine. Not one of them contains a sigh for the splendors of a throne. The woman who longed to be in the Crimea, at a time of year when the acacias were like "perfumed clouds," has made no allusion to the past glories of the Winter Palace, or the comfortable "English" life at Tsarkoe Selo. Perhaps the words of the writer who "being dead yet speaketh" may serve to efface some of the lies which have bespattered the name of an Empress condemned so unmercifully.

The Empress and I have never met since that March afternoon when she bade me farewell. I cannot accept the almost overwhelming proofs of the tragedy of Ekaterinburg. From time to time reports of the safety of the Imperial Family have reached us, but the next moment we are faced with evidence that the whole of them have perished. God alone knows the truth, but I still permit myself to hope.

Drawing by R. Emmet Owen

The Tree

I do not know why there should be
So much to move me in a tree;
Perhaps it is because I feel
God's hand in nothing is so real
As in a century-tossed tree.
What upstarts humans are, compared
Unto the greensward's ancient laird;
The shifting cloud, the rose, the lark,
All bear God's imprint and His mark—
Their fleeting beauty calls to me;
And yet I know—because I feel—
God's hand in nothing is so real
As in a century-tossed tree.

Lida C. Schem

He pressed a determined toe more firmly on the accelerator

Accommodating?—I'll Say He Is

By Mabel H. Wharton

Illustrations by Edward Ryan

JAMES HEMINGWAY MORTON was one of those people that perhaps you've met — the accommodating friend. He fixed things for his friends. No Stygian depths were too deep to enter in the interest of a friend, but sometimes, alas, he fixed them far too well, ofttimes it took half a lifetime to work out of one of Jimmy's fixings. But he meant well. Jimmy's type always do. He'd missed his calling, that was all. Instead of the cleverest automobile salesman in San Francisco he should have been ambassador to the court of St. James, no less. At a glance you could see how well he would set off gold braid and velvet trappings, how graciously he would put you at your ease, how masterfully he would adjust national differences.

He'd lend you fifty at the drop of the hat — if he had it, which wasn't often. It takes money to keep up that Adonis-like, dashing sort of look that Jimmy had. He'd even hand over his niftiest navy serge if you needed it — and that was going some, for it was the joy of his life. One of those slender-waisted, tight-trousered perfections that he wore with an elegant grace that outdid the clothing ads two to one. Jimmy would do anything short of murder to help you out. It was his creed. It fitted perfectly that clear-eyed, Knight-errant look of him. The fault with Jimmy lay in the fact that he was born a century too late. The frenzied money grabbers of his day were sadly unappreciative of windmill tilting.

Why, once even, in dire emergency he loaned Sam Curtis that carefully adjusted, highly polished demonstrating car with which he earned his daily bread and a generous portion of butter. Sam's emergencies were always dire — he was that kind of a friend. But Jimmy's look was sad, crestfallen when he made this loan. He knew by instinct that when Sam returned the car its rhythmic hum would have vanished, it would cough and sneeze and jerk and announce in the only way that it had of announcing that someone had been monkeying with the carbureter. It was only too true. When it came back to him at the end of a swift moving day, Jimmy sadly steered it into the shop.

He himself hadn't the remotest idea how any of its internal mechanism worked. He put in gas at twenty-five per and it came out power that carried him gallantly over the steepest grades — that was enough for him. Let him slide his long legs behind the wheel of this polished pet of his and he'd take the stubbornest, crustiest new prospect up the steepest hill in the steep-hilled city at such a pace that he could return him wearing the broad grin of a small boy on his first merry-go-round, and in a mood that parted easily from checks of four figures. He could take one of those good old-fashioned corduroy roads on high, and the car scarcely quivered — he could drive like a dream — but he never did know what made the blamed wheels go round. He was so busy selling cars that he hadn't time to learn. It was Barbara that knew all this.

Barbara Jennings, who was the very loadstone and reason for Jimmy's existence. If the Lord had forgotten to fashion Barbara — with a gasp of despair at such an unhappy possibility, Jimmy felt that he himself might better have been born a molecule in the time of Marcus Aurelius. Life in the twentieth century would not be worth the living.

But the Lord had been kind to even the least of these. He had created her and made her good to look upon. With her spun gold hair, her lips, twin scarlet flames to emphasize the pink and white of her, she seemed as gossamer as apple blossoms in spring. It was the keen brown eyes set beneath dark brows that belied her seeming fragility. They were as knowing as a mechanic's as she listened for the least fault in the throb of an automobile engine. To look at her you'd never dream of her intimate knowledge of knocking cylinders, dirty carbureters and run-down batteries. It was with all humility — acutely conscious of her superiority as well as her adorableness—that Jimmy won her promise to marry him in the spring.

AND now Barbara, this bright September morning, stepped from her trim little two-seater and with her father in tow walked confidently into the salesroom where Jimmy held sway. She sped up to the desk far in advance of that slightly stout influential gentleman who was puffing as many near-fifty fathers are apt to when trying to keep up with will-o-the-wisp daughters.

"Father wants a new car, Jimmy!" she whispered confidentially and a little breathlessly, "be sure to sell him." Then she turned the full glory of her smile on father.

"One of those large seven passenger touring cars, Jimmy — I'm sick of all the rattles and creaks in that old thing he drives now." But John Jennings did not enthuse. It was plain to be seen that he had been brought along.

"It's plenty good enough." His voice was loud in futile severity. "Just last year's model anyway. Your mother said yesterday she'd rather take a trip than get a new car now. She don't enjoy riding — she don't want a new car."

"But father —" Barbara remonstrated, and shook her head at his hopeless density to the situation. "A man in your position owes it to himself to get a new car every year whether he uses it or not. Besides, Jimmy needs the sale. He gets a big commission on those cars and he's going to start to save money."

Then Jimmy got busy. At the least waning of Jennings' enthusiasm he added gray seat coverings at cost. He talked up all the "classy" accessories of the new model. He was keen to make every possible sale in the last quarter of a bumper year.

But in spite of his arguments, in spite of Barbara's coaxings, the sale didn't go through exactly as he wished. He had done his best. The upward sweep of Barbara's brown eyes as she placed her gauntleted hand on his coat sleeve told him that.

"I'll leave my old car here with you," Jennings said finally, "I'm going to Los Angeles for the firm and Mrs. Jennings wants to visit her folks in Seattle. We won't need the car for two months anyway. When you sell the old one, let me know and I'll send you a check for the new one." So there the matter rested. The sale would be a hold over. On the next day the Jennings car was brought down and stowed away in the used-car department.

It was a strange fate that Sam Curtis should arrive almost at the same moment that the Jennings' old car came in. Sam was in trouble as usual. Jimmy read the signals from afar and unconsciously braced his shoulders to their burden as Sam took his way past polished automobile accessories, around the unmounted chassis of the '22 model and flopped into a chair in front of him.

"It's gone!" Sam cried, "my car's stolen — dropped out of sight completely. The efficient police," and his lip curled sarcastically, "are looking up every clue. But there are no clues," he added vehemently. "When I went into the Orpheum last night I left the machine in front. When I came out it wasn't in front or in back or at the side. No one had seen it of course." Sam raised his hands hopelessly and ran nervous fingers through his hair. "Why do they want my car?" he asked querulously. "What's so blamed attractive about my car?"

Jimmy was genuinely concerned but his commercial instinct rose you might say, automatically and for the moment submerged his personal sympathy. He took a sheaf of way bills from the file. "We'll have a consignment of the new cars in Saturday," he said tentatively, and tapped them with a ready pencil.

"We'll wait a few days," Sam finally put him off and in spite of Jimmy's detaining hand he got up and started for the door. "If we don't find it the Company'll have to come through — we've got to have a car. ME? Why I can hardly scrape enough together to buy gasoline as it is."

It was as Sam had feared: the company did have to come through. The next Monday Sam came in to get the new car. Poor Sam — how the firm had roasted him.

Jimmy tied on the "License Applied For" signs. "You'll have to get your license right away," he told him, "the authorities won't stand for this gag any longer. Like all good things it's been done to a frazzle."

Sam scratched his head in sudden bewilderment. "Lord!" he cried, "that's fifteen dollars more! Here it's late September — January first I've got to get a new license anyway."

"Yes, but if you get run in it'll cost you twenty-five," Jimmy reminded him.

"Gee, a car's always screeching for money!" Sam cried exasperated. "You feed money into its insatiable maw in an endless stream."

And then one of Jimmy's bright accommodating ideas struck him. As he looks back on it now he thinks it was the very brightest he ever had.

"Wait a minute Sam," he said, "I'll fix you up." He retired to the storage room of the firm, and for a number of minutes was very busy with a screw driver behind Jennings' old machine.

"There you are — fit as a fiddle," he said as he handed Sam the two enameled slabs, "but if I send you an S. O. S., you bring that license back on the run. I'll need it and I'll need it in a hurry."

IT was the morning of a week later when Barbara's father rushed into the office, a man incarnate with rage, disheveled from the lack of grooming, heavy-lidded from the lack of sleep. Behind him walked Barbara, her firm red lips set in a straight line, a dangerous glint in her wise brown eyes.

Jennings started to bombard Jimmy with his wrath. "A pretty mess you've got me into," he exploded. "It just shows right on the face of it that you can't trust anybody these days — not even the man who expects to be your own son-in-law." Jimmy stepped back at the sudden onslaught. He opened his mouth in a fishy attitude, unable to get a word out. Still the flow of abuse did not cease.

"Mrs. Jennings's as mad as the deuce about that new car anyway!" Jennings went on wildly. "She, with her eye on me way up there in Seattle and now had to come home and her visit just begun. Heavens man! Wasn't it bad enough for her to think she was widowed one moment and then in the next breath to hear that I wasn't dead but joy-riding? It's more than any woman could stand. Barbara's mother is mad — she's mad clear through I tell you." Jennings' fat benign countenance had lost its fatherly look. He had taken on the roosterlike attributes of the outraged husband.

Jimmy gasped and turned to Barbara, beseeching explanation. But there was no quarter in that direction. Finally he took Mr. Jennings by the shoulders and pushed him unresisting into the chair in front of him. "Start at the beginning of this thing, Mr. Jennings," he pleaded. "What are you driving at — why should you be dead?"

"As if you didn't know," he answered scathingly. "Where have you been? Haven't you seen the papers? They're full of it."

Apparently the more Jennings talked the less Jimmy made of it. Yet far back in his mind a tiny suspicion gathered and took shape, but Jimmy pushed it resolutely from him.

"Don't be such an idiot," Jennings finally flung out. "If you'd let me know when you sold my car, I'd have sent you the check as I said I would. Mrs. Jennings would have known about it and I wouldn't be a wandering homeless husband."

"But your car isn't sold," Jimmy hastily interrupted. "It's in the garage right where you put it. Come out and see it if you don't believe it. Nobody wants to buy an old car at this time of year." Jimmy was becoming red in the face from what he tried to make himself believe was righteous indignation.

"Then what's the meaning of these?" Jennings drew a sheaf of telegrams and letters from his pocket and flung them on the desk.

"Why do the police wire my wife of my death in an automobile accident? Why does she wire to the Los Angeles office for corroboration of the news? They telegraph to the San Francisco police to look me up. I wire Mrs. Jennings saying, 'Am O. K. Will be home next week' and she sends back this message." He opened its two words before Jimmy's astonished gaze. "'Don't come' signed Alice Jennings."

JIMMY felt like a man who is the pivotal point of a whirlwind. He didn't answer Jennings for the mere reason that his talking apparatus was out of commission. He gulped twice instead and loosened his collar with an unsteady forefinger.

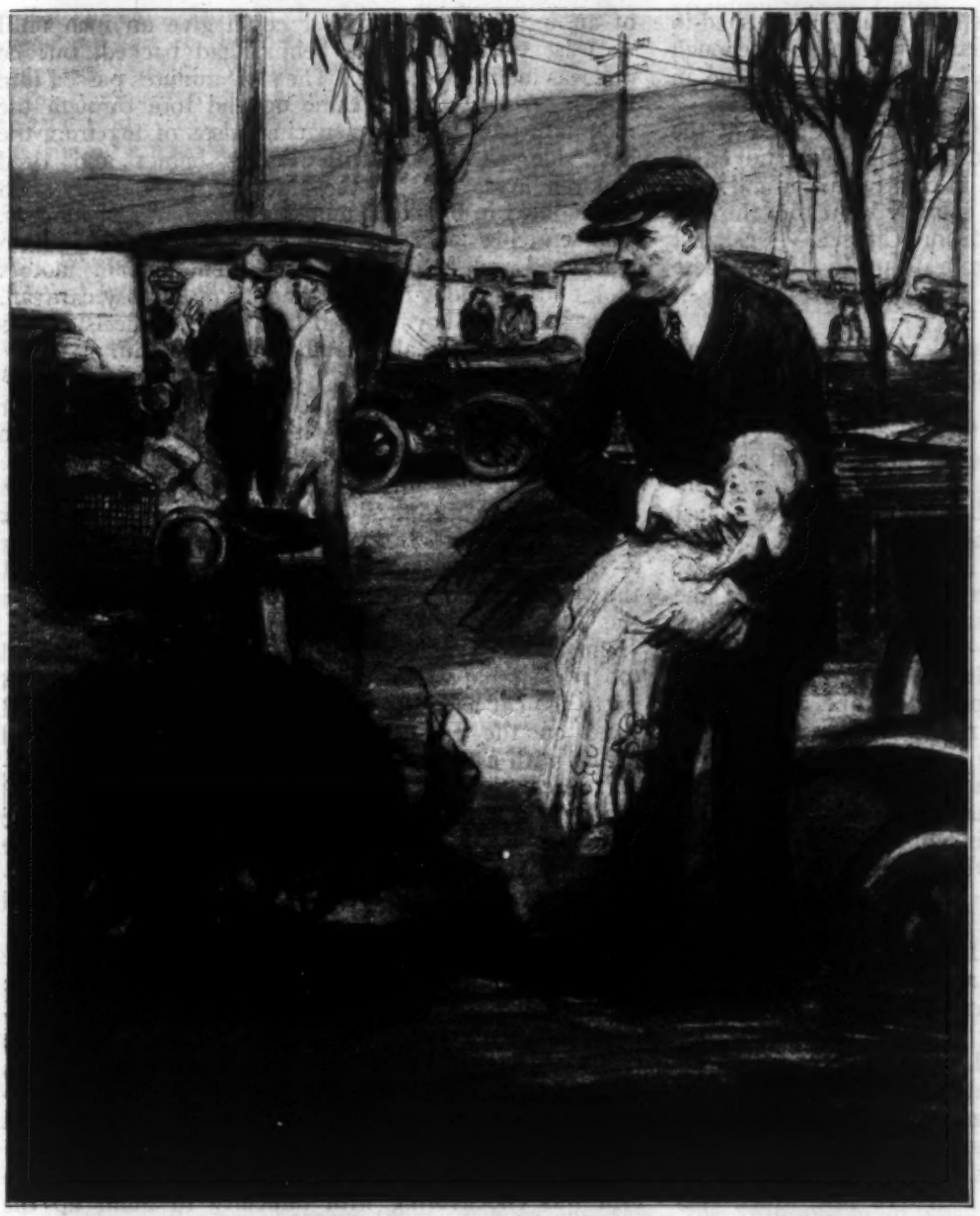
"Maybe this will help your memory." Jennings opened up the morning's paper and thrust it under his nose. Jimmy had read the article he pointed out. Remembered glancing over it at breakfast. The accident, horrible in all of its details was like most cases of its kind. The wind shield broken to bits, radiator and fender smashed, lamps twisted. Even when he had read that it was his own make of machine it gave him no premonition, no "hunch." So many cars are found on our remote speedways at dawn, shattered — blood-splashed, and most always as in this case the horribly injured occupants are missing — spirited away with the morning dew.

"Where did you get it?" Barbara exclaimed

"Well — what has this got to do with you?" Jimmy asked irascibly. The whole thing was beginning to get on his nerves.

"Just this:" Jennings answered, "it makes me a man on the verge of losing his wife: It makes me a man who is the laughing stock of the whole firm from the office boy to the general manager. They grin covertly when I appear. Their amused eyes bore into my back when I disappear."

Then Barbara stepped into the conversation. "It was you then that was using the car," she accused. "If you had to go joy-riding why didn't you use your own car? Why do you get the Jennings' name in all the newspapers? Come father," she said scathingly, "you see he has no explanation." Jimmy was still seeking futilely for words as her small heels tapped disgustedly from the room.



"It belongs to a woman," Jimmy gulped forlornly

"Lord!" he groaned. He gripped his head tightly in both hands as if to keep it on and dropped dejected to his desk. At this moment Sammy Curtis lunged through the door of the inner salesroom. Sam came with all the velocity of a raging elephant. Before Jimmy had time to catch his breath he was waving a huge fist under his very nose. "The next time you play me such a trick," he screamed — "I'll get you first! Why didn't you tell me you'd lent me some other fellow's license? Just my luck to have this car stolen. The second car in two weeks," he hissed between white lips, "and now, Lord! Police court fines — a wrecked machine — likely to lose my job any minute. I don't need a license to identify my car anyway. What I need is a neat little sign addressed to thieves: 'This is the car you're looking for — please take me.'"

But Sammy found himself talking to empty air. Cramming the newspaper into his pocket Jimmy had reached for his cap. By the time Sammy had come to, Jimmy was throwing in the gear on his demonstrating pet and threading his way swiftly down the avenue.

The Highway was comparatively clear for the morning of a holiday and Jimmy pulled his cap well about his ears and let her out. He knew the week-end motorists would be homeward bound from pleasure trips at noon and would blacken the Highway like an endless procession of ants. He must get to Sam Curtis' marooned car before the crowd hindered him: he must retrieve Jennings' license. Jimmy was trying in a last desperate effort to unsnarl the knot which he had suddenly tied about himself. He would go while the going was good. But alas, he hadn't known how depleted the County exchequer was at this particular time. Motorcycle police were as thick as bees in Maytime. They had been up with the dawn, ready to gather the easy honey of the holiday and Jimmy was the first to be gathered.

From the roadside stepped a man who waved a tan-clad arm of the law. Impatiently Jimmy stopped, gave his name and place of business. Faithfully he promised to appear the following Monday and with a chafing spirit he slowed his car to a miserly forty. Slower than this even he was obliged to go when he came to a rocky one-way detour. He couldn't afford to break a spring just now — time was precious. Sam Curtis' car still flaunted Jennings' license announcing Jimmy's shame to the whole wide world.

"Blame Highway's a disgrace to the County," he breathed as he jolted and bumped his way along. Two machines couldn't possibly pass on this narrow mile-long section where the Highway was still in course of construction. Where it had been in course of construction for the past year. Why the devil didn't the County finish it? Holding a fellow up when he was in such a deuce of a hurry!

At the end of the detour were five city-bound cars obliged to wait until he should have passed.

"Some road," breathed Jimmy disgustedly as he waved them forward. He halted a moment to take the newspaper from his pocket. "At the turn beyond Ripon" he reread the article. "I'll take a short cut," and he drew into a little-used farm road. Later, as he came out on the Highway at the indicated curve his eyes searched in vain for Sammy's wrecked machine. Not a sign of it anywhere. He got out and walked carefully at the roadside. It seemed as if there were the wheel tracks of a thousand machines near the spot. There were pieces of broken wind-shield, a detached

headlight, and there in the tall grass, a crushed-in discarded wheel. "She evidently was in good enough shape to travel on her own," he muttered. "Who in thunder's got her now?"

He drove into the nearby town and inquired at the garage. The greasy-overalled individual who talked to him scratched his head with a meditative finger and eyed him suspiciously. "Was you the guy what tore through here last night — Hell bent for Chelsea — exhaust wide open? This County's goin' to put a stop to these here joy-ridin' thieves. I'm a swore-in deputy myself — I'm goin' to catch the — "

"Do I look as if I'd been in an accident?" Jimmy interrupted curtly. "I've got a machine of my own. I was sent after this one."

"Well, you're sent late, then — an ole gent and a girl come down here first thing this morning and got that machine. Started off more'n an hour ago. I went up there with 'em and the girl — she's a dabster — just a little mite of a thing. She jacked up that car and took off the busted wheel 'fore I could hardly draw my breath. The engine run O. K. and she told the old man to drive the two seater they come in. They started off toward the city — must a owned the car or somethin.' Said it was their license and said they'd show somebody just as it stood license and all."

"It *was* their license all right," Jimmy emphasized with undue warmth, then he turned on the astonished man. "Why by all that's holy did I take that short cut?" The greasy mechanic was still running bewildered fingers through his hair when Jimmy was a disappearing speck on the white line of the Highway where it crossed the hilltop.

JIMMY no longer had the Highway to himself. Ahead of him, behind him, was an ever increasing line of motors. Stately closed-in patrician cars. Cars loaded to the fenders with camping paraphernalia, and overflowing with children and dogs. Cars of that small rattling variety which eventually passed everything on the road. And every now and then there was a heavy roar as a Pullman auto stage wove in and out in a desperate attempt to make time. At his left, coming from the opposite direction roared a line which was the exact duplicate of the one he was in.

"Fat chance to find anyone in this mess," grumbled Jimmy. He came to another farm road took a chance on the rocks and ruts and emerged on the Highway miles farther on and at least a hundred machines to the good. And so, the long snaky chain of which Jimmy was a link wound its way, slowly up to the summit, then with a mad dash down the farther side. This for mile on mile, then suddenly the machine ahead of Jimmy halted and his own brakes shrieked in protest as they came into vehement action. The car behind did likewise. One by one as far as Jimmy could see the long line of home-coming week-enders came to a standstill. At first Jimmy kept his engine running, ready on the instant to throw in the clutch. Smoke boiled from the slowed-down engine in front of him and choked him. The whole glory of the late September afternoon was spoiled by the fumes of gasoline.

One by one the drivers shut off their engines. One by one they emerged stiffly from their cars and walked ahead to see what the trouble was. They were not long in finding out. They had come to the one-way detour. In the center was a deadlock. Jimmy heard voices raised in angry protest but to no purpose. Two machines faced each other in the middle of the narrow road, with no room on either side to turn out and pass. Each driver was obdurate. Neither would give a fraction of an inch. In fact neither could give an inch until at least twenty-five cars behind had backed, but no one was inclined to back. The slow minutes passed into hours. A heavy wind came up and tore through the mountain pass bearing menacing wisps of fog from the bay side. Campers with crying babies and tired children made fires at the side of the Highway, and sat huddled in blankets, munching remnants of lunches. The enticing odor of boiling coffee emerged from blackened well-used coffee pots. The line of motors took on the nondescript look and air of a gypsy caravan. Dogs and small boys dodged between the wheels, babies cried, frantic men called loudly for the Sheriff.

JIMMY walked back and forth in the road for warmth now, not curiosity, and wished to heaven he had brought his overcoat. Behind his car the stalled auto stage driver fumed and swore under his breath. Then Jimmy's eye became fixed on the car behind the stage. Battered fender, crushed in radiator — Sam Curtis' car, by all that's holy — and on it the coveted Jennings license. The car was empty as was the little two-seater that stood directly behind it. Jimmy glanced about cautiously, decided that he looked too respectable to be taken for a crook, and walked up to the car as if it were his own. He laid a paternal hand on the engine. Opened the bonnet — looked within with a superior air ownership. This ruse working, he calmly took a screw driver from his pocket and began working at the license. Once it was loose he glanced about him quickly and slipped it into an inner pocket. He walked to the rear, repeated the performance, then calmly closed the bonnet and wiped his hands on a piece of waste from the tool box.

He sauntered off, a great peace in his soul: the evidence against him was in his own possession once more. But peaceful as his mind was, the inner man became momentarily more uncomfortable. He began dimly to sense the fact that he had had no lunch, that dinner was fast becoming the remotest of possibilities. He found himself standing forlornly near a friendly fire where a coffee-pot bubbled joyously.

A young man with a small child crying on one arm was endeavoring with difficulty to build up the fire and balance the unsteady coffee-pot with the remaining hand.

"Can I give you a lift there, partner?" Jimmy offered, and reached a steadying hand to the coffee. He couldn't bear to see that pot of coffee come to grief at such a crisis. But the young father needed other assistance it seemed.

"You sure can!" he answered so quickly it almost took Jimmy's breath away and handed him the baby. "You just hold this for a minute while I find my wife. She's gone after more water for the coffee. Be back in a jiffy," he flung over his shoulder, "then we'll all have a cup of coffee."

In a twinkling Jimmy found himself marooned with three things of which he knew nothing. A baby, a coffee-pot, and a camp fire. Of the baby he knew least of all, far less in fact than he did of the inner workings of his demonstrating car. The wind came up stronger. Jimmy shivered from nervousness as well as cold. He snuggled the baby in against his vest and made futile attempts to wrap it into his coat with himself. Unconsciously he was pressing the hard license plates into its little body and its voice shrilled higher. He walked back and forth distractedly. Mechanically he kicked a stick or two into the fire to keep it going although he didn't give a rap now whether the coffee-pot tipped over or not. He'd lost his longing for

coffee anyway. How in the deuçe did he get into this mess? Where in thunder was that man? The baby's cry grew louder. Women passed and looked at him with commiserate motherly eyes. "The poor little thing's cold," they told him. "Is it subject to colic?"

Jimmy gulped and said he was blamed if he knew. Then after eons of time the crying ceased. The baby had grown quiet from sheer exhaustion. Jimmy had never known of any quiet that equalled it. Men were still yelling for the Sheriff — pandemonium still held sway — but to Jimmy it was as quiet as the first morning. The baby's eyes closed. It gave a little tired sigh, fluttered its eyelids a moment and was asleep. Still no mother, no father. The fire went out but Jimmy saw in a sort of haze that the coffee still steamed. He sat down on the running board of a nearby car and held the baby. He negotiated putting it down on the back seat but it gave all signs of a sudden reawakening and panicky, Jimmy again sat down and held it close.

He heard the nearby swish of a skirt and the misery left his eyes. He looked up eagerly, but the blood receded strangely from his limbs and left them cold to the very toes. Then as suddenly it surged back, tingling through his veins till it stained his neck, his face, burned his eyes, crimsoned him to the brushed back line of his well-kept hair.

Before him stood Barbara. In her eyes flashed a gamut of emotions. Surprise quickly froze to anger, melted to wonder, then rippled on the air in an avalanche of mirth.

"Of all things!" she exclaimed. "Where did you get it? Whose is it?"

"It belongs to a woman," Jimmy gulped forlornly and rose to his feet.

"Really? So I should infer!" and Barbara's mirth again broke restraint. Then a queer look flashed across her face and erased the mirth at a stroke.

"What woman?" she asked in a tense voice. "A joy-riding woman?"

Jimmy's eyes pled with her in despair — "You don't believe — "

But there was a sudden louder turmoil. The long-looked-for sheriff had arrived. In fact there was a squad of them. Deputy sheriffs, traffic policemen, constables. Barbara hearing them, glanced up, saw her father beckoning, and left hurriedly.

THERE was more loud-voiced talking but the arm of the law is strong and determined. Slowly the cavalcade began to move. Jimmy, clasping the baby close, rushed to get his own car out of the jam. The baby awoke and gasped forth a loud shrill cry. Immediately behind him came the sound of running feet and a woman's voice crying "Stop him! Stop him! He's stealing my baby."

Jimmy stopped dead in his tracks and turned to the frantic woman behind him. "For the love of Mike — thank God!" he murmured in a strange mixture of slang and devotion and held the crying infant out to its mother.

Before anyone could stop him he darted through the crowd, his fingers itching for the throttle of his beloved car. But again he paused. High above the bedlam he heard a voice, a voice he could never mistake. The voice of Sammy Curtis — in trouble.

"There's the man!" Sammy cried. "There's the thief getting into my car now." He was waving a frantic arm at Mr. Jennings who had decided to drive the battered car on into town. But there were too many policemen on the job.

Hearing a new uproar they immediately turned their attention to Sam Curtis. Mr. Jennings was all dignity. He held up a warning hand. "Look at the license on this car — you'll see that it's mine. I've telegrams and letters here to prove it." The sheriff paused in the face of Mr. Jennings' dignity. He walked carefully to the front of the car.

"What d'ye mean — license? This car ain't got no license," he roared. He made a quick move to the rear. "Say what d'ye mean — license? he repeated. "What's your game, anyway?" but the dazed Jennings was speechless. Barbara opened her mouth to speak but her father warned her to silence.

"What's your name, young man?" The sheriff turned to Sam and Sam gave it glibly.

"You're right, it's your stole car," said the astute Sherlock Holmes as he carefully read the registration certificate on the front of the car. He turned and grabbed Jennings' arm. "You're under arrest, do you hear? Ain't anybody can come this high and mighty business with me today. I been on this Highway since seven A. M., and there ain't any smart alecs got by me yet." But an angry feminine voice interrupted.

"Now Sam Curtis, you've got your car! Where's your license?" It was Barbara, standing before him with flashing eyes.

Sam gulped and clutched at the fender with an unsteady hand. "It was on this machine all right half an hour ago, when I first found it. I was waiting on the back seat of the auto stage here — been staging all day, hunting for the car. Then I looked down and — By Jingo! There it is right behind us."

"Yes, your car, and my license," spoke up Jennings. "Officer arrest this man for stealing my license. He not only stole it originally, he's deliberately taken it off his own car now to save his face."

ALL this was too much for Jimmy's accommodating nature. At the throttle of his own machine now, foot on the clutch, waiting to throw in the gear, he listened discouraged. The auto-stage behind him honked imperiously for him to move forward but Jimmy with a great disconsolate sigh drew his car off the Highway. With a sad, resigned look in his blue eyes he got out and walked back to the vociferous group. Ruefully he drew the twin pieces of enameled metal from his pocket. "How in time was I to know that Sam's cars were the only cars in San Francisco that anybody wanted to steal. I just thought I'd help him out and save him a little money. You told me yourself, Mr. Jennings, that you didn't need your car for two months."

For a moment everyone was silent. Then Barbara stepped forward. "You mean you loaned father's license to Sam Curtis. Then you weren't in the car at all — "

"That's what I've been trying to tell you all day, but you don't stand still long enough. You — "

Barbara's eyes crinkled up at the corners deliciously. She threw back her head and her laugh became infectious. It released the tension of wrought-up nerves. The sheriff's jaw dropped perplexed, then he rallied.

"What I want to know," he bawled, "is which one of you guys I'm supposed to arrest?"

"You've arrested me once already today," crisped Jimmy briefly, "let that suffice. If you want to arrest me again wait till tomorrow. When I give in my testimony then, we'll probably all be pinched anyway. What I'd suggest right now is that you go out and find the man who took that car joy-riding from the Orpheum last night. He's got a whole day the start of you."

But just here another officer came forward pulling a man by the arm. "Just step up and identify this

car!" he bawled. "Is this the car you stole last night?" Jimmy whistled on an indrawn breath and unconsciously side-stepped, for it was the man of the coffee-pot and the baby. Behind him came his wife, eyes wide with trouble, carrying the now pacified infant. The young father looked crestfallen, doomed. "My wife and baby were in Modesto; the baby was sick, I had to get them up to the city some way. I thought I'd get the car back before morning but I ran off the road, busted a wheel. I nearly killed the whole family."

Jimmy's breath rose in a sympathetic gasp. "Oh! I say, can't we do something to help?" But the officer waved him back. "This is none of your pie, young man," he exclaimed. "You quit buttin' in. This here's between this prisoner and Mr. Curtis here 'n the law."

But Jimmy buttonholed Sammy. "Go easy on him there, Sam. The poor chap's in the deuce of a hole — you know how it is yourself. You better start right now for the Ferry building and get your license as quick as your machine will travel," he warned him, "and remember this: Don't you ever, as long as you live, let me do another favor for you. If you see it coming on, just lock me up, choke me — anything. Just don't let me do it, that's all."

"I'll say I won't," answered the disgruntled Sammy with a twisted grin. "But what're you trying to do to this chap now? If he takes my advice he'll go to jail — he'll be safer."

Mr. Jennings buttoned his prodigal license safely in an inner pocket. He beckoned Barbara to the runabout. "Come," he said, "we'll go home and tell your mother." But she turned and looked wistfully at the saddened Jimmy. Then she had a sudden inspiration. "Let Jimmy tell her," she said, "it's all his fault anyway. I'll go with him, so mother'll believe it all," she added.

Jimmy threw in the clutch and they started. The wind struck them full in the face and Barbara slid closer to the blue serge arm that guided their destiny on the Highway. She looked up at his sober face and laughed again, a rather teary little laugh. "Jimmy — dear," she whispered haltingly as the wind whipped the gold tendrils across her eyes, "you're so funny. You're really the softest-hearted person in the whole world."

"Soft-hearted — Bosh!" Jimmy answered disgustedly. "Soft-headed, you mean," but his voice was strangely husky as he spoke thus vehemently. He pressed a determined toe more firmly on the accelerator. At the sudden burst of speed Barbara perforce, and nothing loath, leaned nearer the stalwart figure beside her.

She rubbed tentative shy fingers on the sleeve of Jimmy's niftiest serge and immediately the car slowed to a saner pace. He wrested his glance from the Highway for a long moment and was lost deep in the melting brown eyes beside him.

Twilight Sleep in America

By Rosalind and Leslie Burton Blades

I

By Rosalind Blades

ALMOST eight years have passed since I first faced motherhood. Although both of my parents are physicians and I was assured the best attention that medical science could provide, I felt that ahead of me was untold suffering, perhaps death. Back of me was a long story of untold agony in prolonged travail that was the heritage of women of our family.

Never shall I forget that summer twilight when sitting on the little porch in Arizona, I read the note my mother had enclosed with a copy of *McClure's Magazine*.

"My darling child," it said, "read the article in this month's *McClure's* on twilight sleep. I am sending it to you.

"Your father thinks the story unreliable and is opposed to the use of scopolamine. The medical journals are against it and there are many dubious things about it.

"We have both tried H. M. C., hyocene, morphine and cactine tablets in child-birth. It has proven highly unsatisfactory. He is therefore unwilling to attempt scopolamine which is a drug having a somewhat similar effect, but I am not so sure.

"The article is evidently a report made by a person who has thoroughly investigated and I remember thirty-seven hours of unspeakable misery in my own life too well to overlook the slightest chance that may save you from such agony.

"I have cabled the Doctor Krönig named in the magazine, asking him for full instructions in the use of scopolamine and all additional information he can give me. I also asked for an ample supply of the drug in whatever he regards as a standard solution.

"Of course it would be rash to hope too much, yet men have accomplished the miraculous before this. Read the article carefully. I will let you know as soon as I hear from Germany what Doctor Krönig says."....

And so I read the story of the work already carried on for ten years by Doctors Krönig and Gauss, in the women's ward of the hospital at the great University in Freiburg, Germany. It told how they had so long used scopolamine, and how they were so sure of the deliverance for womankind that they were declaring to the world the miracle of painless motherhood — childbirth in twilight sleep.

Of course I found it difficult to wait through the six days that intervened before Mother's second letter came. With it was Doctor Krönig's cabled reply to her request for information.

"Have ordered three sample cases of scopolamine forwarded you from New York laboratory. No standard dosage. Full instructions as to use following by mail. Best wishes for success. Krönig, Freiburg, Germany."

Mother's accompanying letter told how the great German obstetrician had sent his answer to her, an unknown doctor in the west, prepaid. "Such is the courtesy of a great physician," she said. And added with a characteristic touch:

"If I judge the man aright his sample cases will not be far behind his cablegram."

Four days later came a wire.

"Samples arrived this morning with compliments of Dr. Krönig." And a few weeks later came a letter giving particulars.

"The full instructions and information are on my desk. I have studied them carefully.

"A number of my confinement cases, reading the magazine articles, are asking me to give them twilight sleep. I am going to do it. Your father, too, has reluctantly consented to try the drug. Daughter, I believe that you will never have to endure the fearful price that your life cost your mother, and I thank God for it."

That in a little town in Arizona I was to enjoy the blessed rescue for which women were already crossing the Atlantic to far Germany seemed unbelievable, a fairy tale somehow magically come true. However, there were still Father's doubts to reckon with, and also a hint of reserve throughout Mother's letters. Would their experiments lead them to distrust twilight sleep yet more definitely? Would they, after all, advise their daughter to endure without relief? I cannot adequately portray the suspense, the hopes, the fears, the periods of doubt and prayer that followed. Then came Mother's account of the first patient to whom she administered scopolamine.

Leonore Parsons, seven and one-half

The woman was a fragile little person brought down by a frantic husband from a mining camp high in the mountains. Her pale face was already lined, and the knowledge of the coming ordeal was like a tragic light in her wide eyes. She waited with sharp nervous little gestures while the big husband half sobbed out the mountain doctor's ultimatum in speech touched with a foreigner's accent.

"He say my wife, she die when the baby come." It seemed strongly probable that the mountain doctor was right. High altitudes, the hard life of the camp, with bad foods and a poor natural endowment of nerves made it almost impossible for the wan little creature to survive the torture and the shock that nature had inexorably thrust upon her.

After a consultation, Mother and Father told her about twilight sleep. She listened with thin hands clasped in her lap, and not a word to indicate that she had understood.

The husband said, "We use it."

Just seven days from the first hour that her baby nestled by her side, the little mother left the hospital. Walking beside her husband, upon whose muscular arm slept six pounds of rosy healthy baby, she turned a radiant exalted face toward the mountains. There was a look in her eyes such as must have shone in the black depths of Sarah's, when she knelt to thank Jehovah for her son and Abraham's heir.

Meanwhile spring drew into summer, the brilliant sun-filled summer of the great Mojave desert. With my husband, I went to the home of my parents. My time was very close, and with each passing day, the promise ever strengthened by the experience of my parents, twilight sleep seemed more blessed, more miraculous.

In all they had delivered twenty-two babies with the aid of scopolamine. Of the twenty-two, that first case and one other most served to win my father to the support of twilight sleep.

The mother in this second instance was a daughter of the desert, sun-browned and vital. She never came to the hospital at all. Her baby was born in the adobe house on the ranch.

I can still see Father's face as he came home one evening to tell us about Jane. It was the afternoon of the third day since her child was born.

"I found her dressed and in the yard, watering that patch of a lawn," he told us. "I was so mad for a minute that I just stood and sputtered. Her baby is only three days old, you understand, and there she was!

"She stood with her hands on her hips grinning at me for a while, then she observed —

" 'Now look here, doc, it's no use your swearin', you can't expect to keep a woman sick if you go usin' that twilight sleep stuff, can you?' "

Of the twenty-two cases, not one mother suffered any ill effects from the use of scopolamine. In no two cases was the same solution used, for as Doctor Krönig had advised, it was impossible to standardize the dosage. Each mother was treated as seemed best after the memory tests were given and the doctor's observations made. The gratifying results had made my parents jubilant and brought me a promise that brightened my days.

Not one of the twenty-two babies showed any evil effect justifying popular fears. Within a few hours every one of them was as healthy a wee bundle of warm animation as any mother could desire.

It was early August and in Arizona the heat of the desert sun refracted from the baked earth in shimmering visible waves. Through the window I could see the glare of yellow burning light. Outside my room the thermometer registered one hundred and sixteen degrees in the shade. Even under an electric fan the dry hot air seemed to cling parchingly to the surface of one's skin.

The day suggested a great sand serpent, visible to mortal eyes only as a vast brown heat, scales mottled with strangely enameled patterns of bright lights and glazed plaid shades.

I was given the preliminary hypodermic of morphine. The room faded from around me as though withdrawing behind translucent veils. Only a sense of divine security remained, a sweet calm in which very vaguely I recalled something about "peace that passeth understanding ——."

It was the day that England declared war upon Germany. At the time, Villa and Carranza were waging a rather desperate combat in northern Mexico and, to the people in Arizona, the latter was a more dominating matter than events in Europe.

The last news I had heard was of a battle waging south of us in the mountains of Sonora. To my surprise I was quite sure that above me on the ceiling were miniature armies of Mexican troops and bandits. I saw them, like tin soldiers in sombreros, engaging in a desperate encounter. There was much hand to hand fighting in which sword play was gloriously detailed like the stories of the duels in Dumas' novels.

I heard Mother asking me something about injections and I answered her, feeling that if I had to talk, it would be too bad, because I would no longer see the armies.

They only changed, however, from active miniature to an odd frieze of carved figures which now and again magically acquired vitality, and engaged in skirmishes. From time to time Mother or Father spoke to me and each time I told what seemed to me an accurate answer to their questions. Then, gradually, the figures above faded and I was no longer aware of anything.

Ten hours later I opened my eyes with a luxurious sense of having been asleep. The languor of slumber filled my body. Gazing around in that first moment of reviving consciousness, in a hazy effort to resume my life where I had last exchanged it for a deep rest, I found my husband standing by the bed. There was a look on his face that stirred me vitally as though I suddenly discovered some new glory. He bent over me and told me that our son was now four hours old.

In the blue crib beside my bed lay a small pink person sleeping lustily. And they told me he was mine.

Harold Behr, born October 21, 1915

II

By Leslie Burton Blades

That blazing August afternoon in Arizona always seems to me to have been full to overflowing with something more radiant than desert sunlight. Thanks to the wonder-drug, scopolamine, our child's birth is remembered without echoes of tragic suffering.

My wife was safe in twilight sleep, and, assured by her parents, who watched over her unceasingly, that she was not aware of any pain, I followed their suggestion and went for a walk.

Never shall I forget that stroll. I started in a mood of exaltation! And within a block I came face to face with unbelievable human opinions, prejudices and dislikes, as though in having allowed her parents to save my wife unutterable suffering, I had committed some not wholly decent act. It seemed a grotesque parody of public censure.

Opposite the hospital was a row of new brick houses where a number of the doctors of the town, gathering into a single neighborhood, had their offices and homes. Separated from the street by a narrow strip of lawn each house looked like a colored diagram, drawn with elaborate care to symbolize some argument in solid geometry. A short white walk led through the grass to each low porch with its two stone steps and screen of native vines. They were a startling row, solid and unyielding and respectable. Any American passing them would have known instantly that they sheltered members of the town's best financial middle class. Before several of them a hose played its spray upon the grass, and along the curb was a regularly planted row of palms.

I crossed the street and started down the block. Occupied with concern for my wife, I forgot that in one of them lived an old friend, a doctor to whom I was wont to speak my mind and who was given to frank answers.

A quarter of the distance from the corner, his call arrested me. I turned in at his walk to shake his outstretched hand. His gray eyes were scrutinizing me with a strangely questioning expression. I noticed the professional reserve seeming to cling about him as though fastened by the faint odor of iodine and cigar smoke that was always in his clothes. He was a friendly, chatty sort, but even his invitation to sit down suggested that I was a patient about to be examined.

"Going to look into my conduct or my constitution?" I inquired.

"I wanted to hear about your wife." He took a chair and shoved his cigar case at me.

"Oh," I said, "you know of course ——"

"She's taking twilight sleep, isn't she?"

"Why, yes. And do you know, Joe, it's marvelous."

He blew a ring or two into the brilliant motionless air. "Medical journals don't praise it," he remarked. "I'm a bit surprised at her parents, giving it to their own child."

"Why not?" I was startled into asking.

"Experimenting doesn't generally lead a person quite so far."

"Experimenting?" I leaned forward, my anxiety making me over-anxious, too quick to speak and less reflective than was my usual habit.

"Yes," he went on, "they know as well as I do that the dose isn't standard, and can't be. They know it often hurts the child. It's too bad they're going in for that sort of thing. Bad taste in the first place to advertise like the Germans do. If a drug is good most doctors are pretty sure to know it, and to use it when necessary."

"Well," I shied, "of course I'm not up on the matter. I do know that two injections stopped her consciousness of pain without apparently interfering with labor. In the twenty-two cases her parents have tried, there is not one failure. That argues something for scopolamine, Joe."

But I was mistaken. It argued nothing at all so far as he was concerned. He was opposed to twilight sleep and the experience of my wife's parents did not in the least affect his opinion. He knew about the work of Doctors Krönig and Gauss, but that meant nothing either, excepting, perhaps, that those eminent men were highly reprehensible for having violated the fundamental canon of medical ethics by allowing their discovery to be advertised.

Frederick Pfeil, born August 14, 1915

"It is bound to hurt the doctors," — he finished a discussion that lasted half an hour, — "because a thing like that is never going to be a success. Besides, it is a lot of useless trouble. Women are naturally intended to bear children and they are constituted to bear the pain. It can't be so bad as people make out, anyhow!

"Twilight sleep is a fad in medicine just like the other styles women take to. It will pass and when it does the doctors who have let it upset their balance will be sorry they were rash."

In general his point of view has been repeated to me many times and in a variety of places. From the Pacific to the Atlantic I have discussed twilight sleep and I have heard the same arguments against it everywhere.

I rose to go and my friend followed me to the sidewalk. There was an air of affectionate sorrow in his parting comment, the weight of his hand on my arm.

"I hope you don't regret it, old man. You won't, though. Your wife is a strapping young woman, nothing could hurt her much."

But I was not yet fully aware of the opposition we must face in that little Western town.

Three red, definitely new houses farther on I became aware that I was stared upon by the wife and married daughter of another doctor. They were sitting comfortably on the vine-covered porch, their white clothes visible between the leaves.

"His wife is taking twilight sleep." The mother spoke in an undertone.

"I know," the visiting daughter answered. "I should have thought her parents would know better."

"So Father says."

And I passed out of hearing, impressed with a certain feeling of hostility that somehow became tangible as I walked along before those brick fronts with their vine-covered porches. It was a hostility directed chiefly against my wife's parents, but extended to me and to my wife, because we shared in some performance that was not wholly respectable.

The idea was appalling. It was not considered good form to save a woman the unspeakable agony of childbirth. Could anything be less humane, more heartless?

Twilight sleep was beginning to occupy the place in medical drama that had belonged to chloroform a century before. It was new, therefore it was bad!

Moreover, the doctors of Freiburg had further injured its good name by telling the world about it. If they had only remained silent, allowing the use of scopolamine to spread secretly from physician to physician, twilight sleep would not have become outcast. Of course, countless women would have paid the price in suffering, not a few in death, but that seemed unimportant compared to the glaring fact that two German doctors had allowed themselves to be advertised.

Of course, in a large city the disapproval of a certain group would have been less acutely felt, but in the little Arizona town one was distinctly aware of it. I spoke of it to my wife's father.

"Yes," he said with a grave look in his deep eyes, "I have been increasingly conscious of my tattered respectability lately."

"But they can't deny the facts you have at hand."

"They can ignore them," he replied.

Four days later, in spite of the doctors' protests, my wife was up and moving about the house without the slightest inconvenience. The baby was as healthy a young shouter as any proud young pair could wish. We took him one evening down that same block.

Mrs. Blade's twilight sleep sons, Roland and Vernon

I confess to almost an arrogant swagger as I passed those red brick houses. It was as though I taunted that solid disapproving face they thrust against the street.

The same doctor's wife who had spoken to her married daughter ran out with all the customary admiration to see the twilight sleep boy. I fancied she was just a trifle bewildered because she could not read the fact somehow, perhaps stamped like the brand of Cain across his forehead.

"Well," she said, "he is some boy, and he certainly does look healthy!"

Soon afterward we returned to our home. In September my wife went back to college where she was that year a sophomore, and during that term she filled her position as captain of the girl's basketball team.

Of course we were profoundly interested in the future of twilight sleep. We read everything we could find that told of its reception and not infrequently we had occasion to discuss it with someone who had heard that Roland was a twilight sleep boy.

Among my friends was an older man whose wife, then past thirty years of age, was soon to become a mother. I told him about scopolamine when he passed through the town. He was a traveling salesman.

"By Jove!" he said, grasping my hand, "I wonder why every husband in America doesn't demand it of the doctors. I thought it was something only the very wealthy, who could afford to go to Germany, could enjoy."

This friend's home was in Boston. At that time there were several hospitals using scopolamine both in New York and Boston. On his return he went to one of these and made arrangements for his wife to take twilight sleep.

"It is," they told him, "as yet only in the experimental stage. If she cares to take it, we will give it to her." And yet at the time there were children ten years of age in Freiburg who had entered life with the assistance of scopolamine.

Later I heard his story of the "experiment." It saved the life of his wife, and Fred, now seven years old, is as healthy a lad as any father can desire.

Meanwhile came the World War, and twilight sleep was lost in the oblivion that swallowed so many things seven years ago. But we did not forget it.

Our second son (he is now nearing his fifth birthday) was to arrive in August. Again my wife was given the miraculous drug, this time in Los Angeles.

As it is not necessary to wait the passage of the preliminary period before the first injection, she was spared even the first severe pain.

This time there were no dream illusions. After eight hours of sleep, she awoke to find her second son shouting his bewilderment at a new world.

As before, she went back to college in September, now to take her master's degree, and as before she took full part in all college activities. She was a member of the drama guild and of the debating team.

Roland, two weeks old, and his mother; they had already taken a transcontinental trip

She nursed Vernon herself, as she had nursed Roland, and, if possible, he was even a healthier baby than his brother. Weighing eight and one-half pounds at birth, he promptly started in to grow, and today they are as strapping a pair of real, live lads as one could see anywhere.

Roland is nearing his eighth birthday, and when we buy him clothes, which is distressingly often, we buy those marked for an eleven or a twelve-year-old boy. Vernon, at five, wears eight and nine-year-old suits. Neither child has ever known a single ailment, not even the lighter diseases common among children.

To-day my good friend's exclamation seems to me the salient point of all men's views on scopolamine.

"Once a man knows about twilight sleep, surely he will demand it of a doctor," so he opined.

Surely most men will willingly pay, as a matter of course, for the increased attention required of the doctor.

An important fact, and one not sufficiently disseminated, is that twilight sleep is available not only to the women who can afford to cross the ocean, but to any mother throughout the land.

Albert and Leonard Schwarz

Roland playing in the snow

"With a little study," a prominent Chicago doctor declares, "any reasonable physician can use scopolamine."

Like practically all other benefits accruing to civilization, twilight sleep for mothers must be demanded. If the husbands will insist upon it, and the wives ask for it, the doctors will not be long in adopting its use.

Recently a young married man in New York faced the birth of his first-born. "Why," he said, his intelligent eyes lighting up, "I have thought and thought. Of course I can take the girl to Freiburg." And there was a look of relief upon his clean-cut face.

But he found the long journey was unnecessary, for his wife was given twilight sleep no farther away than White Plains.

The physicians who attended my wife were not especially equipped, nor were their names known throughout the world. They were just everyday, capable physicians, such as are to be found everywhere.

I believe that in every good-sized town there will be progressive physicians who will give scopolamine if it is desired, and who will administer it efficiently.

Possibly our experience is unusual today, but it is not necessarily unusual. Twilight sleep needs only the interest and the support of the people to make it universal.

"I hope you will not be catching cold in your thin frock," Dougall hoped it was the wind that made Kirsty's dress seem thin

The Word of

Illustrated by

FOR her own part, Kirsty MacCrae took piano lessons because she had it on the authority of Donald MacDonald, who was studying in Edinburgh to be a minister, that in the big cities it was quite proper to play even hymns on a piano on Sunday. Only the psalms were sacred in Strathdarr, and a goodly number of Strathdarr folk still looked upon the piano as an ungodly instrument at any time.

However, the fact that Kirsty was taking piano lessons was not the only count against her. Kirsty was reputed to be bad. There was nothing definite or tangible about the quality of her badness as yet, but it was a fairly well settled conviction in Strathdarr that when Kirsty, who was not yet nineteen, was old enough to be bad in real earnest she was going to turn her small feet into the road to ruin and travel along it without any hesitation.

Strathdarr was hard, meagre and scattered; a place of thatched roofs twenty odd miles beyond the railway's end. It asked and received little mercy. It gave its life to the soil and the sea and feared God with the same implacable determination. The winds that blew across the heather-empurpled moors from up Strath Naver, and the frothy sea that spent its wrath upon the embattled cliffs and rolled grumblingly in upon the wide stretch of the Strathdarr sands, were like the whip-lash of a master whose arm never tired. Strathdarr bent its back and worked. Its only recreations were weddings and funerals, neat whisky and the Sabbath day.

KIRSTY MacCRAE was of Strathdarr, yet not of it. Small, dark, elf-like, with a bubbling joy of living in her big brown eyes, she seemed bent upon one thing and one thing only; to escape from the hard-bitten traditions of her fathers and earn the privilege of having music with her meals.

Not that she thought of it in just that way, because even Donald MacDonald had not progressed that far and, in all probability, never would. But she would have leaped joyously at the promise of such a thing for, in Strathdarr, one frequently ate a cold dinner after a long grace, and Kirsty was not of the stern mold that humbly thanks its Maker for lukewarm broth.

There was no direction to her ambition until Strathdarr insisted that there ought to be. Kirsty was certain that she was not bad and had no intention of being anything of the sort; and to prove it she was going to marry a minister.

Strathdarr did not know this. Neither did the minister, who was not a minister yet. Kirsty, however, had fully made up her mind about it, and when Donald MacDonald was ordained and had a church of his own, she would marry him and make Strathdarr, literally as well as figuratively, take off its hat to her and be very respectful in doing it, too. The piano lessons were only a step in that direction.

Frankly, Strathdarr would have shuddered had it known what Kirsty had determined upon. She was obviously not of the type of which Scotch ministers' wives are made. Even Dougal Dall would have admitted that, and Dougal. . . .

Dougal Dall

William Fisher

When a Strathdarr man falls in love the thing is more than serious, but when a Pointer — meaning a fisherman from Strathdarr Point — succumbs in like fashion, it is catastrophic; almost impossible.

Dougal Dall had been in love for a long time, worshipping Kirsty from a great distance, mindful always of his fisherman's jersey and his sea-going boots, because a Pointer and the daughter of a crofter of Strathdarr were like oil and water. They simply did not mix.

It had begun for him in the kirkyard on a Sunday when he had stopped to speak to Kirsty's oldest brother Jimmy about a sick collie. Since then he had heard many foolish women's tales of Kirsty MacCrae that had made his ears burn and on several occasions, because he was a careful man, he had been sorely afraid, hopeless as his inclinations were, that they were not to be trusted.

He had heard that Kirsty had flirted with Toddy MacDodd, the precentor, in the vestry of the kirk while a ginger-bread and sweetie *soirée* was in full force

By
Robert Simpson

Author of
"The Gray Charteris"
"Swamp Breath"
"The Bite of Benin"

in the kirk hall, but he did not believe that. Neither did he believe that she had danced a reel in the coach company's stables with the free-thinking driver of the coach that ran daily between Thurso and Strathdarr. He was doubtful, too, about the story that she had been heard singing "The Auld Hoose" on Sunday and had changed the tune to "A Hundred Pipers" when Lachlan MacAllister, an elder in the kirk, had thunderingly told her to stop.

But it *was* true that she had danced across the Strathdarr bridge with Danny MacIntosh on the way home from Janet MacLeod's wedding so late on a Saturday night that all decent minded people were either in their beds or were thinking reverently of the nearness of the Sabbath.

Dougal was there and had seen her do it, and sometimes when he stood at the outermost end of the Point and looked across the grey old Pentland toward the Orkneys, he could hear, above the screaming of the seagulls, the sound of Kirsty's gurgling laughter when Danny had tried to kiss her.

Being a good churchman, Dougal knew that he should have condemned that sound as wanton — the laughter of a thoughtless woman who knew no reverence and who was headed on light, irresponsible feet for the darkness of the Pit. But he could not condemn; neither could he forget. To his shame be it said that he wanted to hear her laugh like that again.

THERE was nothing that was at all unusual or heroic about the appearance of Dougal Dall. Gray of eye, firm or dour of mouth and rather swarthy of complexion, he was, all in all, just an average Pointer, strong, agile and thoroughly capable when engaged in the work that was inherently his. No one suspected him of having a thought beyond the business of catching fish and of being paid for doing so.

The number of his years was at least thirty, but the day of his birth was as obscure as the memory of his parents, both of whom had departed this life before he had had a chance to know what they looked like. An

aunt had thereupon added him to her own increasing brood and he had grown up among a batch of cousins, some of whom had resented the intrusion, while the others had accepted him, as it were, without committing themselves.

Probably that was why he had arrived at man's estate in a quieter, even more reticent frame of mind than the majority of his contemporaries. In any case, because of his habitual lack of conversation, he was as often called "Dougal Dumb" as Dougal Dall, and unkind people said he was as careful of his pennies as he was of his periods. Dougal was known to have money in the bank.

He was known also, from the Point to the head of Strath Naver and from Scrabster to Aberdeen as a man of his word — a man who never broke a promise — a man who lived quietly but sufficiently, who drank enough to be companionable yet never too much to forget what he owed to his own respect for Dougal Dall.

His respect for himself, however, upon a certain afternoon, after a chance meeting with Kirsty at the crossroads, was at a very low ebb and his sensations were those of a mountain disturbed.

TO begin with, Kirsty had stopped to speak to him and, staggered by this unusual concession on her part, he had floundered helplessly in search of the right things to say to her. She was prettier than any comparison his experience could make and she was so small! And the manner in which her all too simple print frock had clung with tender — rather too tender — solicitude to her firmly rounded young body had completed a picture that had been too full of contradictions to leave any room in Dougal's mind for speech or analysis.

When she asked him if the fishing season just ended had been as successful as everybody said it was, he had stammered an affirmative, uncomfortably conscious of the fact that her voice had a lilting note in it that stirred his pulses beyond the point of common decency. Somehow, too, he got an impression that she was worried about something and that she had not stopped to speak to him just to pass the time of day. But she had said nothing of any importance, and it had been he who had furnished the climax to the meeting. As she was leaving him, he had said in a desperate effort to be pleasant:

"Maybe — I think — I hope you will not be catching cold in your thin frock."

When he had said it, the remark seemed normal — kindly, in fact. But the look she had given him had suddenly made it heinous. Down among the rocks beyond the slate-roofed schoolhouse, whither he had carried his degradation, that look followed him. It made him feel immoral, apologetic, debased, and he sat upon the flat top of a rock for quite a while trying to understand wherein he had erred.

The frock *had* been thin, too thin for that time of the year, and the thinness of it had not been very decent in — in places. Dougal did not like to think Kirsty knew it was that thin, because, if she did, it helped only to prove what was expected of her. Then again, maybe the frock was not that thin. Maybe he had just thought it was when the wind sort of made it hang awful close to her. Dougal hoped that was it, even if she never spoke to him again for insulting her, if only by implication.

However, when he finally rose from the rock, his former intention to proceed directly to the Point had evaporated and, taking his courage in hand he went slowly up the cliff path toward the thatched-roofed Inn — which is capitalized because, in Strathdarr, it was a proper name — where he would secure a dram that would alleviate the shock to his nervous system.

KIRSTY also had business at the Inn. Secret business apparently. Though the Inn was owned by her sister Ina, known to all Strathdarr as the "widow twice over" in spite of her scant twenty-eight years, Kirsty's demeanor was open to some suspicion if only because of the nervous anxiety she was laboring under to interview the young mistress of the Inn quite alone.

There were a number of fishermen in the Inn's post-office-barroom intent upon putting the right kind of a period on so profitable a fishing season, and a sprinkling of Strathdarr worthies hung hopefully on the outer fringe of Pointer conviviality in flagrant anticipation of a fight. As a rule, such a stage setting was good for at least one moderately satisfying rumpus.

The "widow twice over" did not like it, but as she had induced her brother, Jimmie MacCrae, to officiate behind the "drink counter" every afternoon and evening, she remained in the background wondering in her timid way if she should not sell the place which her late — or latest — husband, Black Roderick MacKay, had so suddenly and tragically left to her.

It was therefore in no certain frame of mind that Kirsty found her in the low-ceilinged parlor of the Inn where she was making a pretence of dusting a replica of Edinburgh Castle which was protected from juvenile vandalism within a dome-like glass case.

"Ye're there, Kirsty," Ina greeted the younger girl as she entered. "I was thinkin' you would be bein' at Mary's the day?"

Ina referred to Mary Donaldson, the schoolmaster's eldest daughter who taught music and elocution and deportment to any of the Strathdarr young ladies who thought they needed and could afford them.

"I'm goin' to Mary's now," Kirsty admitted, and having received more schooling than Ina, was not guilty of so much dialect as her sister. She fumbled with the clasp of the family Bible which lay conveniently at hand on the table. "But I was wantin' to ask you something."

"Me?" Ina put Edinburgh Castle back on the little mantel-piece and studied Kirsty more closely. "What are you bein' frightened for?"

"Fright —" Kirsty looked more frightened than ever, glanced out of the eight-paned window into the cobbled yard, then back at her sister again. "I am not frightened at all."

"Now you will be tellin' lies," Ina told her dryly. "You are lookin' like there was something behint you — something bad maybe?"

"It is not bad!" Kirsty protested resentfully. "Everybody is always thinkin' I will be doing bad when I am not doing anything whatever." Her eyes burned angrily. "And I am not going to be what you are all thinkin'. I am going to be — to be — och! If I was wantin' to be bad, I would not be botherin' to be bad in Strathdarr because there is not anything or anybody here that is worth bein' bad for!"

Kirsty's contempt was equalled only by her older sister's horror which was speechless.

"And I cannot be answerin' questions," she added, getting a new grip upon her courage. "If you will not promise not to ask them, I will not tell you what it is I'm wantin'."

Ina put the duster down as if she could not meet the situation unless her hands were free. Somehow she knew that the thing, whatever it was, was serious and

even the sound of breaking glass from the vicinity of the drink counter did not induce her to take her attention away from Kirsty's face.

"How can I be promisin' —"

"You will have to promise," Kirsty insisted.

Ina thought that over. There was desperation in Kirsty's expression, a desperation she tried ineffectively to conceal.

"Then if it will not be something bad, it will be — money?" Ina hazarded at last. Since she had inherited the Inn upon the most untimely death of her second husband, nearly every relative that came to her for anything came ultimately for that.

"M — money!" Even the barroom seemed to wait till Kirsty breathed again. "How are you knowin' that?"

"Money, to be sure, then," Ina declared, rather pleased with her own shrewdness. "You are bein' frightened about it, too, and I cannot be tellin' anybody whatever." Ina shook her head slowly. "You would be askin' Joan, too?"

Joan was their oldest sister, comfortably married to the gamekeeper at Malnich.

"Joan told you!"

"No."

Ina picked up the duster again, and the most emphatic negative ever uttered could have been emphasized by nothing more conclusive than that.

Not many minutes later Kirsty was making her way toward the schoolhouse and her piano lesson. There was no lightness in her step, no hope in her expression. Angry tears blinded her for a little while, but she brushed them away and savagely scrubbed her cheeks so that Mary Donaldson would have no reason to ask questions.

Then, at the top of the brae leading down to the schoolhouse, she met Dougal Dall who stood in his tracks, hopelessly unprepared for the encounter.

That he took off his cap and stood fumbling with it in his hand, told Kirsty as nothing else could have done what depth of impression she had made upon him. While a Pointer or Strathdarr man might doff his cap when he met the minister or the schoolmaster or their wives, it was not considered necessary as far as anyone else was concerned.

"What are you standin' there for like a toop?" she demanded.

Dougal ignored the insult. He could see, in spite of Kirsty's efforts to prevent it, that she had shed tears quite recently, and, of course, she had been crying because he had insulted her by suggesting that her frock was too thin.

"I will be goin' up to the Inn," he advised jerkily, as if he were apologizing for the fact. "And I was not meaning to be meeting you." A leaden pause. "Your frock — it is not thin whatever."

DOUGAL knew that he lied. The frock was even thinner upon acquaintance than he had supposed. But he smiled conciliatingly, a sickly, unhappy effort that grew more and more so as Kirsty looked him over from head to foot and back again.

"Do not be standing there gawping like a troot. I'm not wantin' your company, thank ye."

The fires in her eyes, the red of her lips and the scampering riot of her wind-blown hair — and Kirsty did not wear a hat on week days — made Dougal tremble, but it was worth it just to look at her. His expression was so ridiculous in its desire to please and appease that Kirsty laughed in spite of herself.

"Och, why should I be wastin' breath on a gomeril like you?" she asked in impatient and final dismissal. "We have a bubblyjock at home that has more sense."

With which she left Dougal flatfooted and proceeded on her way to the schoolhouse. He made no effort to detain her; just turning his quivering body about to watch her draw farther and farther away from him until she had disappeared below the brow of the hill.

The desire for a dram had left him and the company of other men would have been distasteful just then. He had been called a toop and a gomeril and likened to a troot and a bubblyjock all within the space of a very few minutes. In fact, the kindest thing Kirsty had done had been to laugh at him. He had wanted to hear her laugh but not like that, and all the whisky at the Inn could not make him forget that she thought him a fool.

Kirsty had forgotten him before she reached the schoolhouse gate. When she remembered him again, the piano lesson was over and she was on her thoughtful way home.

IN the middle of the coach road that wound into the west like a light brown snake, she suddenly drew a sharp breath, and as if, like Lot's wife, she had been turned into a pillar of salt, she stood motionless, staring straight ahead. Then she giggled hysterically, admitted that she must be going daft to think about it.

"Hullo, Kirsty. I was hearin' in the kirkyard on Sunday that Lachie Davidson is sayin' your kisses are not as good as they look."

Kirsty turned her head sharply and behind the hedge at the side of the road, she became aware of the presence of Sandy Cranston, who was the big, somewhat brutish son of a crofter and inordinately proud of his own humor. The Lachie Davidson to whom he referred was the community's half-wit.

For a moment Kirsty's eyes gleamed. Then she laughed in the face of Sandy's taunting leer which, to her, represented Strathdarr's fixed and growing opinion of her.

"Well, Sandy, *you'll* never be able to prove whether Lachie is tellin' the truth or not, and I'd rather be kissed by a daft man then by a neep-head like you. You're not even worth the bother of tellin' my brother Jimmie about ye."

Sandy guffawed loudly because words were beyond him, but Kirsty, externally indifferent to his vapid laughter, proceeded imperiously on her way with a cauldron of righteous wrath bubbling furiously within her.

Her mother, who was a widow, and who was secretly weary of the sight of girls by virtue of having borne nine of them, saw no sign of Kirsty's antagonism toward Sandy Cranston and Strathdarr in general; neither did any of her numerous, chattering younger sisters.

But when she had succeeded in escaping from the flag-stoned kitchen, and had reached her own room in the two storied, whitewashed house of the MacCrae, she thought of Dougal Dall again and thought of him in real and almost savage earnest this time.

Under the circumstances, there was no getting away from an inspiration like that. The longer it stayed the bigger and more inevitable it became. From Kirsty's point of view — which was something like that of a hunted animal driven into a corner — it seemed like the intervention of Providence.

When Dougal, by a careful roundabout route, reached the clump of whins on the left bank of Strathdarr River just above the little stone bridge, it was quite dark and he did not really believe that Kirsty

would be there. But she was, and came out of the black shadow of the whins soundlessly to stand perilously near to him as she whispered.

"Dougal!"

"Yess — yess," Dougal answered nervously, the sibilants quite pronounced in his excitement. He was not accustomed to meeting fearless young Strathdarr ladies secretly after dark and would not have come at all if the invitation had not been Kirsty's.

"It's all right," she assured him softly, her fingers resting ever so lightly on his jerseyed sleeve. "Jimmie is at Ina's and mother is knowing that I was seeing Mrs. MacDonald. And if I should happen to meet you on the road back. . . ."

Kirsty left the rest to inference. Obviously the meeting was a most carefully protected one, and Dougal vaguely wondered if the grave doubts expressed on the subject of Kirsty's future were not only too well founded.

The girl's nearness, however, made reason numb and cohesive thought was out of the question. Ever since he had received her invitation to meet her at that place — a written invitation she had managed very adroitly to give to him in the kirkyard, of all places, the previous Sunday — he had been in a state of chaotic unbelief. The whole thing was impossible — a hoax.

And yet Kirsty was there, her fingers light as foam upon his arm, her eyes glowing up at him out of the dark, the soft, exhilarating warmth of her making his face burn as he plunged headlong into a deeper confusion.

One of his huge hands went out impulsively, without any conscious effort on his part, and touched her shoulder. He drew it away quickly, just as he would have done had his fingers come in contact with a live coal.

"I — you — yess — you are wantin' to say something, to be sure?"

"I was wantin' to see you," Kirsty whisperingly admitted. "When you told me about my frock I was angry because a girl does not like a man to be sayin' that she is not — not wearin' enough clothes."

AS if she were modestly seeking to hide her blushes, she slipped under Dougal's "guard," much as a fighter does, so that his strong right arm was about her slim waist before he had any knowledge of it. That he was actually holding her so near to him, that her small hands were fastened in the thick folds of his fisherman's jersey and that her lips were so invitingly near his own — these things came to Dougal through a fog.

"Och, Dougal!"

Just a whisper it was, as if she were surprised at his temerity yet shyly glad of it.

"Yess — yess — you were wantin' — "

"I was wantin' to say I was sorry," she murmured and snuggled a little closer. "And because I knew that it would be hurtin' you — "

Dougal's right arm, rather dumbfoundedly uncertain and delinquent, stirred in sluggish unbelief. His mind blinked, his body trembled, his soul was lifted up to dizzy heights where the air was so rarified that breathing became difficult.

"I was thinkin' and thinkin' and thinkin'," Kirsty whispered ever so softly as a heavy foot sounded on the bridge and drifted off into the blackness toward the Auld Kirk. "Maybe if it was not you —" she stopped there, and put it another way. "But you — will you be a fish catcher always?"

The question did not hurt Dougal in the least. It thrilled him as nothing else could have done. Not that Dougal disliked his profession or thought himself above it; simply that if Kirsty MacCrae were ever to mean anything to him, such a consummation could not come to pass in Strathdarr or the Point.

Kirsty would not be satisfied to live at the Point and Dougal himself would be most unhappy trying to be a crofter of Strathdarr. So that Kirsty's question was an inevitable preliminary to anything in the least definite between them; in short, a thing of tremendous significance.

"Will you be carin' whether —"

"I was sorry when I hurt you," Kirsty admitted so low that Dougal just heard it and no more than that. "And I had to tell you because — because — och! You will not like me for actin' as if I had no shame at all."

Dougal's right arm tightened and a Gaelic guttural escaped him.

"You will not be speakin' bad of yourself," he muttered hurriedly. "I will not be hearin' it, because there is no other girl —och, Kirsty, what am I sayin'?"

Awkwardly, yet with amazing efficiency, he drew Kirsty into a sudden gasping embrace that frightened her. But only for a second. Though Dougal was shaken to his foundations, though Kirsty could feel him tremble in his passion, his lips just brushed her hair very softly. Kirsty struggled a little.

"What will we do, Dougal, if they will find out that we are meeting like this often?"

Dougal's mouth was dry, but out of the blur of his emotions, out of the revolution that was tearing his ordered world asunder, he heard the sound of his own voice saying,

"I will take you away! I will be killin' any man that will be stoppin' me! If you are wantin' me with just your wee finger, there will be nothin' that can be keepin' me back. No man in Strathdarr or the Point or Thurso or Aberdeen or — or — och, Kirsty! I am going daft about you surely!"

And without further warning he kissed her on the lips.

Later, when Kirsty lay awake staring at the ceiling, wondering how many meetings with Dougal would be necessary, she was thinking of that kiss. In fact, she never forgot it.

AT their third meeting two weeks later, Dougal haltingly confessed that he did not like to be compelled to see Kirsty always in the dark.

Cuddling comfortably into the crook of his arm, Kirsty admitted that she also would like to bring the matter into the light of day, but she did not want any one to know about it before they were ready.

Being "ready" as Dougal very well knew, meant nothing short of elopement, which was a terrible thing. And, in any case, Dougal was bothered with too much conscience and caution both, to entice Kirsty away from Strathdarr before he was quite sure that she was more than anxious to go.

The sixth time Kirsty met him — this time in the dark of the common where the tinkers were wont to camp — the girl was more troubled about the future than he was. She was afraid to go away and equally afraid to stay very much longer. Dougal tried to comfort her in his own awkward way, but Kirsty would not be comforted.

It appeared, too, that she was worrying not only about her own affairs, but also about those of Mrs. MacDonald, whom she had been visiting again as a safe excuse for meeting Dougal afterward. Mrs. MacDonald was the mother of Donald MacDonald who was studying to be a minister, and apparently she was terribly pressed for money.

"Her brother Kenneth who is in Canada was to be sendin' her the fifty pounds that she is needin' for — for something," Kirsty explained. "But she had a letter sayin' he was hurt in a railway accident. I — I wish we could help her."

WITH Kirsty's lips so near his own and the intoxicating scent of her hair in his nostrils, the note of sympathy in her voice was pleasing to Dougal's ears, even though the use of the pronoun was most insidious.

It was not difficult, however, for him to wish that Mrs. MacDonald would get the help she needed.

"It will be to help Donald to be a minister," Dougal suggested rather than questioned. "Mrs. MacDonald will be very proud to be havin' a son a minister."

Kirsty refrained from making any comment on the subject of Mrs. MacDonald's pride; just snuggled more surely into the lusty protection of Dougal's arms and said pityingly.

"She was cryin' to-night so sorely because she asked somebody to help her and did not get anything at all. She is so proud, too, about that, and people that have money —" Kirsty paused as though her indignation choked her. "Ina and Joan have money and I asked them both, too, but you would think they had no hearts whatever. Always since I was a baby, Mrs. MacDonald has been so kind to me, and when I see her cryin' like she was doin' the night, I want to hate everybody that will not help her!"

Dougal cleared his throat and patted Kirsty's shoulder clumsily. Some one in a spring cart rattled along the coach road in the direction of the Inn, and Dougal stared after it into the murk, thinking solemnly of the fact that fifty pounds was a terrible lot of money.

"When will Kenneth MacDonald —" he began and stopped as Kirsty drew away from him. "It will be bein' just a lend, to be sure?" he committed himself in a strangled voice, knowing perfectly well what was expected of him.

"Just a lend, to be sure, she is wantin'," Kirsty agreed. "Mrs. MacDonald would not be *takin'* it from anybody."

Dougal gulped hard. "I will be — maybe —"

"Dougal!"

"If — maybe half would be helpin' till Kenneth MacDonald in Canada —"

"Half will not be helpin'!"

"But how can I be knowin' that Mrs. MacDonald is needin' a lend of fifty pounds?"

"I am tellin' you, am I not? But she will not know about you at all. Nobody can be knowing that you are giving *me* fifty pounds for a lend to Mrs. MacDonald. I cannot take it if you do not promise that nobody will know about it."

Dougal saw the wisdom of that quite clearly. It placed fifty pounds of his money in the same position as he himself was placed. On the other hand, since Kirsty alone would be responsible for the money's return, the transaction created a very tangible bond between them; the most tangible bond Dougal could think of at that moment.

SO it came to pass that Dougal paid and promised two nights later, and was kissed not once but many times for his pains. Kirsty's kisses were terribly real that night, too — even to Kirsty.

Oddly enough, though she laid the fifty pounds in Mrs. MacDonald's lap the following evening, Kirsty did not feel nearly as triumphant as she had thought she would.

She did not say where she had got the money and Mrs. MacDonald, a silvery-haired little old woman who wore a black mutch and a most purposeful expression, did not ask. It was, in fact, an almost wordless transaction. Kirsty said:

"You will be sure to tell Donald *I* got it? You will be sure to tell him that?"

And Mrs. MacDonald, counting the dirtier-than-usual Scotch notes carefully, answered:

"To be sure, Kirsty — thirty-one, thirty-two — I'll be tellin' him — thirty-three, thirty-four ——"

KIRSTY'S clandestine meetings with Dougal began to thin out after that. And then, possibly because the situation was an insupportable one at best, Kirsty took undying exception to something Dougal had said — Dougal did not know what it was when it was done — and they quarrelled. It was a bitter quarrel; of the sort that promised to last.

Dougal went back to the Point, his heart little better than a football for Kirsty's small feet to kick about the common where he had left her.

Kirsty went home trying to feel that the decks were clear, knowing at the same time that there were several things radically wrong with her world as it ought to be. It was not the fifty pounds that bothered her. She knew that Dougal would get that back sometime and she knew also that he would never say anything to any one even if he never got it back.

Dougal was a man of his word and even Kirsty knew and appreciated it. That was why she thought that the inspiration she had had was like an intervention of Providence.

And there the matter rested until the throttling grip of winter was removed from the throat of Strathdarr. Dougal Dall said nothing, did nothing, allowed not the slightest whimper to escape him, not even when he met Kirsty at church.

When she wanted him she would send for him and until then a grim and awful silence would be his portion. Because all of his suffering was inward, the deeper and more terrible was the impression it made, and the habit he had acquired of walking with his head hunched between his shoulders threatened to become permanent.

Then, when the banks of the noisy Strathdarr River were a mass of primrose yellow, Dougal's head lifted quite suddenly and his heavy square fingers expressed an unmistakable desire to strangle a fellow creature.

At the Inn, which was the circulation bureau of the raciest kind of Strathdarr gossip, Dougal heard the astounding news that Donald MacDonald, newly ordained a minister of the Free Kirk, had received a call from a church in the lowlands and, becoming engaged to a wealthy girl in Edinburgh where he had been studying, had jilted Kirsty MacCrae in the process.

No one seemed to know where the rumor had been born, but it thrived most vigorously in spite of Jimmie MacCrae's instant denial that his sister had been jilted. Inviting any man in Strathdarr to say she had in his presence, Jimmie declared that there never had been anything more than a boy and girl affair between Kirsty and Donald MacDonald. Strathdarr, however, accepted his defence of her position with an eloquent shrug and continued to think what pleased it best, particularly since Kirsty, usually ready enough to speak for herself, apparently had nothing whatever to say. The rumor also took care to add:

"And Kirsty will not be goin' to see Mrs. MacDonald again, at all."

In something less than a month Strathdarr forgot about the jilting of Kirsty McCrae. But Dougal Dall

did not. He knew, of course, why Kirsty had been so anxious to help Mrs. MacDonald and it had never been difficult to guess where his fifty pounds had gone. To Edinburgh, to be sure, to help Donald MacDonald become a minister; which distinction had enabled him to "make a good catch" down there, after he had jilted Kirsty who had sold her soul for fifty pounds.

But Dougal said nothing — did nothing. He had given his word to Kirsty that he would not speak, and he did not. Neither did he condemn the girl for what she had done.

"She is bein' so wee, so like a bairn she is," he had muttered throatily when he had thought it all out to his own satisfaction; and became aware of the growing desire to destroy a certain false minister of God.

His feelings, therefore, very easily can be better imagined than described when, at the Inn upon another day, he learned that the Reverend Donald MacDonald was in Strathdarr visiting his mother and was going to occupy the pulpit at the English service the following Sunday.

A triumph for Donald MacDonald, surely, and the thing, as all Strathdarr knew, Donald's purposeful mother had been waiting for since first the boy's dimpled, baby hands had shown a fondness for the big brass clasp of the family Bible.

Dougal decided that he had better not go to church that Sunday. But, of course, he did.

EVEN Rory MacKay, the ancient beadle of Strathdarr's Free Kirk, showed that the fledgling minister was deserving of respect.

When Rory came in from the vestry, prior to the entrance of the Reverend Donald MacDonald, the solemnity of his manner was quite the equal of that accorded to any visiting minister and rather more solemn than in the case of most of them. Whereupon Mrs. MacDonald sat a little straighter and surer in her place, her proud old eyes fixed upon the door through which her son would come.

Several pews farther back Dougal Dall sat rigid as a ramrod, his attention centred upon Toddy MacDodd, the precentor, who occupied the "desk" or "box" immediately beneath the pulpit, his mustaches waxed to needle points, his mouse-colored hair most carefully parted and plastered down with a doubtful pomade. Toddy MacDodd was admittedly the Beau Brummel of Strathdarr in spite of his bow legs.

Dougal was not conscious of the precentor's sartorial magnificence, however. He was looking straight through him. In the few days since he had heard that Donald MacDonald was going to preach for the edification and salvation of Strathdarr's soul, Dougal had fought a new fight and was numb with the strain of it.

He had not seen Kirsty when he entered the church, but he had not looked very hard; just walked stonily to his place, fastened his gaze upon the precentor's box and kept it there.

Kirsty, however, was in the MacCrae pew as usual, accompanied by two of her younger sisters, and she was studying the back of Dougal's unmoving head, wondering in no uncertain anxiety what he was thinking of it all. What Kirsty herself thought was masked by a childlike imperturbability that was worthy of a much better cause and a more ambitious opportunity.

Her expression did not alter when the Reverend Donald MacDonald entered and mounted the steps to the pulpit; a most trying ordeal and one that he carried through with the solemn poise and purpose of a born minister.

Instantly the congregation knew his grip was sure, and seamy-faced old crofters who had a settled contempt for any minister under forty, thumbed their Bibles to find the "place" as if they had been caught unawares.

IF the dimmed lamp of Kirsty's ambition caused her any perturbation, no one in the congregation knew anything about it. She took her jilting with the utmost placidity, and after Toddy MacTodd had "read the line" through a carefully chosen short psalm, Kirsty's glance shifted again and took up the study of the back of Dougal Dall's brown head.

She noted how stiffly erect that head was, how immovable, and she wondered still more anxiously what was going on inside of it. Dougal, as she very well knew, had a mind to think with and since people who said little usually thought a great deal, she was sure that Dougal was thinking much more than was good for him or her or any of them.

Then the Reverend Donald MacDonald began his sermon; a simple enough effort, but delivered with a manner that gave to its moral platitudes an air of profound maturity.

"There is no lie more futile or more deadly than the lie the sinner tells unto himself," he declared toward the end of the first head. "Living falsely within himself, he is a fraud before God. Simple naturalness, the true open heart. . . ."

Kirsty's cheeks were drained of all their rich color in a moment and only the exercise of every ounce of will power she possessed prevented her from crying out. Because. . . .

Dougal Dall's head had moved straight up! And it did not stop moving until Dougal was firmly upon his feet.

The sound that came from Dougal's throat was not in the least intelligible, but it was like the cry of a soul that was damned. Had lightning struck the little church, it is doubtful if it would have caused as much consternation. Lightning was an understandable quantity in that respect, but that "Dougal Dumb," of all people, should get upon his feet in the middle of the sermon and stop the minister preaching. . . .

THE Reverend Donald MacDonald stopped as if a hand had been clapped over his mouth, and his mother, who had been sitting enraptured, suddenly felt the world slip from under her feet.

Dougal's color was gray and the workings of his face were terrible to behold. He was going to break his word for the first time in his life.

"You — you cannot be preachin'!" he gasped, pawing desperately into space with one great hand as if to drag the young minister from the pulpit. "It will not be — it — I gave my word and never have I been breakin' it before —" Dougal's face was the face of a man whose living heart is being torn from his body — "but it is not the will of God that I can be lettin' you stand in that pulpit, Donald MacDonald, speakin' lies! Come down! Come down! You that would let a bairn ask a lend of money for you to make you a minister, and then you — you ——"

The sharp hissing sound of an indrawn breath, followed by a low whimpering moan that drifted agonizingly into silence, halted Dougal as abruptly as he had halted the minister in his sermon. Just a few pews in front of him Mrs. MacDonald slipped quietly from her seat to the floor and stayed there, a silvery haired little figure in plain and somewhat rusty black.

Dougal's words left him. Only harsh Gaelic gutturals that were in no way connected issued from his

dry throat. Vague mutterings were all about him, seamed and bearded faces, a pandemonium of awe.

And then there were fingers, small and extremely nervous fingers, too, upon his arm.

He turned in automatic obedience to that touch, and as the Reverend Donald MacDonald came softly, but none the less solemnly down the pulpit steps to pick his mother up and carry her into the vestry, Dougal Dall dazedly followed in the wake of Kirsty's twinkling little feet out of the church.

THERE had been nothing else for Kirsty to do. One of the things that had been so radically wrong with her world when she had quarrelled with Dougal Dall, had been the circumstance that Donald MacDonald, answering one of her letters, had made no mention of the fifty pounds. She had written him deliberately to give him an opportunity to do so; and later had experienced a curious indifference when she had daily been compelled to reach the conclusion that her plan to become a minister's wife had missed fire.

But that indifference had not extended to Mrs. MacDonald, and Kirsty had learned the full extent of that determined little old lady's perfidy very simply when the announcement of Donald's engagement to the Edinburgh girl had been made.

She had immediately written Donald telling him how glad she was to hear of it, and learned from his guileless reply that he and the girl had been waiting until he got a church before becoming officially engaged. Obviously his mother had told him nothing of the source of the fifty pounds because she had known all about the Edinburgh girl long before the money became so very necessary.

Naturally, Kirsty had her own private opinion of Mrs. MacDonald. A very private opinion it was, too. It had to be. To have it said that Donald MacDonald had jilted her was bad enough, but to have Strathdarr know that she had gone to all the trouble she had done to entice fifty pounds out of Dougal Dall and had not succeeded in becoming the young minister's wife anyway. . . .

SHE had not dreamed that Dougal Dall would put the burden of responsibility upon Donald MacDonald's shoulders and would feel compelled to put himself right with his Maker upon the matter in church. Her perfectly healthy nerves were still tingling from the shock of it when, having succeeded in literally dragging Dougal beyond a crumbled wall of the kirkyard, she was compelled to come to a halt around a hedge-sheltered, wholly deserted turn of the road at Malnich, because Dougal became stubborn there and would go no farther.

"You told me lies!" he stuttered and stopped, trying to believe it was still the Sabbath day. There was no calm anywhere. Kirsty's gorgeously beflowered spring hat was a little on one side and, behind Dougal's back, figuratively at least, was a whole congregation calling maledictions down upon his head. "And they will be thinkin' I am daft!"

Kirsty had no defence, nothing vocal at any rate. But when she looked up into Dougal's thunder-filled face there was a light in her eyes, an inspiration perhaps, or a hope or a fever of some sort.

"You and me — we cannot go back," she told him in a voice that was steady enough in spite of the amazing character of the announcement. "We cannot go back at all."

Dougal's face twitched rather grotesquely. He smiled like a man upon the rack.

"And Donald MacDonald!" he articulated thickly. "Are ye thinkin' you could be keepin' my hands from his throat if you were wantin' him and were being sorry you. . . ."

"I will not want him!"

Dougal laughed and the sound of it actually hurt Kirsty, who looked up at him and plucked at his sleeve as he said harshly:

"Even a bairn like you cannot be sellin' her soul for a man and not wantin' him."

"I'm not wantin' him! I never will be wantin' him!" Kirsty's eyes flamed angrily, then dulled in apology. "Maybe you'll not believe me, Dougal, but I was wantin' to be a minister's wife because everybody was so sure I was goin' to be bad." She laughed in spite of the sudden crushing grip of Dougal's great hands and knew, since he was so easy to convince, that here, in truth, was a man who loved her. "But you — when you are kissing me! Och — Dougal!"

STRATHDARR never did learn all of the truth. Mrs. MacDonald did not tell of it to any one but her minister son, and Kirsty, who was a reprehensible character in any case, or she never would have married Dougal Dall as she did, got most of the blame. Of course, she must have put Dougal up to it to get even with the young minister for jilting her. Dougal Dumb would never think of a thing like that all by himself.

And unless it is important that Dougal and Kirsty were married rather hurriedly in Malnich, and ultimately resided in Aberdeen, there is little more to say about it.

On Sunday evenings sometimes, Dougal sits in the parlor and listens with some misgivings to Kirsty's rendition of "Lead Kindly Light" on a good piano that cost just fifty pounds.

He thinks Kirsty is a very good player but he is not so sure about the propriety of playing a piano on Sunday, particularly when Kirsty's conception of sacred music is as doubtful as that. Dougal says nothing, however, because. . . .

"Och, she is so wee — so like a bairn she is, to be sure."

Lloyd George

By Truman Hughes Talley

THERE are few men in history who have achieved such national leadership, with such moderate animosities, as Lloyd George.

Washington, Lincoln, Gladstone and Roosevelt, each in his time suffered greater abuse than has fallen to the lot of Lloyd George, yet he has many enemies and detractors.

The writer was lunching once with a group of officials of a great British munition factory and recalled the critical period when the British forces in France had no proper munitions to withstand the Germans, and Lloyd George became Minister of Munitions and by his extraordinary and almost miraculous achievements, saved the Allies. The observation from the men at the table was that Lloyd George had done nothing particular or praiseworthy: all he did was to call together the ablest manufacturers, experts and organizers in Great Britain, and let them do everything.

I said, "That's what Ford, Rockefeller, Carnegie and a lot of other men did in America, and they are regarded by us as successful men."

Lloyd George has always had men to help him do things. At a certain period in his education, as he was destined to be a lawyer, it was necessary for him to learn Latin. He must be able to read Caesar and Sallust. With his widowed mother and brother and sister he lived with his uncle who was a shoemaker. This uncle, Richard Lloyd, knew no Latin. The household was one of extreme poverty. The uncle got Latin and French books, and the two, uncle and nephew, tackled the Latin and French grammars. When it came time to pass the examinations, uncle and nephew journeyed to Liverpool. The examinations lasted a week. David passed.

Lloyd George as Seen by Admiral Sims

Perhaps the best character study we can find of Lloyd George is given by Admiral Sims in his book "The Victory at Sea." He first describes the situation as seen by Lord Jellicoe, Balfour, Sir Edward Carson and others in the spring of 1917. He writes:

> It is expressing it mildly to say that I was surprised by this disclosure. I was fairly astounded; for I had never imagined anything so terrible. I expressed my consternation to Admiral Jellicoe.
>
> "Yes," he said, as quietly as though he were discussing the weather and not the future of the British Empire. "It is impossible for us to go on with the war if losses like this continue."
>
> "What are you doing about it?" I asked.
>
> "Everything that we can. We are increasing our anti-submarine forces in every possible way. We are using every possible craft we can find with which to fight submarines. We are building destroyers, trawlers and other like craft as fast as we can. But the situation is very serious and we shall need all of the assistance we can get."
>
> "It looks as though the Germans were winning the war," I remarked.
>
> "They will win unless we can stop those losses—and stop them soon," the Admiral replied.
>
> "Is there no solution for the problem?" I asked.
>
> "Absolutely none that we can see now," Jellicoe announced. He described the work of destroyers and other anti-submarine craft, but he showed no confidence that they would be able to control the depredations of the U-boats.

And he continues:

Of all the influential men in British public life there was only one who at that time took an optimistic attitude. This was Mr. Lloyd George. I met the Prime Minister frequently at dinners, at his own country place and elsewhere, and the most lasting impression which I retain of this wonderful man was his irrepressible gaiety of spirits. I think of the Prime Minister of Great Britain as a great, big, exuberant boy, always laughing and joking, constantly indulging in repartee and by-play, and even in this crisis, perhaps the darkest one of British history, showing no signs of depression. His face, which was as clear in its complexion as a girl's, never betrayed the slightest anxiety, and his eyes, which were always sparkling, never disclosed the faintest shadow. It was a picture which I shall never forget — that of this man, upon whose shoulders the destiny of the Empire chiefly rested, apparently refusing to admit even to himself the dangers that were seemingly overwhelming it, heroically devoting all his energies to uplifting the spirits of his countrymen, and in his private intercourse with his associates, even in the most fateful moments, finding time to tell funny stories, to recall entertaining anecdotes of his own political career, to poke fun at the mistakes of his opponents, and to turn the general conversation a thousand miles away from the Western Front and the German submarines.

It was the most inspiring instance of self-control that I have ever known; indeed only one other case in history can be compared with it; Lloyd George's attitude at this period constantly reminded me of Lincoln in the darkest hour of the Civil War, when, after receiving news of such calamities as Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville, he would entertain his cabinet by reading selections from Artemus Ward, interlarded with humorous sayings and anecdotes of his own. Perhaps Lloyd George's cheerfulness is explained by another trait which he likewise possesses in common with Lincoln; there is a Welsh mysticism in his nature which, I am told, sometimes takes the form of religious exaltation. Lloyd George's faith in God and in a divine ordering of history was evidently so profound that the idea of German victory never seized his mind as a reality; we all know that Lincoln's absolute confidence in the triumph of the North rested upon a similar basis. Certainly only some such deep-set conviction as this could explain Lloyd George's serenity and optimism in the face of the most frightful calamities. I attended a small dinner at which the Premier was present four days after the Germans had made their terrible attack in March, 1918. Even on this occasion he showed no evidences of strain; as usual his animated spirits held the upper hand; he was talking incessantly, but he never mentioned the subject that was absorbing the thoughts of the rest of the world at that moment; instead, he rattled along, touching upon the Irish question, discussing the impression which Irish conscription would make in America, and, now and then, pausing to pass some bantering remark to Mr. Balfour. This was the way that I always saw the head of the British Government; never did I meet him when he was fagged or discouraged, or when he saw any end to the war but a favorable one.

Should Lloyd George retire he could, if he wanted to, set up in business for himself with this simple and sufficient line on his shingle:

David Lloyd George:
He Gets Things Done

And what more could be asked or expected of an entrepreneur, whether paperhanger or prime minister?

A Life of Up-Hill Fighting

The life of David Lloyd George, now nearing the sixtieth year, is a record of great things done on a sweeping scale and against enormous odds. Scarcely a day has passed in his eventful span that has not witnessed him fighting—for an education, for a career, for the rights of his people, for religious and political beliefs, for the safety of his country, for the stabilization of Europe, for the betterment of the world.

He is an up-hill fighter. He advances from one seemingly impossible task to another and even while his enemies and the more timid of his friends wait expectantly on the side-lines, certain that when the dust settles he will be found overwhelmed and inert, he already has bestirred himself and is to be seen in the centre of the next scrimmage. Like a lumberman crossing a river torrent by leaping from log to log, he proceeds in the no less perilous current of world affairs from crisis to crisis. Or, as The New York Times said editorially in the early days of the Genoa Conference:

> It might seem ominous when Lloyd George complains that he is tired of crises. Does the weary Titan mean to drop his load? The British Prime Minister has spent his whole public life in a sort of perpetual crisis. He has passed lightly from one deadlock, one emergency to another. He will kill you half a dozen crises before breakfast and cry out, "Fie upon this quiet life!" Is he now going to quit in fatigue and in dudgeon? Hardly. His serving notice that he is tired of crises was only his way of surmounting the latest crisis.

Lloyd George's life has been a continuing struggle against the existing order of things — not just because it was the existing order but because in nine instances out of ten the existing order was antiquated, ineffectual or unjust. The result of this life-long crusade is that he stands forth to-day as the leading world figure — the personification of a new statecraft, the embodiment of a new diplomacy.

To one who has viewed Lloyd George in action and followed the latter-day unfolding of his apparently charmed career, his three most marked traits appear to be boldness, directness and clear-sightedness. He has never avoided a fight. He is never indirect or devious; a singleness of purpose and procedure marks his every undertaking. He is never blinded by the complexity of an issue, or by its proximity, as to the precise significance of its every detail; he views the question of the moment, grave or comparatively trivial, with the detached objectiveness of an entomologist examining an inverted beetle held between thumb and forefinger.

Perhaps his objectivity is his most outstanding characteristic. His motto might well be Washington's words:

> "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and the honest can repair. The event is in the hands of God."

All of us admire and respect courage and frankness, but we sometimes are not appreciative of the true worth of the rare trait of perspicacity. It is debatable, of course, but I venture the opinion that the real secret of Lloyd George's strength is his ability to see and think clearly, no matter how vital or intricate the problem. This penetrating insight, together with a facile command of lucid language, enables him to discern and set forth in crystal clearness the plain facts of the most perplexing and vexing of national and international problems.

On the basis of such analysis the necessary action is taken. The world not infrequently marvels at the result; indeed, at times it is inclined to wonder whether the achievement is due to opportunism or just plain luck. There is as much chance in it as there is in the placement of the cornice of a skyscraper; the uninspiring but fundamental plans of the architect admit of only one result.

The Day of The Cottage-bred Man

Lloyd George began life under auspices that energized him with the spirit of revolt and reform so marked in everything he undertakes. His required attendance at the National School at Llanystumdwy, Wales, to the control of which by the Established Church the Nonconformist Georges and their neighbors had to submit, gave the youth food for thought, and the boyhood mutinies over the Catechism were but an earnest of the life of rebellion to follow.

Looking back on his life it would seem that Fate had placed in his path every conceivable kind of stumbling block, yet fortunately for Lloyd George, as well as for Britain, they were stumbling blocks of the kind that yielded before a determined kick. The road to the heights he has now achieved was dotted with every barrier that tradition-bound England of Victoria's time could interpose and his progress was the more remarkable because he not only safely negotiated these barriers but in most instances levelled them and cleared the way for others.

When he arrived at Westminster more than thirty years ago he exclaimed that "the day of the cottage-bred man has at last dawned," and indeed it had, with the feudal oppressors of the lower classes gasping with astonishment and chagrin.

A writer for the newspapers at the age of 18 on issues in the 1880 election, practicing law at 21 as the champion of the civil and religious rights of his Welsh countrymen and standing for Parliament at 25 on the most radical of Liberal tenets, the young Lloyd George came into national notice at an age seldom associated with the serious side of life. Poverty and the stern guidance of a conscientious uncle, together with the innate character of the lad himself, combined to turn out a most practical and ambitious young man — and the field for both practical and ambitious pursuits was right at hand.

The operation and manipulation of the laws governing lands, labor, education and religion by the Welsh governing classes had worked unbelievable hardships upon the governed, and in an incredibly short time after he had been admitted to the bar Lloyd George built up the rather precarious reputation of being the defender of the under dog. He defied the courts, challenged the church, flouted the landlords and fought the employers. Right was always on his side, but where in the past the fear of might had subdued the assertion of almost axiomatic right, his courage, his knowledge of the law, his directness of speech and his boldness that at times bordered on impertinence balked further travesty.

His spirit and his eloquence eventually instilled an almost militant nationalism into the Welsh people. Elected to the Carnarvon County Council at 26, the "boy alderman" continued the campaign of Welsh nationalism and before he left home for his larger field at Westminster he consolidated and gained control of the political machinery of his native country. The transition of the literally feudal state of Wales into a unified *bloc* in British politics is almost entirely a Lloyd George achievement.

A Reputation for Opposition

Lloyd George was sent to Parliament by the progressive element he had awakened, defeating the Tories in one of their most formidable strongholds. In 1890 he took his seat in the House of Commons, and there he has been ever since — most of the time the storm centre of the dispute of the day. Though he proceeded cautiously at first, the House did not have to wait long to feel his influence. One of his earliest displays of temper, Harold Spender tells us in his book, "The Prime Minister," and one that marked him as a dangerous party man in point of discipline and a disrespecter of tradition in general, was over items in the Estimates for Maintenance grants to certain persons in high places. Silk-stockinged dignitaries meant nothing to this "cottage-bred" youth, except as objects fit for forceful contrast with the poverty-ridden lower classes. The House gasped when he gave vent to his views about voting thousands of pounds to keep royal and titled personages supplied with tinsel and gilt, but the efforts of his party leaders to discipline him for his protests availed little.

Throughout the '90s Lloyd George's tactics both in the House and in his increasingly well-received speech-making over the country won the fear, if not the respect, of not only the Tories but of the Liberals who at times were a bit loath to claim political kinship. His obstructionist leadership thwarted or modified virtually every important legislative measure of that decade. But his stock probably was never lower in the rating of the British public than when he came out flatly against the Boer War. Personal danger and condemnation he experienced with a smile, for courage was the principal ingredient in his make-up. He held steadfast to his view that bloodshed could have been avoided and the same end achieved through diplomacy; his fury at what he considered an outrage on the rights of small nationalities was not appeased until the most liberal peace terms were made. Himself instrumental in formulating those terms, the end of the struggle found the pendulum swinging the other way and he became so strong in his temporarily hostile constituency that he was re-elected over a military candidate running on a Boer War record.

A New Element in The Cabinet

After the war, with the Unionists in power, Lloyd George continued on a bolder scale his Parliamentary sniping against any and all measures that to him seemed reactionary. His bristling activity in the ranks of the opposition won him a place in the Liberal Cabinet of Campbell-Bannerman in 1905 — and he has not been out of the British Cabinet since.

Though a Liberal, Lloyd George was rated as an extremely radical one with a mind of his own and a most disconcerting tendency to interpret party promises and purposes according to his own views. His beliefs then, as now, transcended party creeds. Free trade debate had shown that he held an economic and social rather than a political view of the question and his intractability in this regard perhaps warranted the surprise that was manifest when his Ministry was revealed as that of the Board of Trade. Yet a short period in his new station showed he was capable of other pursuits than that of opposition. It was the first great transformation in a political career that was to experience in later years so many transformations that the unkindly term of "quick-change artist" had the semblance of warrant.

It is doubtful whether a harder task could have been devised for a cabinet newcomer. Covering every conceivable phase of domestic and foreign commerce, the Board of Trade of that period was a vast disorganized department that reeked with stagnant nineteenth century tradition. Lloyd George cleared it away. Everywhere he turned there was opportunity for reform and reform was the breath of his life. Revision of shipping regulations and laws, modernizing of docking and terminal facilities, adjudication of absurd patent conventions and usages that had worked to the great detriment of Britain, reorganization of the archaic labor department — such was the rapid procedure under his administration. When the railway strike of 1907 came he rose still higher in the public's esteem — and sunk lower in the opinion of the vested interests. He took a common-sense attitude and applied a simple remedy. He called in both sides and talked it over. And after a period of persuasion he got them to submit their troubles to a conciliation tribunal. That is regarded as standardized, prosaic procedure to-day, yet in those days it was revolutionary. The rail and shipping interests were accustomed to having their own way — until Lloyd George with his direct methods and his persuasiveness came upon the scene.

When Asquith rose to the Premiership, Lloyd George advanced from the Board of Trade to the Exchequer — and again there was a gnashing of Conservative teeth. In the Treasury he continued on a wider scale his campaign of reform. The Exchequer was regarded as the citadel of tradition, with all the methods of indirection and temporization that usually accompany the measured flow of funds and revenues. Lloyd George proceeded to put the department on a modern business basis. Then for three years he was engrossed in three great tasks — the Budget, Old Age Pensions and Insurance — and when the necessary bills were drawn, each of them revolutionary in their sweeping and clean-cut character, he literally jammed them through Parliament. What he had planned as his greatest work in the Treasury, land reform, was forestalled by the World War.

Though by now a national figure of indisputable strength, Lloyd George's conduct of the Treasury placed him before the world as a man of commanding political stature. International observations of him as a personality and a power some day to be reckoned with may be said to date from his Chancellorship.

Aroused at Conduct of the War

Only a few months of the World War were necessary to again bring out the inherent spirit of revolt in Lloyd George. It was not the war but the conduct of it that aroused him. As a Cabinet member he was one of the few in England in the early days of the struggle who at all times knew the truth, but what weighed more heavily on him than the truth was the realization that he was a party to the conspiracy of concealment of the truth from the people. He for one, Spender tells us, could not with clear conscience pass on to the public a honeyed version of a hideous reality. For he realized that if Britain were to be rallied sufficiently to meet the menace that the government so diligently covered, the people must be told the facts. And not only was he concerned at official misrepresentation; to his mind officialdom itself was by no means impressed with the seriousness and the enormity of the task of defeating the Central Empires. When everyone else was talking of a short and victorious war, Lloyd George foresaw a prolonged conflict that would engulf the world and that was by no means certain to end in a German defeat.

As Chancellor of the Exchequer, he was not directly concerned with the conduct of the war, but his position in the Cabinet made him a party to it. So he proceeded to make it a part of his business. His first great effort was an attempt to impress upon his colleagues the necessity for bold and energetic action. From his earlier days when he declared that "humdrum Liberalism won't win elections," and throughout his entire career he had never been content with half-way measures. Merely to match Germany gun for gun — which was not even the case — and only to lay plans to checkmate the German advance and not plan an advance against the Germans did not constitute his idea of the way to victory. Seeing as he did a spreading war that was soon to know no bounds, he laid a plan before the Cabinet in 1915 for a great campaign in the Near East, a point at which he thought Germany could have been taken by surprise and perhaps subdued in shorter order than was in prospect on the French front. But his plan was not accepted and the small gauge conduct of the war continued. And as the fruits of such a policy began to weight England with a dread — a slowly awakening realization that the war was going against the Allies — Lloyd George's dominant nature asserted itself. He emerged from his brief spell of apparent submission to party discipline and resumed the rôle of critic. He put his ministerial responsibility second to his public responsibility. He determined to force the government to take adequate action.

The net result of his importuning of Asquith was the appointment of a Munitions Committee, for in the matter of supplies Lloyd George saw the nation's greatest peril and the army's greatest need. But the step was not effective. The committee was cumbersome, lacked direct authority and to all intents and purposes was ignored by the Cabinet and the War Office. Then came the revelations from the front concerning the abject condition of the fighters — hopelessly outnumbered in guns and shells and almost destitute of clothing and military equipment. In the press, in Parliament and in the Cabinet the storm broke, with the quick result that Asquith dissolved his Cabinet, formed another by coalition and placed Lloyd George where he wanted to be — in a new portfolio, the Ministry of Munitions.

The Munitions That Saved The Allies

Then followed the period in which Lloyd George did probably his greatest piece of administrative work. What the Ministry of Munitions really achieved, through the stiffening of the entire Allied cause by the vast and systematized production of guns, shells and supplies, was the turning of imminent defeat into ultimate victory.

The munitions task was gigantic and it was undertaken and accomplished on a gigantic scale the like of which England had never seen. Bureaucratic methods were immediately abolished. There was but one thing to be done: produce the munitions. As the first chief of a new ministry Lloyd George had a clear field. He laid down his own departmental limits, whether they infringed upon other bureaus or not. He picked his own personnel with the sole qualification of fitness. He systematized and standardized the department along lines that would permit of rapid expansion. He called for the estimates of the experts on the number of shells required. And he was an expert himself, having studied the matter with manufacturers at home and with gunners at the front. He doubled the estimates, and then there were not enough. He sent for the makers of munitions. He told them briefly and precisely what they were to do. He summoned the financiers and soon new factories appeared. Later he took over the great Woolwich plant. He called in the labor leaders and not without great opposition put through a modified "conscription of labor" and a truce, the former to insure an adequate supply of workmen and the latter to postpone until peace time any and all disputes that might lead to strikes or other disturbances.

Then began the steady and ever increasing flow of munitions to France. The rate at which they were consumed, only to be replaced in greater quantity, revealed in all its starkness the tragedy that would have quickly overtaken Britain as well as her allies had the dilatory "wait and see" policy which Lloyd George succeeded in eradicating been continued much longer. The success of this stupendous project marked the turning point of the war.

Kitchener's death moved Lloyd George to the War Office and then events began to move rapidly. His tenure at the War Office, though brief, was long enough to affect far-reaching reform in war transport, the weakness of which was a constant menace. But the major phases of the conduct of the war were the objects of his deeper concern and such grave crises as the overrunning of Rumania and the general weakening on the Eastern front, together with the still disorganized campaign as waged on the Western front, brought forth his most vehement condemnation of those responsible. He demanded the formation of a small, compact and workable War Committee to supplant the cumbersome Cabinet, even though such a step might mean the temporary scrapping of Parliamentary and Ministerial government. The controversy that followed quickly entailed the downfall of the Asquith government and the elevation of Lloyd George to the Premiership. At last he had the conduct of the war—so far as Britain was concerned — in his own hands.

The Lloyd George Dictatorship

Then ensued the period that his critics call the Lloyd George dictatorship. It was all of that, yet one of the fruits of his benevolent despotism was the agency that brought victory in the war — the unity of command. The first step in the new regime, with which the entire world except for the former Central Empires is sympathetically familiar, was to effect a real coalition government. The most capable men of all parties, chosen only for efficiency in the prosecution of the war, were called into his ministry. Then there quickly appeared the instrument for which he had been working ceaselessly — the War Cabinet. To this council, a part of and yet apart from the ministerial group, was allotted the single task of running the war and before this military juggernaut the British Constitution and any other trifling objects that stood in the way had to step aside.

Conscription, for instance, was a war necessity and though it irked no one more than Lloyd George, the exponent of the people's rights, the drafting of man power to the lowest and highest possible ages was ordained. The Defence of the Realm Act was another necessary instrument and though it curtailed personal liberty and abridged the freedom of the press — both almost sacred in the eyes of such a democrat as Lloyd George — it was enacted and enforced. The imposition of these and similar hardships upon the people furnished his critics with not illogical arguments to support them in their condemnation of him and his methods. His willingness to drop his own convictions as quickly as he banished those of others brought upon him the opprobrium of his enemies, who proclaimed

every such *volte face* as further proof of his innate insincerity.

His critics of to-day still hurl the same charge against him — an artful dodger, an opportunist, a catch-as-catch-can politician. Yet viewed in another light, that of his ability to discern error of procedure in a given issue, even though the procedure is his own suggestion, this trait may be regarded as magnifying his greatness. Admitting a mistake is hard. Giving up one's convictions is harder. Lloyd George has shown himself as ruthless with his own preconceived and firmly-held ideas as he is with those of others. So, in the time of stress when he was called upon to do one thing — win the war — he sacrificed his own views along with everyone's else when they blocked the way to that achievement.

In greater and less measure throughout his career, of course depending upon the character of the issue, Lloyd George's personal theories and even his pledges have been cast aside or subordinated when their proven variance with the cold, hard facts imperilled the end sought. Some call this opportunism, others say it is common sense. As for results, it presents a vivid contrast alongside the thwarted aims of unyielding dogmatism and stubborn idealism. It may, after all, be the more perfect way to get things done in this imperfect world.

Unifying the Allied Command

Lloyd George's fight for unity of command is now a universally-told tale — the Italian collapse, the trip to Rome, the Rappallo conference of premiers and generals, his speech in Paris, his fight in the commons against a very natural disinclination to submerge national pride and leadership, the Versailles Council and finally the appointment of Foch as the Allied Generalissimo. Great as was this accomplishment, reduced to plain terms it was only the application abroad of the unification he had achieved at home. It was simple, yet the simplest tasks are often the most difficult. This undertaking required consummate skill if for no other reason than that it called for not only the harmonizing of internal national discords in the various Allied countries, but the reconciling of external international differences between the Allies, such as the diverse racial and nationalistic ambitions that the war fostered.

We have a fine picture of Lloyd George's activity, and an excellent line on his detached way of viewing and analyzing situations, in the depiction of the work of the Supreme War Council, written by Captain Peter Wright, formerly its secretary, and published in Blackwood's Magazine. He saw in the British Premier a man who at all times envisaged "the whole interests of the Alliance as well as the British national interest." Continuing:

> In the minds of almost every one sitting 'round the green baize table at Versailles, the uppermost thought was the security of their own place and the advantage of their own country. This was transparent as soon as they opened their mouths. But the uppermost thought in Lloyd George's mind was to find the way out and take it and win the war, whatever he risked.

Of the contrast between Lloyd George and other Allied leaders in their perception of what the war and its winning really meant, Captain Wright has this to say:

> If unity of command had done so much at home, it was natural for Lloyd George to think that it might be no less effective abroad. For the war did not present itself to the national leaders of the Alliance in the same shape as to the public, which entertained and still entertains the flattering idea that we had been struggling against immense odds. This was one of the many fictions with which it had always been necessary to drug the nation, though their devotion always had been equal to any sacrifice. But the truth was, and could not appear as anything else to the leaders, that we were big and our adversaries small. For years the Germans had stood at bay, surrounded by more numerous enemies, who had failed to overcome them.
>
> It therefore might be considered that the Allied policy had been wrong. Lloyd George thought so and said so, though the other leaders sitting around the table might be satisfied to wait until the knot untied itself instead of trying to untie it. . . . The half-deified chiefs, whom the prostrate Germans almost worshipped as idols, never ceased to proclaim what magniloquently they called "their will to victory." But none of them ever had it like this little Welsh lay-preacher and attorney, who remained so deeply stamped with the characteristics of these early occupations even at this sublime elevation of power.

The fundamental difference between Lloyd George and his Allied colleagues was that in addition to a "will to victory" he had at all times a definite, workable "way to victory" as well. And through the triumph of his plan of unity of command he inherited the political leadership of Europe not only for the duration of the war, as it proved, but after.

The culmination of his crusade for a centralized and effective direction of the war, his plea for the knock-out blow, the call to America for 125,000 men a month, the supreme test of the unified war machine before the final but fearful onslaught of the enemy — these were the high points in the swift close of that chapter of world history for which Lloyd George will always be largely credited. To Britons it was his chapter.

The Greatest Day of His Life

The Lloyd George of to-day came into being on December 28, 1918, for it was on that day, through the agency of a general election, that he stepped down from what was largely his own war machine and tackled the task of reconstructing what he had helped to wreck. The transformation was fraught with peril both personal and national, as other leaders and nations have experienced in the hectic days since the Armistice. Whether he could doff the grizzled armor of war and don the flowing robes of an angel of peace and look and act the new part was a question that his foes made the most of, but the verdict of the electorate on that point was overwhelming. It was one of the greatest political victories ever scored, the greatness of which is dimmed only by the fact that the mandate it rendered is still valid.

I saw and heard Lloyd George twice on that greatest day of his career. It was a dramatic as well as a historical day, for paired with the occasion of the announcement of the result of the election was the arrival of Woodrow Wilson in London. The guest could not have chosen a better time to call so far as Lloyd George was concerned, for the American President happened in just in time to get the full blast of the acclamation with which the Prime Minister's tenure was reaffirmed.

The day in Guildhall was unforgettable. The aristocracy of Britain had come to hear Wilson expound his peace aims and his conference plans. The bewildering galaxy of notables on the dais, arranged in circular tiers around the Lord Mayor and the President, was joined just a few minutes before the beginning of the ceremonies by the Prime Minister, dapper but unostentatious, as agile as an athlete despite his great head of grey hair, his eyes twinkling as he received the plaudits, his face glowing with the exuberance of victory yet serious enough in mien as indeed befitted one with his

unenviable cares and responsibilities. He took his seat in one of the front row chairs of the dais, directly at Wilson's side and there ensued in the speech-making that followed, at least in the minds of observers, the spectacle of the British Prime Minister literally taking the measure of the American President with whom in the coming months he was to "match minds."

Throughout Wilson's speech, in which his first European announcement of importance was made, Lloyd George was an engrossing study as he sat slouched down in his chair in the most approved Parliamentary fashion, sizing up this rival world leader, drinking in and digesting his every word. He nodded approval at certain statements, vigorously applauded some, was silent and unmoved at others. If one entertained a doubt that these two would not work in harmony at Paris, observation of their early contact removed it. Later in the day the assurance was confirmed, for the Prime Minister, after further private conversation with the President, called the entire American press delegation to 10 Downing street; there, in the historic conference room where, among the other great events signalized, the treaty with America was signed after the colonies had rebelled, Lloyd George announced in his terse and vigorous fashion that a "complete accord" had been reached between the President and himself regarding all the major issues to be faced at Paris.

Though the following months at Paris found Lloyd George pursuing a middle course between the extremes as represented by Wilson and Clemenceau, his adherence to and sympathy with the American leader's lofty purposes were never in doubt. Differences there were, of course, but on no great and fundamental question were the two Anglo-Saxon chiefs of state on opposing sides. But between the idealism of Wilson and the equally unattainable materialism of Clemenceau, Lloyd George followed a practical path. His statesmanship, as a result, accomplished more concrete things than that of his more spectacular colleagues. He was not awed by the bright heights which Wilson depicted, nor was he frightened at the dark depths of which Clemenceau warned. He stuck to earth. He took things as they were and made the most of them. Colonel House, in those involved days, used to lament the lack in many quarters of what he termed "horse-trading sense," but this shortcoming was never charged against Lloyd George.

On all the great issues before the conference Lloyd George left his indelible stamp; and of all the decisions tortuously reached by bridging national divergences and compromising personal differences, more of them embodied the aims and wishes of Lloyd George than of any one else. He did not initiate, he concluded; after all was said and done, discussed and harangued, insisted upon and insisted against, he pointed out the weaknesses, gathered up the loose ends and presently there emerged an agreement, as satisfactory and as practical as humanly possible in such an emotional whirlpool. Such was the procedure on virtually every big issue before the conference.

It was essentially a conference of compromise. It could be nothing else. And Lloyd George asked no more of his colleagues than he was willing to do himself. His peace aims, as enunciated in England, particularly in the campaign, have been called extravagant and he is still mocked to-day as the man who to get votes shouted "Make Germany Pay" and "Hang the Kaiser," and then when elected forgot it all. Yet other nations and their leaders entertained ambitions no less startling, only to find under cold analysis that the most desirable and perhaps justifiable steps were better not taken. Lloyd George sacrificed many of his personal convictions and pooled his ideas in common council. His purpose at Paris was peace; just as personal persuasions had to yield in winning the common victory, so did they have to be set aside to achieve a common peace. He yielded much, enough for his critics to denounce him as a failure and a betrayer of Imperial interests. Yet if success at Paris were measured on the scale of points yielded and gained, his net score in that scramble of compromises would be second to none.

An Amazing Grip on Parliament

Throughout the delicate negotiations at Paris, just as in the days of his war Premiership, Lloyd George was at all times most responsive yet seemingly indifferent to Parliamentary opinion. This paradox is explained only by the boldness, the eloquence and the admitted agility of the man.

The same situation exists to-day. The House gets furious. They want the facts. There is talk of censure. There is renewed talk of elections. This high-handedness has gone too far, they say. Surely there will be an explosion. The Coalition is doomed. When it all has gone about far enough, the Prime Minister trips into the House, rises from the Treasury bench, twits his accusers, shames his doubting friends, assails sundry newspapers and then explains away the entire mystery. Or, as the case may be, he talks a hostile House into an overwhelming vote of confidence — a blank check to go ahead and run the Empire and most of Europe until the next Parliamentary storm brews.

This brand of leadership, this ability to defy and yet retain the support of the legislative machinery, is something new in British politics. He rides roughshod through situations that in the past were serious enough to entail the downfall of a Ministry, though further evidence that this is merely an index of changed world conditions is to be found in the fact that any one of a number of the numberless things Lloyd George's ministry has done would have been of sufficient magnitude in the old days for a Prime Minister to retire upon, with confidence of a secure place in history.

Continuance of coalition government has been at all times the underlying grievance of his foes inside and outside Parliament, yet time after time he has repulsed the attack with but slight variations of the same reply — that the Empire in this perilous day, constituting as it does a third of the world and carrying with it the responsibility of almost another third, requires not only experienced but joint leadership. And he has only to add, as I have many times heard him propound to the Opposition benches, that a glance at the rest of the world proves by contrast the truth of his contention. Alongside the international strife that peace has not abated, he considers party strife but child's play; and because there are matches near to attract children, he has forbidden it.

Embittered as are his enemies at his continued "usurpation" of power, the fact that what he has done in the reconstruction period could not have been accomplished except by political coalition is not denied. What the "die-hards" of all the parties do bewail is the death and burial of so many shibboleths, apparently blinded to the fact as grasped by the overwhelming majority of their former followers that the old cries are meaningless to-day.

New conditions call for new remedies and Lloyd George has been applying them thick and fast. Out-of-work doles may have smacked of socialism, yet the disregard of Tory theory in granting them he figured as a much less serious risk than the ruin of the Empire.

Dealing with Russia was called "shaking hands with murder," but Lloyd George said it was better to do that than be slain. Concession to Labor, which stored its many grievances until peace time, appeared to Capital to be a step toward nationalization and worse, yet the Prime Minister believed that a readjustment was better than a revolution. Import licensing and "anti-dumping" were heresy to Liberalism and hybrid free-trade to protectionists, yet he preferred the middle course to incurring further and perhaps complete industrial stagnation. Making peace with Ireland was treason in Unionist eyes, but it removed the nation's gravest internal peril and enhanced the Empire's prestige the world over as no single act has ever done. Home Rule for India and virtual independence for Egypt were equally obnoxious to the Imperialists, yet it has been by such steps, always protested, that the vast British Empire has been built. Acquiescence in disarmament was a blow to the believers in naval pre-eminence, but to Lloyd George it was economy and common-sense. Moderation toward Germany was and is regarded by many elements as a weakening in the Lloyd George of War, but to the Lloyd George of Peace it appears the only sure way to all-round rehabilitation. A truce for Europe for a period long enough to catch breath is decried as visionary, yet he holds it the one and only road to economic recovery and military security.

Success in all these undertakings, severally great enough for any one man, has not unnaturally made Lloyd George a literal dictator. One commentator has called this the great constitutional change in England as the result of the war. The Prime Minister's position as it appears to-day in Lloyd George's hands has been likened to that of the President of the United States, but while the figure is correct so far as executive absolutism goes, the strength of the Prime Minister is seen to be infinitely enhanced when it is realized that in addition to the executive functions he has either grown into or usurped, he still holds fast in his grip the entire legislative machinery. Thus what we in America regard as a delicately-balanced duality in government is to-day in England more firmly than ever merged in one agency — and one man.

Probably never in the history of the world has one man held the power, exerted the influence and borne the responsibility that we see vested in David Lloyd George.

Three Poems

from

"The Lyric West"

Desire

There is a strange quiet in my heart, while
A copper moon sits lonely as an owl
Among needled pines. My lips form a smile.
I thrill to hear the cry of water-fowl
As a breeze lifts it from a distant marsh
Breaking the silence with lone sounds and harsh.
I love to roam away from silver lights
To the town-defying shoulders of a hill —
To breathe the temple calm of silent nights
And beg a fellow-straying cloud to spill
Soft showers on my brow and soak me through
With thoughts that should my ageing mind renew.
I love to roam away from silver lights
To the town-defying shoulders of a hill.

W. H. Lench

Summer Rapture

I shall climb a green hill,
With summer winds above it;
And shall loose my chestnut hair;
And I shall love it!

O, I shall climb a green hill,
With clover blossoms scented;
And weave a garland frail and fair;
And be contented!

O, I shall climb a green hill,
And when I reach the summit,
I'll find a little song there;
And I shall hum it!

Winifred Gray Stewart

In the Park

I left the velvet terrace and the straight brick walks,
And the red and striped cannas on their tall, stiff stalks;
I climbed a windy hilltop glowing gold and brown
With shining, tangled grasses that were soft as down.
I left the tidy golf links with their hard, white balls,
And raced across the meadow where a gray bird calls.
The wind ran on beside me, and a bent pine bough
Kept pointing to a roadway on the next hill's brow.

And up the winding roadway was a clear, bright place,
With the sky blue-gold above it, like a great god's face.
Then all at once I knew it for a brown faun's lair,
By the waving wands of purple and the wine-drenched air,
By the rustling, crimson oak tree and the little hidden spring
That had called the something wild in me to dance and sing.

Rose Henderson

Don Cristobal de Zaurigi

By Ernest Goodwin

Illustrated by Bert Salg

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

ESCOTILLO DE ZAURIGI, the handsome, polished, but unscrupulous son of a fine old Spanish family, is hired by a powerful noble of Seville to abduct the young daughter of a personal enemy, Don Diego de la Llana, who lives at a country estate near Guipuscadilla. Escotillo agrees, and for safety takes the name of his cousin, Cristobal, a high-spirited, adventurous but punctiliously honorable youth, who for some gay adventure has been confined in the prison of Santa Ildefonso.

Cristobal, however, getting bored by prison life, escapes cleverly and makes a cross-country dash for the border. Arriving at the Moor's Head Inn, after numerous adventures with highwaymen and brigands, he finds that the landlord, Miguel, is an old lacky of his and still devoted to him. Miguel tells him he is expected and shows him a letter signed with Cristobal's name, engaging rooms and a dinner for himself and a lady. Mystified, but determined to find out who is making free with his name, Cristobal waits at the inn. Presently a small dapper youth arrives asking for Cristobal de Zaurigi, but when he sees the real Cristobal becomes very haughty and orders him from the room.

Cristobal, to teach the boy a lesson, draws his sword, whereupon the young "man" breaks down and weeps, thereby disclosing the fact that "he" is really a young girl.

CHAPTER 13

Cristobal Meets "Cristobal"

CRISTOBAL found his voice.

"What have you to say to me?" he demanded. The figure expressed in its attitude an even deeper dejection.

"Nothing," it said.

Cristobal kept a straight face and tossed his blade on to the big chair by the fire.

"Nothing?" he questioned coldly.

"Nothing."

A painful silence settled down on the room. Cristobal, outwardly grim, inwardly disconcerted, and wondering what he ought to say, broke speech.

"Well," he demanded harshly, "I may take it, I suppose, that after all you don't want this room — or even — " he added unkindly — "a share of — the other?"

The young lady stood up, rising with the greatest spirit, and confronting him with a fresh courage. In a second she had assumed a wonderful dignity even if her cheeks were red.

"I shall leave matters as they are," she said, "till you receive an explanation, or rather till you receive a demand for an explanation, from Don Cristobal de Zaurigi." She got the name out with a melodious roll, and a scarcely veiled appreciation of what she evidently considered the name implied.

Cristobal came back to the subject of his former puzzledom with a jerk.

"Don Cristobal de Zaurigi?" he said.

"Yes," said the young lady.

"You know him?" asked Cristobal.

"Know him! . . . Yes. . . . Do you?" she said.

For a second a flash of ecstasy passed over the face before him. He was staggered. With the discovery of her sex he had accepted her as a woman of beauty, her face chastely fashioned, yet cold in its reserve. The look in her eyes, the softening of her lips into lines of melting tenderness, revealed a charm that subdued him ere it vanished. Here was womanhood indeed, in excelsis.

The revelation passed. She was cold and embattled as ever.

Cristobal made a little grimace.

"Slightly."

She gave a proud little laugh.

"Then be prepared to be dealt with as you deserve."

She turned towards the door leading to the stairs. Cristobal was there with his back to it as she took her second step. She stopped aghast.

"Not so fast," said Cristobal.

"Let me go," she panted.

"By no means, young lady — or young sir, let us say — which do you prefer? She doesn't answer — or he doesn't answer. Well, then, I must keep you here till you find your tongue."

She made a movement of distraction, with one hand clenched. Then turning again to him:

"Sir," she said, "are you a gentleman? Oh, *por el amor de Dios*, let me go. Oh, Cristobal!" She leaned against the table and began to cry again. Cristobal felt horribly uncomfortable.

"Now, don't do that!" he shouted. She looked at him indignantly. He made an effort, mastered his nervousness, and proceeded more quietly. "If these tears were genuine they would be grossly unfair, as you are well aware, I have no doubt. But since I don't believe in the tears of such a brazen little baggage as you are — "

She interrupted, face flaming.

"You dare say that!"

Cristobal shrugged his shoulders.

"What else — in that garb — in a house of call — at this hour?"

A second later he felt sorry he had spoken. A vivid red ran over her face. He saw her lip quiver. She stood up and looked at him pitifully.

"Señor," she said, in a low voice, "I see I must tell you."

"I won't force your confidence," said Cristobal, trying not to feel sympathetic.

She made a little appealing movement with her hands, and spoke, rapidly and clearly, still blushing, but with determination in her utterance.

"Do not judge me too harshly. I hardly know how I must appear to you. My name is Laura de la Llana. All my life I have lived in a house two leagues from here. My mother died at my birth. My father I believe is fond of me, but he is by nature stern and cold. I have been kept almost a prisoner."

"Well, young ladies have to be looked after, nowadays," said Cristobal.

"He spends most of his time in Seville. I am supervised by a governess, a dragon, eternally vigilant."

Cristobal suppressed a smile. The young lady's garb, her appearance at the inn, gave to her last two words a peculiar humour.

"One day in the garden, in a secluded part where I was allowed to walk alone, I found, concealed in an arbour, a young man. He begged me not to be alarmed. His name was — "

"Don Cristobal de Zaurigi?" said Cristobal, now very attentive.

"Yes."

"I am obliged," commented Cristobal grimly.

"Señor?"

"Nothing. Pray continue. Your story interests me profoundly."

"He had heard of me," continued the young lady. "He had determined to see me. He had scaled the wall by night, had hidden and so made my acquaintance. So far I permitted myself to listen to this young man's story, but now I bade him leave me."

"Of course," said Cristobal.

"He did so."

"Of course."

"But — but he came again."

"Of course."

"He won my heart."

"Of course. And he wants to marry you?"

"Yes."

"Has he asked your father?"

"Alas, no."

"No?"

"No. He had a reason."

By the fire stood Cristobal's cousin and Laura de la Llana

"Of course," agreed Cristobal, cynically.

"By a sad fate there exists, as he tells me, a deadly feud — "

"Oh ho!" interrupted Cristobal. "I was wondering. Yes, a deadly feud, between him and your father?"

"Between his family and mine."

"His and yours — of course — and this feud prevents the gentleman from proceeding in the right and proper fashion? I see that I am right. Pray proceed."

"You are singularly correct, sir." Cristobal bowed. "But he appealed to my love, and I consented to leave my father's house secretly, to meet him here, where we are to marry."

The young lady, having apparently said all she felt was necessary, stood silent. Cristobal made a hasty step away from her, to conceal the smile which he could not altogether keep back. Turning to her,

"You came — like this — to this house, because a gentleman got over the wall and asked you to! Well, upon my word!" . . . He reflected a moment. "When did you first meet this Don Cristobal de Zaurigi?"

Quite simply came the girl's reply. It almost made his hair stand on end.

"Nearly two weeks ago, señor."

"Two weeks! — Nearly two — " He made an effort and kept a straight face. "How many times," he asked, shaking inwardly, "have you been in love before?"

"Never," she gave him with an emphasis that was defiant.

"This is your first affair?"

"And my last," she said, simply. "No heart could twice sustain a passion such as mine."

Cristobal managed to smother to no more than a faint squeak the vast laugh that made him shake again.

"Ah! . . . Young lady, have you known many young gentlemen?"

Looking at him, clear-eyed and frank, she replied, "I have never spoken to a young man in my life before. The only men I have seen are my father and the servants, all of whom are old." Cristobal could not repress a movement. She guessed the thought that prompted it. "Oh, señor, I know what you mean, but believe me, I am well versed in the world and its ways. I have read several books."

"And was this dress your lover's clever idea?" asked Cristobal.

"No. There were watchful eyes about me, and I could think of no other way. I reached this place, our rendezvous, an hour ago. I was told that Don Cristobal had not arrived. When I came a second time they brought me here, and I expected to find — "

"You expected to find your Don Cristobal de Zaurigi, and instead you found — me!"

"Holy Father, there stands the pining pair"

By now the laughter that had threatened to break loose in Cristobal had given way to another emotion, pity for the girl, so transparently honest, so absolutely guileless, swept so easily into an insane folly. Mingled with this feeling was a determination to treat the whole affair as a piece of commonplace stupidity, a vulgar escapade, heading for disaster, but no concern of his.

Two other considerations held him, however.

First, there was the use of his name.

Plainly, however disposed he might be to shrug his shoulders at the affair, he must stop to discover who had presumed to lay hands upon his name.

Secondly, though he would not have admitted it, there was that about the girl that roused a sympathy in him none the less strong because he tried to play the cynic. He was stirred, not so much by her remarkable beauty, as the simplicity of faith, the courage of belief his every question evoked.

Lately he had deliberately sought to invest himself with a bitter disbelief in men. He might be right, but here, in this woman, little more than a girl, he discovered a fidelity that appealed strongly to him. It has been said earlier in this narrative that a genius for fidelity was one of the redeeming features of Cristobal de Zaurigi's rather ungoverned disposition. Now, when in this adventurous girl he met the same quality, his heart beat in warm recognition.

Still he would not yield. He thrust aside the inclination to offer her the friendly assistance he could guess she must be longing to find, and adopted the

easy casual air proper to the disillusioned man of the world.

"I greatly regret that this is only me. . . . Young lady, I fancy your story is true."

"Sir!"

"I dare say," continued Cristobal, "that in your romantic head there inhabits the thought that having received this explanation I shall now respectfully retire, leaving you to wait, without further intrusion from me, for the happy if laggard Cristobal. But I tell you plainly that I shall do nothing of the sort."

Said the girl, hesitatingly, "I hardly dared to hope — "

"Oh yes, you did," interrupted Cristobal, coolly. "But you will be disappointed. In the first place I am hungry and intend to eat. In the next place I am tired and intend to rest. And lastly, hungry or sleepy or both, I am determined to remain till I get a word with your — "

"Cristobal!" suddenly cried the young lady.

She leaped towards the opening door. Cristobal turned there too.

A young man who was just entering received the lady's arms round his neck as he leaned back to close the door behind him. Cristobal caught sight of the newcomer's face as it stooped in greeting to the face held up to him in passionate welcome.

"Cristobal!" said Cristobal de Zaurigi to himself, a noiseless chuckle writhing to extinction within him.

He moved quietly and unostentatiously a pace or two down the long room, and waited. On his lips was the smile those who had met once had no great desire to receive a second time.

Behind her, staring over her shoulder, was another face

CHAPTER 14

Escotillo Hoodwinks His Cousin

By the door he saw the two, hands clasped, faces close together in rapt contemplation, lips murmuring. This for a second's space only. Then the man evidently became aware of the character of the lady's dress, and of the presence of another man in the room.

Holding her off at arm's length, he murmured, "My angel! — but — this dress?"

Still clasping his hands, and her face turned adoringly towards him, "I had to adopt it in order to get away," she explained.

"And — this gentleman — ?"

He came a step or two down the room. Cristobal moved slowly forward. The newcomer hesitated, stopped. Cristobal stood motionless. The young lady remained still. All three looked at one another. There was an awkward pause.

"Well — Don Cristobal de Zaurigi?" said Cristobal.

At Cristobal's greeting the aspect of the gentleman facing him underwent a strange change. His eyebrows wrinkled, the delicacy and the distinction of his face became warped with the seizure of a sudden emotion of evidently a disturbing nature. His lips opened slightly and remained open undecidedly. He drew a sudden loud breath and went, first white, then red in the face.

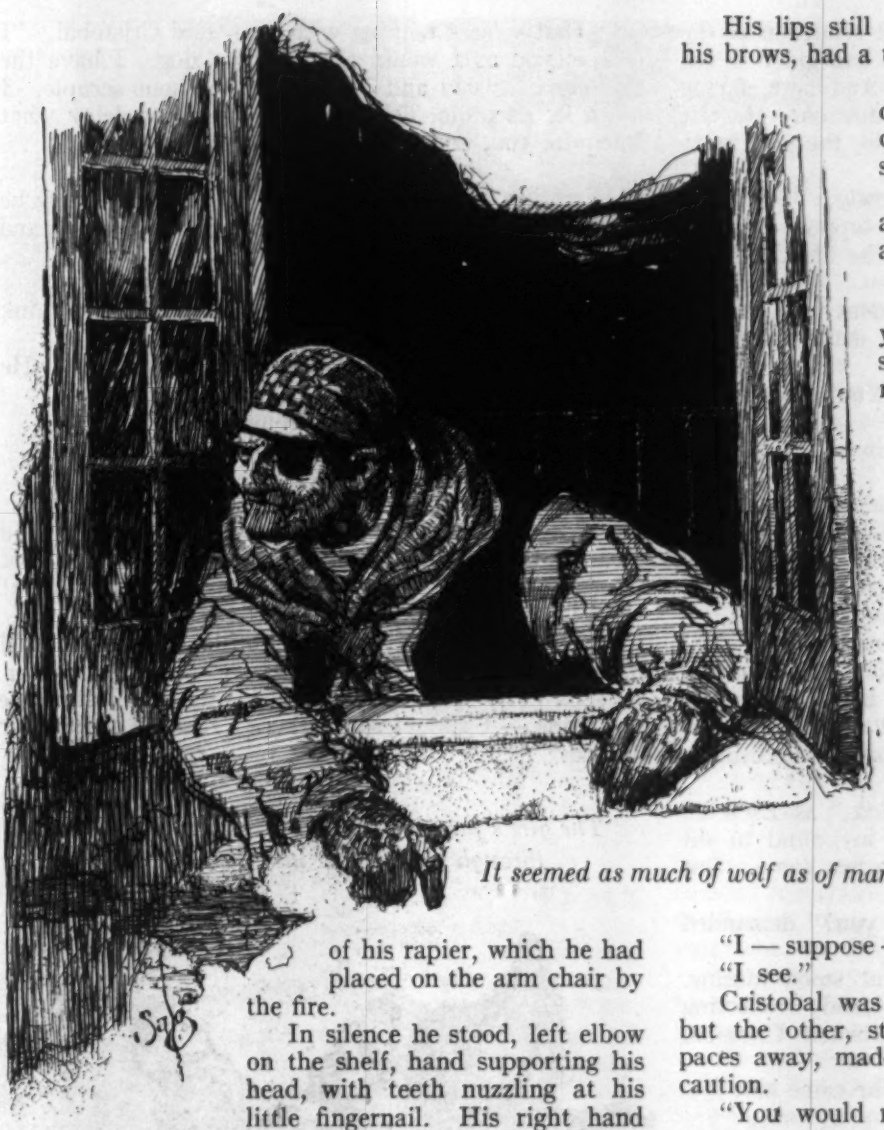
He stared at Cristobal unspeaking, then as if the smilling eyes looking into his held more in them than he cared to watch, he turned to the girl.

"Laura," he said, "for one moment — " He seemed to be at a loss, and turned to Cristobal with a gesture of the hand that made appeal. "Sir — in one moment — in one moment — Laura — " to the girl again — "for a reason — would you mind — " he stopped, at a loss, then he caught sight of the trunk she had brought with her, standing by the fireplace. "Ha!" He stepped to it and picked it up with evident relief. "Your trunk? Yes? Then, dearest, is that a bedroom?"

She looked enquiry at Cristobal. Cristobal nodded.

"Then, go make the change in your dress now." He opened the door for her and as she followed he gave her the leather case. She passed in, looking smilingly up at him. He stooped over her. Cristobal caught the murmur, "My own, a few minutes — " She vanished into the room and the door closed behind her.

Cristobal had moved a pace or two which brought him to the fire. He stood there with his foot on the hearthstone and his elbow resting on the shelf above the fire. Incidentally he was now standing within grasp



It seemed as much of wolf as of man

of his rapier, which he had placed on the arm chair by the fire.

In silence he stood, left elbow on the shelf, hand supporting his head, with teeth nuzzling at his little fingernail. His right hand was on his hip. His smile never varied.

From the bedroom door came the steps of the newcomer. Not too hastily he walked round the long table and confronted Cristobal, hesitated, then as if acting on a sudden determination he offered his open hand with a smile.

"Good evening, señor," he said.

Cristobal looked at him, at the hand. His own hand he did not move. The hand extended to him hesitated, then drooped —

"Good evening, cousin Escotillo de Zaurigi," said Cristobal. "I did not know that we were such friends that we took hands when we met?"

Said the other, looking a little white round the nostrils, "Pardon. Meeting thus — far away from Seville, and unexpectedly — "

"Quite unexpectedly," agreed Cristobal, amiably. "And I did not know that I had given you leave to use my name when you order rooms at an inn?"

Said the other,

"If I might explain — " he swung a glance at the closed door of the bedroom, and spoke in a lower tone. In the look and the tone was an appeal for quiet in whatever the discussion might lead to. Cristobal ignored it. Speaking in the level tone of a man heedless of possible overhearing,

"Oh, yes, Escotillo, you shall explain, but let me finish," he said. "I did not know that we were such friends that you felt privileged to court a woman under my name?"

His lips still smiled, but his eyes, narrowed under his brows, had a touch of the wolf in them.

Escotillo moved an uncertain pace or two away. Cristobal took his elbow off the shelf and confronted him very squarely.

"Cousin Cristobal," came an awkward murmur, "I am — I am in a difficult position."

He got a swift agreement.

"That's true, Cousin Escotillo — you are in a difficult position — make sure of that. Did you propose to marry the girl under my name?"

The other turned eagerly to him again.

"No, I assure you."

"Your own?" asked Cristobal.

"No." . . . An awkward little pause, then, "Caramba! These girls . . . and marriage . . . it's their one idea. . . . one humours them, but . . ."

Again there was a silence, then "I see," said Cristobal slowly, "you would not marry her as Cristobal de Zaurigi?"

"I swear, no, on my honour," the other gave him, emphatically.

"You were merely betraying her, and did me the distinguished honour of utilizing my name as a part of the business?"

"I — suppose — that is what it amounts to."

"I see."

Cristobal was speaking by no means quietly now, but the other, standing awkwardly before him some paces away, made no effort to induce him to greater caution.

"You would not venture to use my name if you were proposing straightforward marriage, but since it's merely a piece of filthy lying and treachery, why, you think you may take the liberty. . . . "

Escotillo looked swiftly up with a look full of hate.

"No airs!" said Cristobal. "You know me, Escotillo. Providence knows by what chance I happen here, but being here I will know how things stand. The girl loves you, or imagines she loves you. She looks on you as certainly her husband from this evening. That's the chance for a scoundrel. What's happened?"

Escotillo looked away without answering. Stirred by a sudden gust of the passion he had felt swelling within him Cristobal snatched up his rapier, and leaping forward pushed Escotillo back from him to striking distance and repeated insistently, "What's happened?"

The point was within an inch of the man's heart.

There was no evading the question. Escotillo insolently brushed with his fingers the shoulder Cristobal had laid hand on, and gave his questioner the answer he demanded.

"Judge for yourself."

Cristobal's jaw dropped. He stared at Escotillo. The implication was unmistakable, and reasonable enough, as he saw by the summing up he had himself but just delivered. Yet it struck him like a blow.

Across his mental vision there flashed the face of the girl, alight with a purity that from the first had evoked in him a regard far more serious than even now he could readily admit. To think of her as one already victimized by Escotillo required an effort almost beyond

him. Then there recurred to him that sensation of the infinite loyalty, the trust of which she had given him a glimpse. Trust — a girl's undoing. And here, facing him, was the deceiver, driven to confession. He felt a sudden monstrous disgust of Escotillo, the girl, manhood, the world.

"You mean that?" he said, slowly, "that girl, brought up in seclusion, as ignorant I suppose as a girl well could be — " he stopped, feeling the blood beating in the veins of his neck.

Escotillo was by now a more confident man, gathering courage as he watched Cristobal drooping before him.

"What of it?" he said brazenly. "You've something of a reputation."

The undeniable touch of truth in what he said drove Cristobal to a fury.

"Maybe. But may I rot living if ever I had on my conscience such a stinking bit of business as this!" . . . He wished to God that in these last years at Seville he had kept himself more scrupulously aloof from adventures that had first allured and then repulsed, the quest for fruit that tempted, and had withered so inevitably when he plucked it. Inwardly he blushed as there flashed through his mind scenes, people, events. . . . Bah! He stood ashamed before himself. Oh — but this, this villainy of Escotillo's. He could afford to point scorn here.

"The case is altered. Let me think," as Escotillo was about to intervene. "It was in my mind to slit your throat, and take the girl back to her home. But now there's more to be considered."

"What the devil has it to do with you?" demanded Escotillo.

Cristobal gave him no answer, but stood musing. Escotillo, uncomfortable under the steady reflecting gaze, was about to break in again when Cristobal delivered his decision.

"You used my name, my clever. She came here to marry you. She shall marry you."

"What do you mean?" asked Escotillo.

Cristobal turned his back on him and began to walk about the room, delivering judgment and reason to himself as he went.

"We'll call her in, and this fellow shall own his rotten rascality. We'll find a priest and he shall marry her. They shall be man and wife before I leave them." He swung round on Escotillo.

"If she chooses she may then go with you. If she turns from you in loathing I'll take her to her father's house, and if you want her and have the courage, you may go seek her."

Escotillo stood trembling with rage and hate.

"And you think I will be disposed of in this fashion, and by you?" he exclaimed.

"You shall do what I tell you," said Cristobal, "or I will run you through."

"Coward!" replied Escotillo, passionately. "You know I am no match for you."

"That weighs nothing with me," said Cristobal. "I compel you as I would a horse or a dog. I have the mastery over you and I will use it without scruple. I mean it, Escotillo. Either you do without delay what I require you, or I will kill you in this room."

Escotillo looked at him, read his face, and knew he meant all he said. He turned away, gnawing his lip and hanging his head.

"Well?" demanded Cristobal, unpitying.

"Wait a minute," replied Escotillo, "let me think a little."

He stood motionless, Cristobal watching him. He lifted his head and spoke again.

"Need you shame me as you promise?"

"Why not?"

"But why — why tell her?"

Cristobal jeered at him.

"Why? That she may know you for the cheat you are. And my name" — he continued, his mind at last returning to that crowning impudence, "my name! Used by you, in this fashion! — "

"Cristobal," interrupted Escotillo, earnestly, "I'll own myself wrong. I'll make amends. I'll marry her. As soon her as another, since I must. But I stipulate one thing — I should say rather, I request one favour of you."

The girl's unconscious form was clumsily shifted through the window into waiting arms

"What's that?"

"Let me keep your name for a space."

"What?" demanded Cristobal, scarcely believing.

"I mean it," said Escotillo, with great energy. "Think. I am utterly in the wrong, but I can repair my fault. I have that girl's trust, in full. I have played the fool with it, but if I may make free with your name for but a day or two longer — "

"Why, in heaven's name?"

"Man, give me, give the lady, a chance of happiness. You speak of exposing me. I cannot prevent you, but tell me, for whose sake are you acting now? For hers?"

"For no one else's, certainly."

"Doubtless. And yet you threaten to bring her whole universe about her ears at the very outset. Tell me, how come you here? A week ago you were in prison."

"Ah, that you counted on, I am well aware," said Cristobal sardonically.

"But I am free this last ten days."

"Set at liberty?"

"Escaped. I am on my way to France."

"You leave Spain?"

"Forever."

Escotillo in his eagerness took Cristobal by the arm. "Then, be generous. Don't expose me. Let the girl keep her ideal of me. Give me your name for but two days longer — "

"But why, man, why — what earthly good can it do you?"

"Give me time to turn round. It makes no possible difference to the legality of the marriage, and if I have but breathing space I shall think of some excuse, some explanation to make her. Come, it is not possible for me, on the spur of the moment, to cobble up an explanation, but give my wits elbow room and I'll think —"

"You'll think of a lie? Yes, I trust you for that."

Escotillo flushed, but swallowed the gibe and persisted.

"I will marry the girl. I shall seek to find happiness for us both. Why destroy every chance of success at the very outset? Give me two days, a day, to find some plausible method of opening her eyes to as much of the truth as you insist upon."

He kept his eyes on Cristobal's face. His mind at full stretch, he watched the indecision visible in Cristobal's eyes. Full of cunning, he was aware that the image of the girl in the bedroom, with her beauty and her helplessness, must be engaging his cousin's reflections. He gave him another second or two of thought, then selecting the moment with admirable judgment, he dropped his voice into the right key of earnest entreaty, and with an appealing stroke of the hand down Cristobal's arm, "Come," he said, "Cristobal, you have a name for chivalry. Show it here."

He had won. He saw it in a flash, as his cousin made an irresolute step away from him.

"You're a plausible scoundrel, Escotillo," said Cristobal, anger at his own weakness plainly manifest in his voice. "I am a fool. . . . Understand, you're to disclose your real name."

"Within a week."

"A week? You said twenty-four hours."

"If you insist. But after all, what is a day or two? I ask no more than time to think out my excuses."

"Then set your wits to work now," said Cristobal. "You shall have but twenty-four hours."

"Well, thank you, cousin." In Escotillo's tones was a real gratitude. "I shall make the most of your generosity. A priest then, when you like."

Cristobal surveyed him with suspicion. He trusted his cousin as far as he could see him.

"Mark me," he said slowly, "I shall witness the marriage."

"Agreed," cried Escotillo, amiably. "But in that case, who are you?"

"I?"

"You. . . . Obviously, you are me."

Cristobal stood bewildered.

"You — what — I — you?"

"What simpler? We are cousins — you lend me your name — you say good-bye to Spain forthwith — be for the present Escotillo de Zaurigi."

Cristobal shook his head.

"I prefer Cristobal."

"But, you are witnessing the marriage — I must make you known to my bride — since I am Cristobal, for today at least, and you must needs be someone, why not be Escotillo?"

Cristobal threw up his hand in exasperation.

"Oh, very well. Call me an ass." He reflected a moment, and saw how already his meddling in the girl's affairs was involving him in a tangle. "Call me an ass twice. I'll go for a priest." He walked towards the door, and turning there, "Be ready, Escotillo," he said solemnly.

"Cristobal," Escotillo corrected him, suavely.

"Oh, confusion. Mark me, then, Cristobal de Zaurigi, you cunning cheat —"

"No, no, Escotillo. I am your friend, your old friend, Cristobal. Come, do the thing handsomely."

Cristobal turned red. He had a great mind to throw the whole business to the winds.

After all, was it any affair of his? If a girl liked to play the fool with her future, was it to be expected that he, Cristobal de Zaurigi, with his own future in a most parlous state, was to go conspiring with her undoer to remedy the state of things her own folly had brought about? In a second the scales of his judgment were evenly balanced again, and might well have swung down on the other side, but at this instant there fell on his ears a birdlike note or two. From the inner room came a faint syllable or two of music. The happiness in the girl's heart had broken into a song. No word, but a faint joyous lilt rippled on the air for a second or two, then sank to silence.

Cristobal opened the door on the stairs.

"Have your own way. Friends, of a sort, I'll be with you this night. I'll say no more. Expect me back as soon as I find a priest."

The door closed behind him.

CHAPTER 15

THE WEDDING FEAST

Cristobal ran down stairs. Miguel saw him and came towards him.

"Señor?"

"Tell me," said Cristobal, "where I shall find a priest."

"A priest?" echoed Miguel. "Not till you reach Guipuscadilla."

"How far is that?" demanded Cristobal.

"A league," replied Miguel.

"A thousand —" began Cristobal.

"No, *señor*, but one only," corrected Miguel.

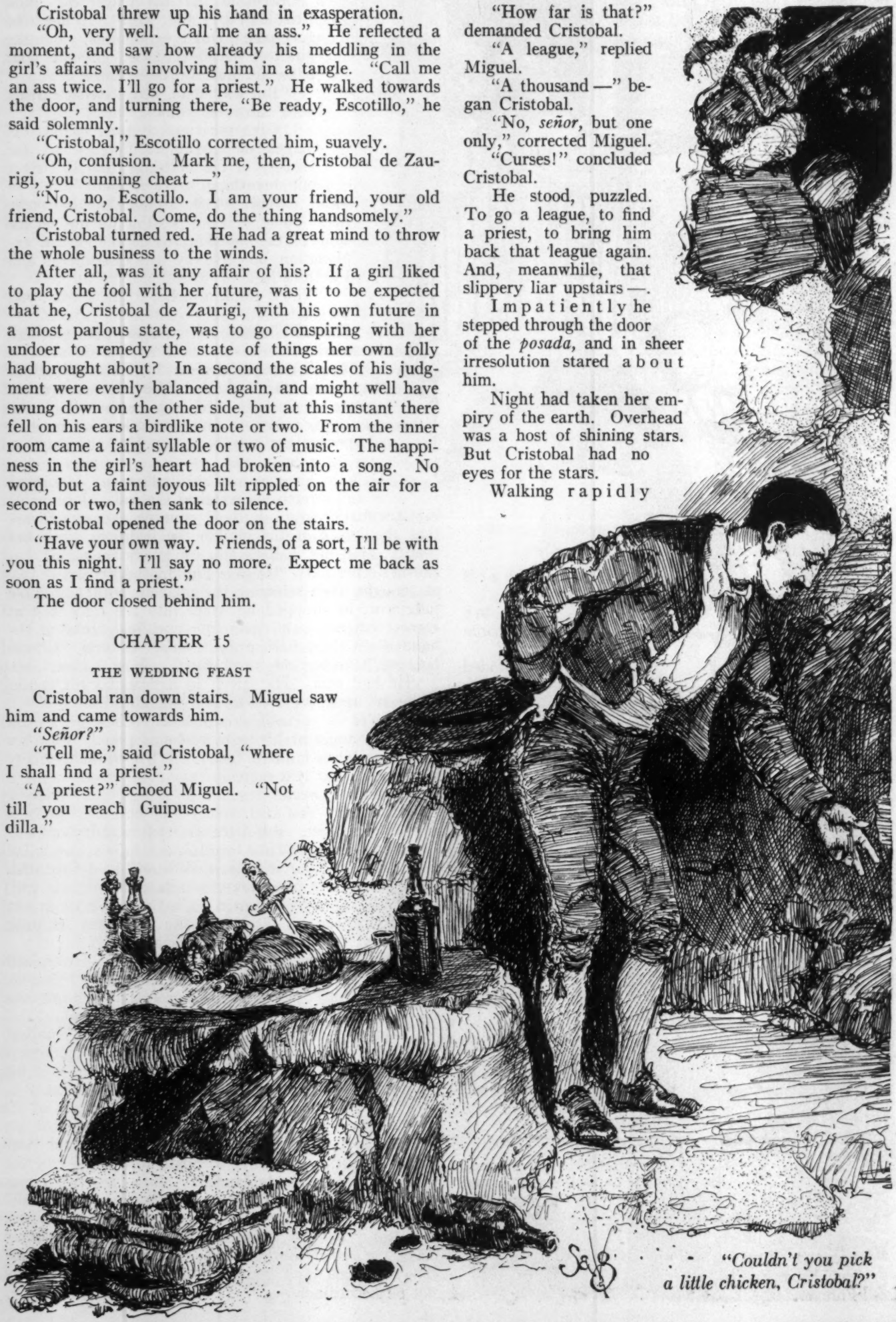
"Curses!" concluded Cristobal.

He stood, puzzled. To go a league, to find a priest, to bring him back that league again. And, meanwhile, that slippery liar upstairs —.

Impatiently he stepped through the door of the *posada*, and in sheer irresolution stared about him.

Night had taken her empiry of the earth. Overhead was a host of shining stars. But Cristobal had no eyes for the stars.

Walking rapidly



"Couldn't you pick a little chicken, Cristobal?"

away, almost, one might imagine, as if Cristobal's emergence from the inn had startled and started him, was an unmistakable priest.

In a second Cristobal was after him. In four strides he had reached and grasped him.

"Father," he cried, "a moment!"

The priest stopped.

He was a tallish, thin man, with a by no means handsome or even attractive-looking face under his cowl. He had a large nose and a pair of very small eyes, which looked very uncertainly into Cristobal's.

"Father," said Cristobal. "Well met. I want you."

"Want me? But I — I am pressed —"

"I want you," said Cristobal, ingratiatingly, "for the best of purposes, nor can I spare you till you have done what I ask."

"And what is that?"

"You must celebrate a marriage for me."

"A marriage — celebrate a marriage — I?"

"You."

"When — where?"

"At this inn, at this moment."

The priest looked undecided. Cristobal began to draw him back with an arm round his shoulders. "Come, father, there is no escape. The two people have set their hearts on it, I have set my heart on it —"

"Why then," said the priest, "we'll say no more. I'll marry them. Where are they — and is this wedding lawful?"

"Their names," said Cristobal as he led the priest into the inn and towards the stairs, "are Laura de la Llana, and Es — I mean, Cristobal de Zaurigi. Nothing bars their wedding."

He drew the priest up the stairs and led him into the room.

By the fire stood his cousin, and Laura de la Llana. She had dressed herself now in proper garb. It suited her even more admirably than the dress in which he had first seen her. Holding Escotillo's hand she gave a little courtesy as she faced the newcomers, her colour heightening a little.

"Holy father," said Cristobal, "there stands the pining pair."

The priest bowed his long back.

"Good evening, father," said Escotillo.

"Good evening, *señor;* good day to you, young lady. You two would be married?"

"As soon as may be," said Escotillo.

"Are you both of a mind in this matter, and lawfully free to wed?"

"Yes," said Escotillo.

"Where's a ring?" Escotillo produced one. "Give it to me." The symbol rested in his palm. "Now, take it from me and put it on her finger. Then do you, sir, take her for wife in the presence of God, of me, His priest, and of this gentleman — your name, sir?" He looked at Cristobal. Cristobal looked at Escotillo.

"This," said Escotillo unperturbed, "is my friend, Escotillo de Zaurigi." The priest bowed. "I," went on Escotillo, "Cristobal de Zaurigi, do take thee, Laura de la Llana, to be my wife."

She looked at him with a face so heavenly happy that Cristobal cursed himself inwardly.

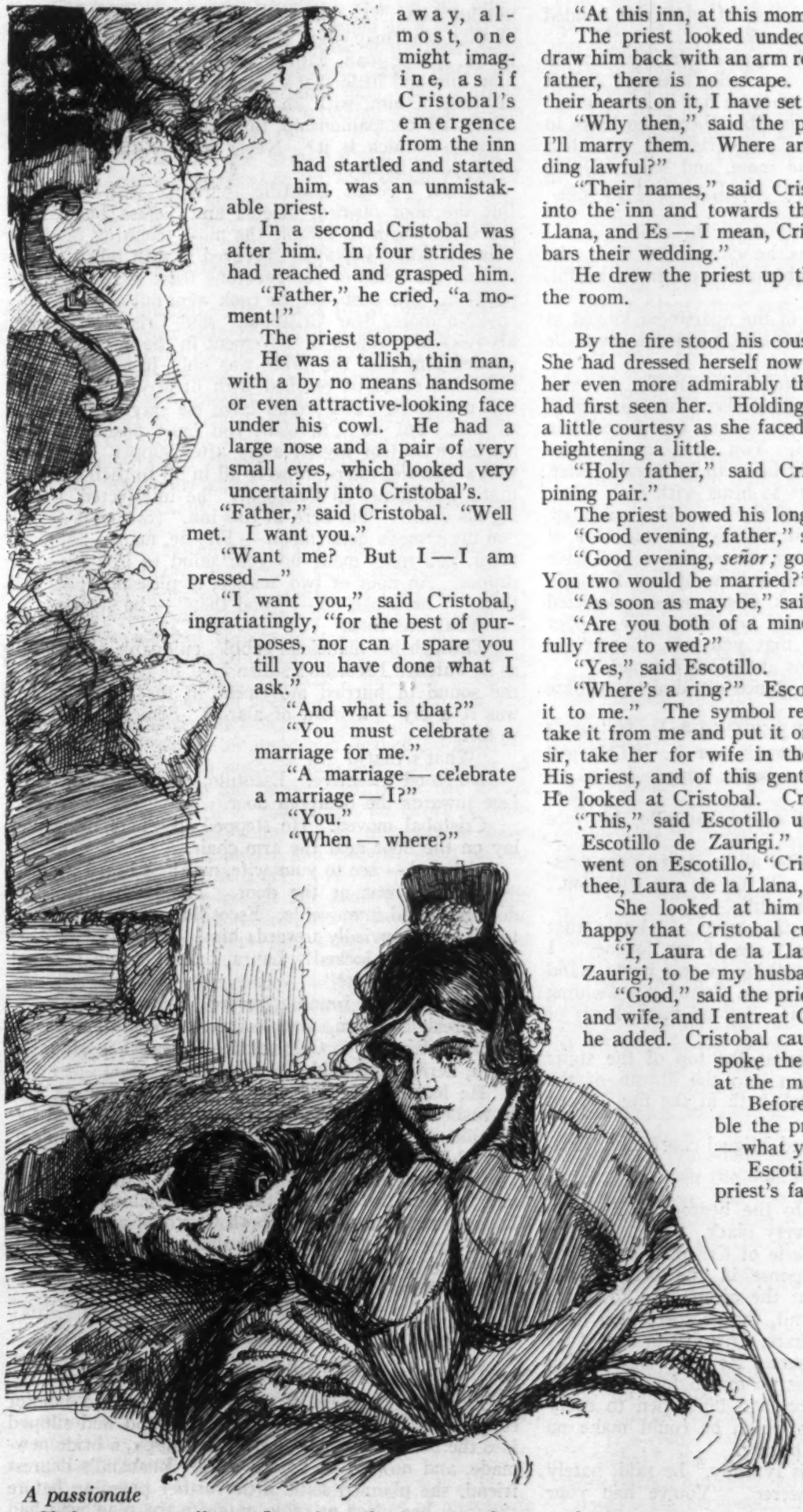
"I, Laura de la Llana, take thee, Cristobal de Zaurigi, to be my husband."

"Good," said the priest. "I pronounce you man and wife, and I entreat God's blessing on you both," he added. Cristobal caught sight of his face as he spoke the words. He was staggered at the malignity of its appearance.

Before he could interject a syllable the priest went on. "The fee is — what you please."

Escotillo felt in his purse and the priest's face relaxed in a smile as he took his fee. "I thank you, *señor.*" He turned to the table. "I should like," he said, "to drink health and happiness to you both."

Some inward merriment seemed to seize him. He grinned again. Again Cristobal was struck with the extraordinary aspect of his face as the lines which should have betokened merriment cut deeply in from nose to chin.



A passionate "Choke, curse you," was flung from the figure on the ground

Cristobal poured out a glass of wine and handed it to him. He took the drink off.

"I've drunk health and happiness in my time to many a blooming couple . . . I don't know," he set the glass down, "that any of them had it very long," he made his way to the door, "but there's no harm in wishing. Good day, *señor,*" to Cristobal, who had accompanied him across the room, and stood holding the door open for him, "good night, sir and madam," he threw over his shoulder.

His footsteps went heavily down the stairs.

Cristobal had heard, as he closed the door, the sound of a chuckle that might have come from the Pit.

The three left together in the apartment looked at each other undecidedly. "Escotillo," said the new-made husband.

"Cristobal," replied Cristobal, beamingly, "I wish you joy — and to your wife, joy also. Introduce me."

"Laura," said Escotillo, "this is my cousin and firm friend, Escotillo de Zaurigi. You must know," continued Escotillo coolly, "that he is an inveterate jester. In Seville we are ever heart to heart with each other. In some way he got wind of my intention, our plan, and ventured here, annoyed, he says, at my lack of confidence in him, to play off a jest on me. I have rebuked him. He is penitent," went on Escotillo brazenly, grinning at the look of amazement depicted on the face of his cousin, "and he desires now to offer his felicitations and trusts that you will do him the grace of never alluding to his audacious escapade."

Cristobal flashed him a glance of admiring tribute for his impudence.

"All joy be yours, lady," said Cristobal. He raised her hand to his lips and bowed over it. "This will indeed," he continued, "be a happy supper for us all three."

"What, will you stay?" asked Escotillo, his face dropping.

"Yes. I have decided after all to yield to the pressure you put upon me, and will stay to sup with you."

"But Cris — I mean, Escotillo — "

Cristobal waved all objection away. "I know what you would say. The importance of my journey. I disregard it. Shall I let anything in this world stand between me and my crony cousin Cristobal's wedding supper? Perish the thought! Say no more, heart of gold. Host! Host!"

He had opened the door at the top of the stairs and was roaring down them into the abysm of the kitchen. Teresa and Miguel, both at the fire, looked up at him.

"Ready, *señor!*" chirruped Miguel cheerfully. Cristobal withdrew.

Laura had vanished into the bedroom. Escotillo stood by the table looking very black.

The boisterous camaraderie of Cristobal had failed to rouse the slightest response in the bridegroom's breast. Inwardly boiling at the compulsion to which he had been forced to submit, the prospect of a meal in which Cristobal was to share, Cristobal in one of his gay moods, evoked no pleasure. He saw himself being roasted. At his best he was no match for his cousin, and now, when his situation laid him open to every sort of malicious attack to which he could make no reply, his heart seethed with fury.

"Cris — Escotillo, this is tyranny," he said, barely able to keep his voice lowered. "You've had your way —"

"But not my supper, dear Cristobal," Cristobal reminded him. "To you, the eager lover, considerations of that kind may seem sordid, contemptible even, but to me, a lone man, with a string of misadventures behind him and little that's pleasant, as far as he knows, in front of him, with an empty stomach and a heart athirst for companionship, this supper of mine — yours — ours — which is it? Never mind — this supper is of supreme importance."

"Dios!" began Escotillo, bursting with vexation. But the door opened, Miguel and Teresa bustled in, the table began to exhibit the most tempting proof of Teresa's skill. Cristobal surveyed it with relish as one by one the items of the generous feast were placed in position. The host and the cook went out again.

"No more, dear Cristobal," said Cristobal, raising his voice as a sound of movement in the next room reminded him that the bride was only just out of earshot, and could be reached with little vocal effort, "I will not do it. You would have me stay to breakfast as well. But no, Cristobal, you must positively give me leave to tear myself away after supper. All very well at Seville, where we were all in all to each other — that's handsome, eh Cristobal?" he interjected, lowering his voice —"but here, at this inn," (raising it again) "on my crony's honeymoon — Fie, fie, man! So, Cristobal, you must make up your mind to lose me after supper. An hour or two, maybe, of pleasant chat, and then —" he broke off — "and then" — he stopped.

What was that?

Through his malicious gabble, enjoyable to the full as he watched Escotillo's sullen face, he seemed to catch the sound of hurried movement in the next room — was it a cry — a word of alarm? Something seemed to fall —

"What's that?"

He stood attentive. Escotillo, too, had turned his face towards the bedroom door.

Cristobal moved. He stepped to where his rapier lay on the floor near the arm chair.

"I heard — see to your wife, man! I heard a cry!"

Escotillo was at the door. The latch lifted, the door remained immovable. Escotillo beat on it as Cristobal came hurriedly towards him.

"The door's locked! Laura, Laura! Open — open! What's the matter?"

Cristobal was running towards him at pace.

"Break it down, man — there's something wrong. Lady! — Within! — Call out! — Answer! — Have it down, here, stand aside!"

He had halted and backed down the room. Now he rushed forward. Escotillo stood aside, Cristobal flying like a missile launched himself against the door. Something gave — there was a rending and a crashing as the latch and a bolt on the other side were torn out, the door broke in at the top, wrenching from one hinge, a mad smashing by both Cristobal and Escotillo at the base, and then the stout timber fell into the bedroom, the two men staggering in with it.

The room was empty.

CHAPTER 16

KIDNAPPED

Laura, as Cristobal stepped to the stairs to call for supper, had thrown a kiss at her husband and slipped into the bedroom again. Radiantly happy, a bride newmade, and now to be hostess to her husband's dearest friend, she planned some little further preening before she took her place at table opposite the man who had won her heart, and to whom she had given her hand.

The bedroom, barely furnished, was lit but dimly by a smoky oil lamp placed on a shelf in a corner an hour before by Miguel. In this nook of the room alone was there a pretense at illumination. Everywhere else was gloom so deep that the lamp light could scarcely throw on the dingy walls her wavering shadow as she moved about in front of it.

Wonderful in that age, in such a place as an inn, a broken mirror was fastened to the wall beside the shelf. At this she busied herself. She took down her long hair rapidly, and hastily readjusted it, retied the lacing of her bodice. Her nimble fingers flew about their work — she was all impatience to get back to the other room.

She had finished. Her hands lifted themselves for a final pat to her hair, she threw a last glance at herself in the cracked mirror — and she stood rigid.

Behind her, staring over her shoulder at her image in the glass, was another face.

It seemed as much of wolf as of man, the animal glare in the hungry eyes, the half-opened mouth in which yellow teeth glinted, the aspect of desperation, savagery and cruel greed, all uniting to bring to her mind the image of a beast of prey, ravenous and reckless.

She stood motionless, staring in her glass, lips parted, head dizzy, her instant panic paralysing her.

Till this moment such a thing as peril was something that had never entered her thoughts except as a romantic incident spoken or read of. And in this horrible face, this fearful thing looking over her shoulder was threat, evil, cruelty so plainly, instantly grasping at her that all power of speech or motion left her and she could but look and look.

The face moved as its owner leaned forward — something seemed to snap in her head, the power of movement returned, the native courage in her breast leaped suddenly to life. She made an effort to turn to face the dreadful thing — and instantly a hand plunged across her shoulder and clapped itself on her mouth, just opening in a cry.

The same action pulled her head back on to the breast of the man behind her, his elbow bore down on her breast, another arm was flung round her from the other side.

She writhed, half suffocated with fear, anger and the instinct of resistance, and another pair of arms grasped her round the knees and lifted her from the floor. Desperately she twisted, but hands from the darkness held her limbs, her head was pulled back till it seemed as if her neck would break.

One last effort freed her left arm. She tore at the hand that pressed so cruelly across her mouth and round her nostrils. Her desperation almost wrenched it away. The beginnings of a call for help almost broke through the darkness of the room — Then the hand slipped again over her mouth, the cry was strangled, she was suffocating, dying —

She fainted.

"Steady," whispered a quiet voice as the girl lay still, "Don't overdo it. Is she gone?"

"She's fainted," said another voice, in a hoarse suppression.

"Handle her gently, do no damage, get her to the window. . . . Curse you! Who's that?" In the dark a stool had been knocked over and only partly saved from falling loudly on the floor.

"Lope," answered a third voice.

"— Lope! Go slow — go quiet!"

In the dim light of the lamp a huddle of men made their way to the window opening. Laura lay still. They lifted her to the sill. One man got through the opening. A ladder standing against the wall of the inn reached comfortably up to the balcony where the girl's motionless figure was clumsily shifted through into the waiting arms.

The first man, working a step or two down the ladder, steadied his burden. A second man followed, endeavouring to take something of the dead weight of the unconscious form. It was a difficult matter. A third man, following too closely, encumbered those below him. A curse, a hoarse protest of regret —

"Quick, blast you!" from the room. At the bedroom door they could hear a man beating with his hand and calling in swiftly growing alarm, "Laura! Laura!"

Blunderingly now and with little care the group of men emerging through the window began to press down the ladder. There came a crash in the room above, a shower of kicks on the door. It was giving, they could sense that. One man in his haste let go the ladder, made a scrambling attempt at recovery and fell with a loud oath on to the cobbles of the yard below. Footsteps sounded in the room above.

But they were down now. Another group of men, hitherto standing watching their descent, began to vanish round the corner of the inn wall. All were down now. Laura was dragged up on to the shoulder of the tallest there, the ladder was lifted away from the window, in another second all had fled round the corner.

At that instant Cristobal thrust his head through the window above. The sound of feet on cobbles met his ear, but the darkness gave him no vision. He dashed back across the room, squeezed and stumbled past the door hanging from its bottom hinge, started towards the stair door — and pulled up sharply with a pistol at his breast.

A DOZEN men, whose quality was plain to guess, were in the room. Several had guns, and these were all directed on Cristobal and Escotillo, both of whom with sound sense obeyed instantly the very direct command this conveyed.

There was a hubbub of voices, exulting cries, a flourishing of swords and knives. Escotillo's blade was taken from him, Cristobal's dagger was removed, his sword smartly wrenched from his hand.

"What's this, gentlemen?" asked Cristobal, placably. This frowsty gang of ruffians had better be handled gently. He recalled Miguel's plaint of the presence of brigands in the neighbourhood. Here they were, in force, without a doubt. Still, he surmised, reasonably enough, that robbery was all they aimed at and in view of the empty state of his pockets, robbery was a matter of small concern to him.

He had immediate reason for further surprise, however. Through the doorway came the priest who five minutes before had made Escotillo a husband. He walked across the room with a swagger and a grin, and halted to survey the two captives with great satisfaction.

"Ha!" said he. "Both here. Well, we want but the one."

"One only?" said Cristobal. "And which is the lucky fellow?"

"Not you," said the priest. He pointed to Escotillo, who shrank back. "That one."

Escotillo began a broken utterance of protest.

"I? — No — not I — why?"

"That," the priest told him grimly, "we shall explain later, but just now we are pressed for time. Come." He beckoned. Escotillo stood still. "Hurry, Don Cristobal."

Escotillo broke out again.

"Don Cristobal — you want Don Cristobal — Don Cristobal de Zaurigi?"

The priest nodded, and several of the gang, laying hands on Escotillo, began to push him across the room to the door. Cristobal, with a look of intense interest, stood a little apart.

"Yes, we want Don Cristobal de Zaurigi — that is to say, you."

"But I am not he," shouted Escotillo. He hung back, resisting violently as they began to drag at him. He flung a hand at Cristobal. "There's Don Cristobal — there he stands. He is my cousin, Don Cristobal de Zaurigi. Listen — my God!"

Frantically he grasped at the table, dropping to his knees and clasping one of the massive legs. They began to pull apart his interlocking fingers. He lifted his voice to a shout. "There's treachery — black treachery — I came here to-night — " They pulled him away from the table and dragged him sprawling across the floor. He still protested. "Listen — tell me, tell me — was this ordered from Seville?"

Placid at the open door the priest answered.

"From God knows where — but we want you, young man."

THE energy of his protests, his resistance, had brought them to a standstill. They released him as he questioned the priest and crouched on his knees he still resisted, pushing away the hands that caught at his tunic.

Cristobal smiled sardonically. What this incursion meant he could not divine, but dimly he sensed that it had something to do with the girl, and, his mind recurring to the facts of her visit there, his cousin's confessed vileness, the whole wretched business, he allowed himself an unholy spurt of satisfaction.

He smiled sardonically.

"Well, Cristobal, this looks like being an interesting honeymoon," he observed.

Escotillo's voice went up into a scream.

"But I am not Cristobal de Zaurigi." They stooped and lifted him bodily from the floor. He writhed out of their hands and fell to the ground, crying, "That is he — that is Cristobal — "

"What, I?" said Cristobal. "Father, this young man is a trifle distracted — these bridegrooms often are. As you are aware, I am Escotillo de Zaurigi."

The priest nodded.

"That is so. Come, Don Cristobal."

Escotillo caught him round the knees, raving.

"Listen to me, listen — I tell you my name is Escotillo — that man is Cristobal my cousin — we cheated the girl" — The priest looked at Cristobal. Cristobal shrugged his shoulders.

"You shock me," he said to Escotillo. "You'll tell me next that I married your wife."

Maddened, Escotillo got to his feet and leaped at him. Cristobal stepped back. Escotillo was seized and held. He was foaming at the mouth.

"He lies — he lies — he is Cristobal!"

The desperate emphasis of his asseverations carried weight.

The priest looked puzzled, various voices began to make suggestions, others there were laughing.

"Bring them both," snapped the priest and went out. Escotillo was dragged after him. Half a dozen dirty hands approached Cristobal.

"Gently, gentlemen," he remonstrated, smoothly, and followed the struggling group downstairs.

In the kitchen, lit by the flare of the logs on the hearthstone, Miguel and Teresa stood, terror-stricken. One of the bandits suddenly pulled Miguel forward.

"Here's the host — ha, host, which is Don Cristobal de Zaurigi?"

"I know, myself," said the priest curtly. Escotillo, his hands held, pushed himself forward to confront Miguel.

"Am I Don Cristobal?" he demanded, the sweat running down his forehead.

"Is he?" demanded a brigand, kicking Miguel forward — and aft.

"You?" said Miguel, "No. There stands my old master." He pointed to Cristobal, who had had no time to make himself smaller.

The priest stood scratching his nose. "What's this?" he demanded of the room generally.

Escotillo struck in.

"You hear? — I said so. Take him, take him!"

Cristobal, who was aware that, whatever the reasons for the detention of Cristobal de Zaurigi by these men, none of them could have any pleasurable bearing on his future, played up to his part.

"This is not businesslike. I come to my cousin's wedding, this dunderhead — " he scowled at Miguel — "sogged with his own bad wine, forgets my name or my face — "

He ceased. In at the door came two of the ruffians, half carrying, half dragging the drooping figure of Laura. They brought her into the group near the fire. She was deadly white, and the look in her eyes was one of terror and loathing as she looked round the rabble of men.

"Now, young demoiselle," said the priest, who seemed to be losing his temper, "which of these is Cristobal de Zaurigi? . . . Let her go," he commanded.

The two men released her. Her eyes fell on her husband. She sprang to him and embraced him. "Cristobal!" she exclaimed, her head on his breast, her arms about his shoulders. He made a frantic effort to shake her off.

"I am not Cristobal!" He succeeded in forcing her head away from him. He grasped her wrists and held her a pace away. "I tell you, that is Cristobal." He pointed as well as he could with his shoulder.

She stood away from him.

"What are you saying — what are you telling me?"

He stamped his foot in a frenzy.

"I tell you, it was a trick — I am Escotillo — he is Cristobal — it was a trick — nothing more — "

"A trick!"

Her head made a sudden swerve on her shoulders as if a blow had been aimed at her face. "A trick! . . . *Amor de Dios!* . . . A trick — my wedding — "

Escotillo began to stammer — something — anything — mere words.

"He — he made me — I never intended — I had meant — " he caught sight of the sneer on his cousin's face as he stood watching him. "Cristobal — curse you! You know all I say is true."

Cristobal turned away with a sigh.

"This grieves me more than I can say," he said, quietly and sadly. "You must know, gentlemen, that this cousin Cristobal of mine — "

Escotillo broke into a string of curses. The priest strode towards the open door, turning as he reached it to give his orders.

"Bring him along." He beckoned impatiently. Escotillo was forced, still raving, towards the door. "I am satisfied. I ask no more. Bring him along — and the girl."

Leaning back, her face covered with her hands,

Laura was urged across the room. Cristobal intervened.

"Wait a moment, light of religion." He took the priest by the arm. "Must this young lady go with you?"

"Yes," grinned the priest.

"But, man, be reasonable. What do you want — money? I'll pledge you my word you shall have full ransom, but — a lady of her youth and innocence — Come," he remonstrated, throwing all he could of persuasion into his voice, "let me be go-between with her relatives."

Laura, her eyes wide and strained, looked from Cristobal to the priest.

"Sir, I thank you," she said, and came close to Cristobal as if nearness to him brought her relief from the crushing anxiety that possessed her.

The priest turned impatiently and stepped across the threshold into the night.

"This is all so much wind," he threw over his shoulder. "She's coming. This is more than a matter of ransom I can tell you."

Cristobal followed him through the doorway, holding to him, still expostulating. The priest shook his hand off. "To hell with you. Bring her. March, all!"

The whole gang poured out into the patio, Escotillo still addressing wild protest to the dirty ruffians who pushed him forward, Laura stumbling on the cobbles.

Cristobal, in and of this group, yet having no place there either as free man or captive, made his last effort.

Running ahead of the priest and confronting the whole gang, as, chattering and laughing, they came straggling out into the rutty road, a lantern swinging here and there among them,

"Wait — wait!" he bellowed. "Take me too!"

They halted in a shuffling scramble.

"What for?" demanded the priest, in a fury of disgust at this continued delay.

Cristobal spoke with dignity, authority and a fine sense of the drama of the moment.

"You want Cristobal de Zaurigi? — Well then, it occurs to me on thinking things over that — Ha!" he broke off. "A moment!" He dashed into the inn. "Thirty seconds!" he called over his shoulder as he disappeared into the *posada*. They saw him run up the stairs.

Within thirty seconds he reappeared, running down again, laden. He came running out into the road. With great dexterity he had contrived to carry the ham, the roast of lamb, and the two stewed chickens. Under each arm were bottles. Bottles jingled in his pockets.

He stepped in front of the priest.

"Father, either I am or I am not Cristobal de Zaurigi, but in any case I assure you I am worth taking." He stepped to Laura, and calmly swept aside the brigand who had her around the waist. "I will bring this lady," he said authoritatively.

Cristobal slid his arm about the trembling figure of Laura.

"Courage," he said quietly.

She turned towards her husband. Escotillo, head drooping, oblivious of his wife's danger, seemed unable to do more than support himself on his feet.

A paralyzing terror had numbed him.

What was to follow he could not guess, but he knew that of which no other soul there was aware — he knew whose was the hand behind this catastrophe.

He had disregarded the orders of the man who had sent him there from Seville.

"Lure the girl to where I shall instruct you — and there leave her" — his first and final directions had been plain.

Fired by her beauty, tempted, vilely, by her innocence, her helplessness, he had dared disobey. He had snatched at a pleasure too alluring to forego —

And now — this!

The long arm of the man at Seville had reached out and taken him.

A rough hand struck him on the shoulder and urged him forward. A sickness of soul almost physical filled his miserable breast.

There was a moment's pause, then, "Very well," grinned the priest. "Step out, all!"

Twenty pairs of feet went trudging into the darkness.

CHAPTER 17

Cristobal Meets an Old Enemy

The seacoast south of Guipuscadilla rises for near a league into formidable cliffs in which numerous coves have been fretted by the waves.

On one of its craggiest headlands lay heaped the ruins of what was once a lordly keep. It spread in such wild confusion that either an incredible age must have elapsed since first its great pile rose to threaten the blue ocean at its base, or, more possibly, some shock of long-forgotten earthquake had brought its proud pinnacles to the dust. Here and there its gigantic stones still kept the remains of order, forming a rude lair, and occasional walls connected by fragments of floor, of roof, made a crude caricature of privacy.

About these ruins more than one fire blazed, not so much for warmth as for company. Coarse voices echoed occasionally, now in a shout which might indicate a quarrel, now in a burst of wild laughter, annoying to the envious sentry, a ragged vagabond with a gun on his shoulder. He paced about in the neighborhood of the tottering drawbridge, whose skeleton still spanned the dry ditch which had once been a deep moat.

Remote from these voices was a large hall sketched in scattered stones and crumbling walls. Here, after a weary tramp in the darkness, the three prizes captured at the "Moor's Head" had been granted a limited freedom.

A fire of briskly burning logs threw a bright glow over the ruined walls and the faces and forms of the three prisoners. Each of these was disposed in an attitude which gave a key to the varying receptions they accorded to the fate which had befallen them.

Laura sat by the fire, bareheaded but with a cloak about her.

This was Cristobal's, hastily snatched up by him when he had run back to the sitting room at the *posada*. Not so much chill as an instinct to shield herself as much as possible from the circumstances that surrounded her prompted the girl to keep it wrapped about her. She stared at the fire, her face like a stone, her thoughts busy with two trains of reflections, both of them making for anger, indignation and dread.

The disclosure, so brutally made by the man she had married that evening, of a vile deception he had practiced upon her, with what purpose she disdained to ask, though again and again its infamy recurred to her, was one of her subjects of consideration. The second was her presence here, in this wild ruin, in the hands of men whose vileness was evident.

Some distance off, face downwards on the ground, which was covered deeply with the blown sand brought by the winds of five hundred years from the sea shore far below, lay Escotillo.

His face was hidden in his arms, and for minute

after minute he lay, motionless as a dead man, a prey to fears which almost paralyzed him. In his mind too a fearful speculation was busy. What was to happen to Laura and himself he could not guess, but he was well aware that his detention here was the direct result of his mad defiance of the instructions he had received.

His part had been to lure Laura to where she might be taken without effort. The overmastering desire to make the most of his opportunity with her, which had swept away all prudence and led him into disobeying the orders given him, had now engulfed him with her in a fate he could not fathom but which he dreaded to imagine.

So, wrung now and then by a sigh of profound misery, he lay speechless, racked with nameless terror, his heart filled with rage, at himself and at the innocent girl on whom he heaped a senseless blame for the predicament in which he found himself.

And Cristobal? —

Cristobal was eating his supper.

At a comfortable distance from the fire, that is to say near enough to taste its cheerful companionship without being in the least incommoded by the heat from its blaze, seated on a rock, with a fallen block of masonry in front adapting itself hospitably into a substitute for the table he had been forced to leave an hour ago, Don Cristobal de Zaurigi toyed — being now somewhere near the finish of a hearty meal — with the admirable elements of supper which were disposed before him.

The remains of one of the stewed fowl lay exposed, a piteous wreck, as is the way of a fowl when a hungry man has had his way with it. The ham, skilfully cooked as one might guess from its tempting aspect and aroma, had parted with a thin slice or so. The roast mutton bore signs of grateful attention. Two small bottles stood open — and empty. Cristobal had arrived at the stage of swinging round sideways to the extemporized table, and, one hand supporting his cheek, was sipping a glass of wine slowly and with the appreciation of a man who has got what he considers is good for him.

HE looked at Laura. She sat motionless. He considered her for some time.

Possibly a movement on her part might have led him to address her, but she sat like a statue. He gave a glance at the prone figure of Escotillo. Here, too, no movement offered a conversational opening.

Cristobal grinned, and set his empty glass down.

He was by nature a sociable man, and to eat solitary and speechless in this fashion was not his way. Still, he admitted the occasion to be one not altogether ordinary. But must that condemn him to silence for the rest of the evening?

He cleared his throat and spoke with the friendliest intonation.

"Excellent ham this — Cristobal," he added, as a friendly afterthought, and grinned again as he detected a writhe of impatience and anger in his cousin's shoulders.

No further notice was taken of his remark.

He waited some ten seconds and tried again.

"Couldn't you pick a little chicken, Cristobal?"

Not even a wriggle this time. He made a third essay, full of the friendliest solicitude.

"What about the mutton? Excellent mutton. . . . Won't you let me cut you a slice — Cristobal?"

Without moving its body or lifting its face from its arms, the figure on the ground flung him a passionate, "Choke, curse you!"

Cristobal looked at him in pained astonishment, as if at a loss to understand the meaning of the uncivil rejection of his proffered courtesies. Then, as if the enigma were beyond him, he sighed, lifted his shoulders in an almost imperceptible shrug of acceptance, and stretched out his hand to where more bottles stood in a row on the rock table.

Pausing with his forefinger on the cork of one of them, "I won't open another bottle," he said, still with great mildness and amiability, "if you feel sure you would not care for —— "

Escotillo spun round most surprisingly, revealing a face livid with fury. He sprang to his feet, crossed in four strides the space that separated him from the crude table on which the eatables were displayed, and leaning over it, his face thrust forward aggressively,

"Mad fool! Mad fool!" he ejaculated. Cristobal stared at him open-eyed and reproachful. Escotillo struck his right fist into the palm of his left hand three times, and blared across at him.

"Do you know what is going to happen to us?"

"No," said Cristobal mildly, "do you?"

"A thousand things may happen," hissed Escotillo. Cristobal appeared to be digesting this. He kept his eyes on Escotillo for some seconds before he remarked, with a gleam of animation as if he had just discovered a great thought,

"If a thousand things may happen —— " he paused.

"Yes?" demanded Escotillo.

"Why waste time guessing?" concluded Cristobal, sagaciously.

Escotillo flung away in a fury, strode towards the fire then back again to Cristobal.

"Do you realize," he began, trying to bring his voice down to the level of some calmness in diction, "that we two men —— "

"I realize," Cristobal struck in, equally, "that we two men are speaking in the presence of a woman." He looked Escotillo in the eye, and let his gaze travel significantly to Laura for a second, then return to his cousin. Escotillo, pulled up in a burst of heated speech, swallowed what he had to say. Cristobal lifted his voice a little and addressed the figure by the fire.

"Doña de la Llana —— "

She started as his voice fell on her ears, glanced up at him and seemed about to speak. She changed her mind, flashed a look at Escotillo and compressed her lips in silence.

"I venture to ask you," continued Cristobal, "will you not eat a little? Come, since we are actually permitted to eat our own supper here, why not take a mouthful?"

"No, señor," she replied.

He poured out a glass of wine, and rising, went over to her. "A glass of wine then — come —— "

"I beg you not to press me, señor," she replied coldly.

Unwilling to let the girl neglect herself in this fashion, Cristobal turned towards her husband. "Cristobal —— " he began. Laura looked up and gave a bitter little laugh. Escotillo, pacing moodily a little way off, snarled his invariable protest.

"Don't call me Cristobal!"

Laura laughed again.

"Call him by his name, señor — if he has a name."

Stung by her tone, "Laura," said Escotillo imploringly, and came over to her with a gesture as if he would caress her.

She slipped from her seat and shrank away, turning on him with a gesture of loathing.

"Oh, enough!" she said. "I am ashamed. I am

disgraced. I have thrown away an honourable name in exchange for — what?"

"I swear to you," said Escotillo, "that my devotion is unchanged."

"That is to say it is still worthless," she answered. She looked him over with a glance full of contempt.

Cristobal watching in silence was surprised to note the extraordinary change in her appearance during this last hour. She had stepped from girlhood to womanhood. The mere beauty, striking as it was, he had seen in her face as she clasped hands with Escotillo in marriage, had gained in her distress a fineness, a dignity, that was even more remarkable.

The cruel disillusion which had shattered her happiness almost on the instant of its birth, the brutality which had come upon her like a blow on the cheek, had called up in her a courage which even more than anger was now expressed in her face.

It was evident that, never called upon till now, there had lain in Laura a spirit which answered to the challenge, and was moment by moment growing within her. The venturesome yet timid girl was changing, was changed, into a fearless woman, facing fate with clear eyes and a heart of steel.

"I do not even ask who you are," she went on. "I am fooled. Married — only to discover within an hour that my husband denies the very name under which he married me!" Escotillo again endeavoured to approach her. She struck down his outstretched hand, and turned in passionate appeal to Cristobal. "Señor, — keep this man from me."

To say that Cristobal, standing by, was filled with a great discomfort, is to put his state of mind at its happiest. Every word, every movement of the girl revealed to him more and more clearly the part he had played in an incredibly bad piece of business.

He saw, and execrated his folly as he saw it, that he had blundered when he had accepted the commonplace idea of what was best to be done, in view of the girl's situation — the tangle in which she had involved herself when she ventured all in order to meet her lover at the *posada*.

In view of Escotillo's confession of the treachery he had indulged in, it had seemed to Cristobal that in insisting on a marriage he was doing the wise thing. He saw now that, to a mind such as Laura now displayed, this marriage had brought a sense of outrage far more wounding than she would have felt had she been made aware of the deception, with all its deliberate cruelty, of which she had been made the victim.

Cristobal recognized the mistake he had made in yielding to Escotillo's suggestion. Better to have carried out his first impulse, told the girl of her lover's deceit, exposed the man's character, and either, as he had first planned, taken her back to the house she had left in secret, or left her, if she preferred it, to continue at her own risk on the course she had planned.

The one thing he should not have done, should never have permitted himself to be cajoled into, even though a mistaken sense of chivalry lay at the bottom of his action, was to take any part in further deception.

He had made himself party to a piece of *chicane*, and some of the shame of it must rest with him.

He felt thoroughly uncomfortable. He would have given much even now to blurt the truth out. Some cold sense of logic (a mental quality Don Cristobal de Zaurigi was seldom troubled with) urged on him the wisdom of making matters clear to the girl-wife, even if this entailed a confession humiliating to his own self esteem.

But he could not bring himself to an act that seemed as cruel as striking her. He guessed the torture to which she was being subjected, and to pile further misery on her would be dastardly. No, it was impossible to do more than leave matters to whatever outcome time, perhaps even the next hour or two, might disclose.

So, replying to her appeal in a very humbled frame of mind, and with a solemnity that sat very queerly upon him,

"Young lady," said Cristobal, "I understand your feelings, but try to accept any service your husband may offer."

"My husband!" she took him up swiftly. "Will you tell me that that was a marriage?"

IN Cristobal's breast a great hope sprang to life. Marriage? This despicable wretch in a priest's gown — was there anything genuine about him? Was not his dress very possibly nothing but an obvious disguise, or even a coarse jest, a garb adopted in the spirit of sheer defiance of decency, to flatter the wearer's perverted vanity? If so, she was free from the tie that he could see fretted her more even than her captivity.

On the other hand he was well aware that, crude as it had been, even deliberately falsified in the matter of the bridegroom's name, the ceremony was very possibly an undoubted marriage. Such a thing as the existence among a gang of outlaws of a man once vowed to the priesthood was not so rare a thing as to be unbelievable.

He made up his mind as he replied that, while he would encourage no false hopes, the girl should at any rate find some morsel of comfort in the possibilities of her situation.

"Why, truly," he admitted, consideringly, "I must confess that the priest seems a trifle doubtful."

"Laura," said Escotillo, earnestly, "I swear, we are married."

She gave him no glance, but with face averted, "So much the worse for me," she said. She moved back to the fire, and sat down. Her forlorn aspect there, her head hanging, her shoulders bowed, filled Cristobal with a fresh remorse.

"Cousin," he said, "we must find some safe sleeping place for the lady."

"What hope of such a thing here?" asked Escotillo.

"We must insist on it," said Cristobal doggedly. "If necessary she must sleep here, under our guard, but we must get covering, and something soft for her to lie on. And for myself too," he went on, "a good feather bed or some such trifle would be welcome. I wonder if there are women here."

He raised his voice in a shout. "Ho — within!"

He waited some seconds. There was no reply.

"Perhaps," said Cristobal, whose mercurial spirits were climbing again, "we are within. In that case," he shouted again, "Ho! Without!"

On the instant he heard voices exchanging challenge and answer near at hand, in the darkness several figures began to take shape as they drew into the firelight, he caught the tap tap of a crutch on the hard ground —

A recollection, dim but insistent, of a similar sound, heard not so long ago, woke in him. He stood up, he peered —

Several figures drew near.

At their head came — Roque de Tormes!

(*To be continued in the September McClure's*)

"My Son, My Son Absalom!"

"And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he said, 'O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!'"

By Charles C. Foster

Illustrated by W. C. Nims

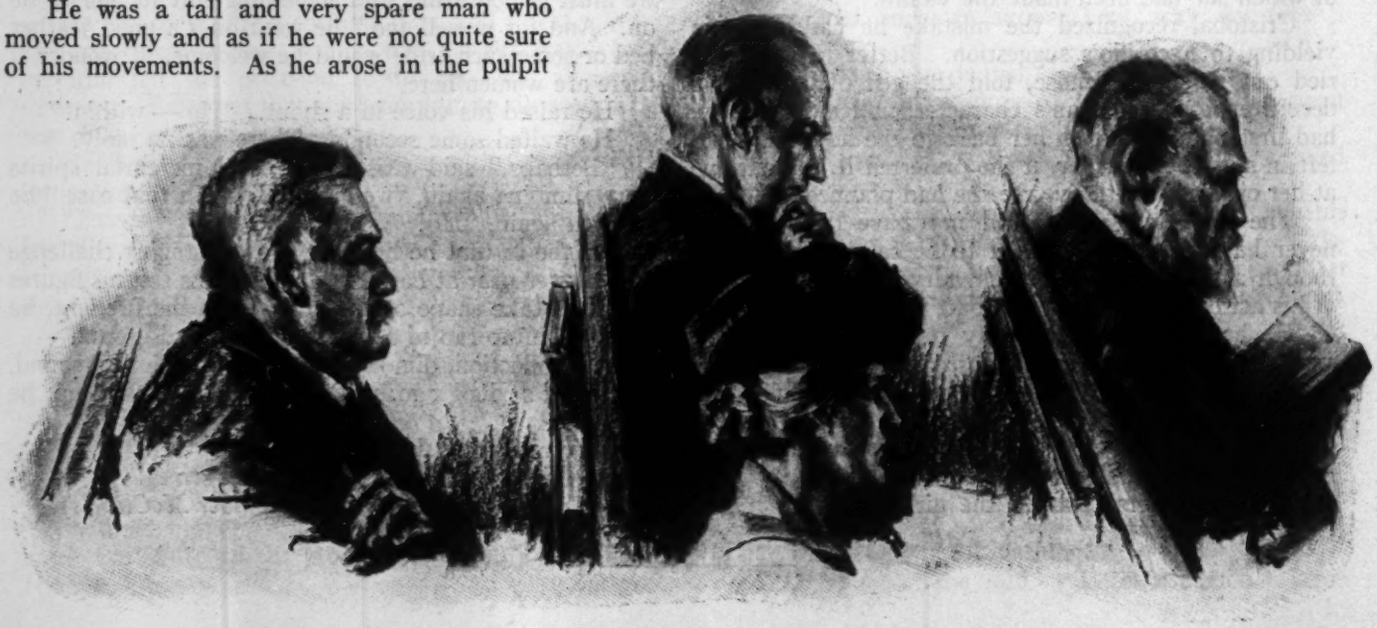
A DETOUR warning, slung across the road to Richmond, had turned my course that Sunday morning into one of those quiet highways of rural Virginia where time seems to have stood still. But for the thrumming of the engine beneath me, I might have been riding through a century ago. The farmhouses, low and humble, set back of stone fences. No modern machinery stood in the fields. No telephone or telegraph wires stretched overhead. Sometimes I had to cross a covered bridge which reverberated beneath the wheels of the car. Here and there on the road I passed a rider, jogging in sabbatical contentment. So detached from the life I had left — the sodden modern orderliness of a federal penal institution I was captaining — seemed this region of backwoods that I drifted into its enveloping spirit of calm with something like relief; and when I found at a crossroads a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous old wooden house I followed my impulse to join the service that I knew must be in progress.

There was the usual congregation of a country church in the worn, gray pews, old men and old women with bent shoulders and weary eyes, middle-aged men and women of worried aspect unable to lay aside on the seventh day the multifold cares of the six, a few young men and girls, almost painfully conscious of themselves and of each other, a scattering of half-frightened children. All of them were so close to the soil that they seemed neither anachronistic to the world of their setting nor to the age I had left at the highroad. It was not their personal characteristics, however, but their intense attitude of listening which first attracted my attention. One and all, like the units of an audience awaiting the first strains of the overture of some magnificent and much-heralded opera, they waited for an impending sound. I followed their gaze, and saw the preacher making his way toward the rude pulpit.

He was a tall and very spare man who moved slowly and as if he were not quite sure of his movements. As he arose in the pulpit I saw that his hands shook as if with palsy, and, from his groping reach outward, I realized that he was blind. His thin white hair fell loosely over his sightless eyes. His lips moved as if he were praying in silence. Then, slowly, with a terrible solemnity, he began to speak.

It was a sermon of Christ's passion which he gave. Not long before, in the capital of our country, I had heard one of the most famous preachers of this generation tell that immortal story. I had been moved deeply by his magnificent eloquence. Now, listening to this unknown old man in a wretched little crossroads church, I felt that the other had been naught but sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. Here was no dramatic recountal of the sufferings of the Saviour, the trial before Pilate, the agony in the Garden, the ascent up Calvary, the crucifixion, and death. It *was* the passion of Christ, as nearly as human instrument could sound its depths and climb its heights. I seemed to listen for the first time in my life to the drama of divinity. So deliberate was the preacher's enunciation, so trembling his voice, so portentous his mien that those of us who heard him seemed to see even the faces of the Jews, the staring, frightful distortions of rage and malice, and I, for one, felt my soul flaming into wrath. Then he told of the patience, the understanding, the forgiving kindness of Christ; and for the first time I felt the prayer to the Father of "They know not what they do." It was as if we, too, had touched the hem of His garment.

The preacher's voice grew fainter. He lifted the gaze of his sightless eyes, and we could see the tears streaming down his white face. He strove to speak as he began the story of the passage to Golgotha, but his voice died before his shaking sobs. About me men and women moaned and groaned, then fell into a silence as portentous as his own, a

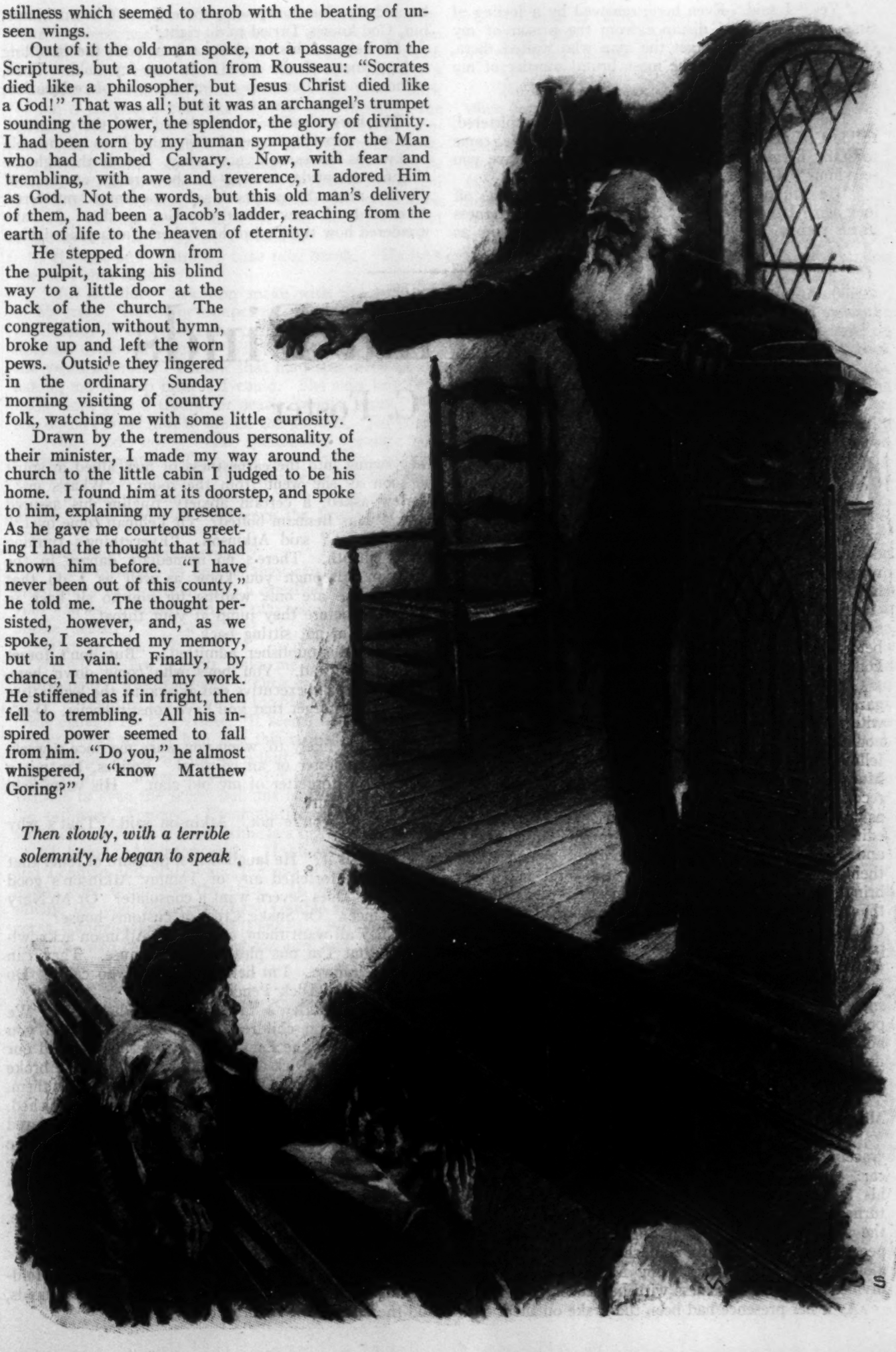


stillness which seemed to throb with the beating of unseen wings.

Out of it the old man spoke, not a passage from the Scriptures, but a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ died like a God!" That was all; but it was an archangel's trumpet sounding the power, the splendor, the glory of divinity. I had been torn by my human sympathy for the Man who had climbed Calvary. Now, with fear and trembling, with awe and reverence, I adored Him as God. Not the words, but this old man's delivery of them, had been a Jacob's ladder, reaching from the earth of life to the heaven of eternity.

He stepped down from the pulpit, taking his blind way to a little door at the back of the church. The congregation, without hymn, broke up and left the worn pews. Outside they lingered in the ordinary Sunday morning visiting of country folk, watching me with some little curiosity.

Drawn by the tremendous personality of their minister, I made my way around the church to the little cabin I judged to be his home. I found him at its doorstep, and spoke to him, explaining my presence. As he gave me courteous greeting I had the thought that I had known him before. "I have never been out of this county," he told me. The thought persisted, however, and, as we spoke, I searched my memory, but in vain. Finally, by chance, I mentioned my work. He stiffened as if in fright, then fell to trembling. All his inspired power seemed to fall from him. "Do you," he almost whispered, "know Matthew Goring?"



Then slowly, with a terrible solemnity, he began to speak

"Yes," I said. Even here, removed by a feeling of time rather than of distance from the prison of my charge, I could not forget the man who waited there, sentenced to death for the most brutal murder of my recollection.

"He is my son," the preacher said.

The thought of Goring, unrepentant, embittered, reckless of death as he had been reckless of life, came to stand beside the old man at the door. "Have you seen him?" I asked.

"He will not see me," he said. "He cast me off long ago. It is my cross." He spoke without bitterness in his sorrow, but a vast regret surged through him as he added, "Somehow, somewhere I must be to blame, but, God knows, I tried to do right."

He held out his hand toward me with the fumbling awkwardness of the blind. It was icy cold. Then, without a sigh but with an infinite grief of resignation, he went within the little cabin.

The horses had been untethered, and the congregation was departing toward the daily lives of humble backwoods homes as I came away. I rode through the Virginia noontide, musing on the strange currents of life that made this prophet's son a condemned murderer. Afterwards I saw Matthew Goring die. I have wondered how the God of his father's faith judged him.

The Tie That Binds

By Charles C. Foster

CARLEW, coming out of the theatre into the soft warmth of an April night, thrust the pleasure of the entertainment behind him in the greater and unexpected joy of finding Tommy Atkinson on the pavement. Worming his way through the press of debutantes and ambassadors, covenanters and cavaliers who make up the audience of a Washington first night, he came to his old friend triumphantly.

"What are you doing down here?" he greeted him. "When did you come? Where are you staying?" Then, before Atkinson could give answer, "You must come home with us. My wife's here somewhere."

He found her in the surge of the crowd, caught her gaze, and beckoned her over. Mrs. Carlew, coming with a slowness which never impeded her progress, nodded to Atkinson with friendly warmth. The big fellow from their own town was one of the best friends Mark Carlew had ever had. He had been the first to recognize Carlew's undoubted political genius. Even as a reporter he had played Mark's game. As an editor he had doubled every trick for his old comrade, and as publisher of the most important newspaper in their state, he had been one of the vital factors in bringing Carlew to his present eminence as a member of the President's cabinet. As a clever woman, Elizabeth Carlew recognized Atkinson's service to them and his past and possibly future value; but, as Mark Carlew's wife, she resented her own recognition of the obvious fact. She was afraid, she realized suddenly as she smiled at Atkinson, that he might one day exact his pound of flesh. Had he come to Washington for it now? She smiled on him while Carlew piled ardent invitation on the big man. "Come with us," she seconded her husband.

"I will," he said, "if you'll let me talk business to Mark. I came for that."

"What does he want?" her thought ran as she gave graceful promise, urging them toward the waiting town car. She had the hope that Atkinson would unfold his errand as the car passed the White House and turned out Sixteenth Street, but the two men stayed on the surface of their cordial questions and answers of people back in Starbury, and she had to leave them alone in the library of the big house without having divined Atkinson's business with her husband.

As if her presence had been the brake on them both they swung into the earnestness of men allied in spirit as soon as she went from the room. "What's up?" Carlew asked, a certain anxiety tingling his assured tone. "Has Benham bolted? Or Lehman come over?"

"Not yet," said Atkinson. "Everything's running fairly smooth. There's no immediate danger in the situation, although you know as well as I do that those wolves are only waiting for you to sit back in the sleigh before they jump at your throat."

"But I'm not sitting back."

"No," the publisher admitted. "But don't forget they aren't dead. You boys who come down here, especially in the executive end as against the legislative, are likely to forget that you have constituencies. Don't do it, Mark."

"I'm not likely to, when you warn me once a week, either by a letter or an editorial. Besides, I'm not a professional forgetter of my old clan." His voice held a touch of hurt.

"I know you're not," Atkinson said. "That's why I'm here."

"What is it?" He laughed in a pleasure of relief that he had not forfeited any of Tommy Atkinson's good opinion. "Does Severn want a consulate? Or McNary a postoffice? Or Snake Creek a customs house?"

"They all want them, of course," Atkinson acknowledged, "but I'm not pleading their cause. They can plead their own. I'm here for a man who can't. Do you remember Dick Pendell?"

"Sure." Carlew's face broadened happily. "We were the demon children of Snake Creek. Do you remember when the East Side boys decided to raid our stronghold, and Dick and I held the fort? They broke my arm with a rock, and Dick went out after them. He nearly killed a couple of them before he finished. After that we went our ways in peace. No one dared touch either of us. Dick always had a sort of protective interest in me from the time he pulled me out of Snake Creek when both of us weren't much bigger than minutes. What's become of him, Tommy? I haven't seen him in years and years. Why, it's thirty, I suppose. Time runs on, doesn't it? Now, you and I—"

"Read anything about the Elston murder?"

"Here? It seems to me I've read something. Hold-up, wasn't it, where a man wouldn't throw up his hands, and the fellow killed him in the fight?"

"Yes. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty. The murderer has been condemned to death. I saw him to-night just before I went up to the theatre to watch for you. He came out of the death tier through a clanking corridor with three guards around him. Back of me a telephone bell was tinkling as I stood at the barred door, waiting for him. He was a man in common blue overalls, unshaven, unkempt, frightened, looking like a hunted thing, quailing before any possible attack, fearful of some trick in the summons which had propelled him toward me. He lifted his eyes when I spoke to him, and I knew he was the man I had come to see. He was Dick Pendell."

"It can't be." Carlew's tone rang harsh. "He isn't the sort that does it."

"But he did." Atkinson spoke with the authority of his craft. To the newspaper man no twist of human psychology is impossible, no path of human action too devious to be traversed. "What do you or I know of the years between? I know that his sister came to me, asking me to help him, if I could. She says he's been little more than a tramp for nearly twenty years. But she doesn't want him to die on the gallows. Do you?"

"Oh, God, no!" The ejaculation sprang from Carlew's sincerity. Then the habit of his political years glossed his thought. "But what can I do for him?"

"You can get him a pardon. You're the only man in the Cabinet who can influence the President. Will you?"

"But the circumstances — "

"They're about as bad as they can be. It's not a question of extenuation. It's a question of your power. Will you use it to save an old playmate from a dishonorable death?"

"But the law — "

"Well, the law doesn't make me believe in capital punishment," Atkinson said. "Dick can pay some other way. Atlanta or Leavenworth for life seems to me payment enough for any crime. It seems to me," he said slowly, "that we owe him just this much, Mark."

"I'm perfectly willing to admit a debt out of old association," Carlew argued. "I'd be glad to pay it, anxious to even the score, but this is something outside the ordinary, Tommy. Commutation of a murderer's sentence in a really terrible crime is a big responsibility."

"I know," Atkinson said. "I know that Benham and Lehman and Stacey and the rest of the wolves will flaunt your deed over the state. It may be political suicide for you, and consequent trouble for me if you get a commutation for Dick Pendell. But you're the only one who can do anything for him, and I think it's up to you to do it."

"But why?"

"You'll have to answer that yourself. I know why I had to cross the country."

"It's different, Tommy."

"Yes, I'm not a cabinet officer. There's a loophole, too, for me in the thought that people expect newspaper men, even publishers, to tilt lances at windmills once in a while. It puts you in a tight place, I know. It's up to you whether you squirm out of it, or fight out of it."

"I'll have to think it over. I'll let you know."

"You'll have to decide to-night. To-morrow's the last day the President can act on it. The day after — "

"Go on upstairs. I'll see you at breakfast."

"No, I'm going back to the hotel. Call me to-night when you've decided."

He drew up his awkward height, and lounged out. Carlew went to the door with him, standing there a moment as Atkinson waited for a cab. The look of the city, shadowy among circlets of glimmering lights, held him in thrall to its poignant power. He loved Washington, he realized, not for its surface value but for what it gave him. Place, prestige! How could he throw it in the balance — and for the sake of a man he had not seen for thirty years?

He closed the door, and returned to the library, seating himself at his desk. As he puzzled over the problem of Atkinson's bringing he began to scrawl on the blotter, and the almost mechanical action took back his thoughts to the schoolroom where he and Dick Pendell had been wont to draw unmeaning circles and scrolls as they gave heedless half-attention to Miss Wilson's lessons. Dick Pendell — blithe, brave, plucky little Dick — a murderer! To die on the gallows on the day after to-morrow! He couldn't let him, he told himself. There must be some way to stop it. His clear brain refused all the expedients, however. Only a President's pardon could commute the sentence. Tommy was right. But he must take the responsibility for winning it. And, if he did, Benham and Lehman and the rest of them would show him up as a man who used his vast power for the payment of old, personal relationships, a man who held sentiment above the law of the land, the law he had sworn to uphold. No, he couldn't do it. He couldn't sacrifice Mark Carlow to Dick Pendell. And so, on the day after to-morrow, the boy who had pulled him out of Snake Creek, and who had fought for him against the mob from the East Side, would stand on the gallows up there in the grim prison back of the Capitol and — die. "I can't!" he groaned. "I can't!"

Mrs. Carlow, coming downstairs, a gorgeous Chinese robe wrapped around her, found him writing.

"It's a letter to the President," he said.

"I knew that Tommy Atkinson wanted something," she declared. "But won't it wait?"

"No," he said.

"What is it?" she asked, made curious by his solemnity.

"In time," he said, "it will be a letter of resignation." Then quietly, as if it were all in the day's work, he told her of Dick Pendell. When he had done, he waited her blame.

"Why, you couldn't do anything else, could you?" she asked him.

He thought of his problem in the light of her refusal to recognize it as a matter for choice, and he saw, with a swift, luminous insight, that Tommy Atkinson and Elizabeth knew him better than he had known himself.

"No, I couldn't," he told her. "There's a law more certain than the code."

The False Alibi

A story of the American Secret Service in France during the War

By Major C. E. Russell

Author of the Secret Service stories now appearing in McCLURE'S

"The Fire Bugs", "The Murder of Private Hand", "The Women in Room 27" have already been published; the following stories are to come: "The Cocaine Smugglers", "The Algerian Murderers", "The Underground Railroad", "The Woman Spy of Biarritz", "The Wine Swindlers" and "The Train Robbers"

JEAN, the cheesemonger, was no unfamiliar sight to our soldiers billetted in the French towns in our training area to the west of Bordeaux. Bowed over from his years of back-breaking toil, with snow white hair and scraggly beard, his clear blue eyes, peering out from under shaggy white eye-brows, always smiled the welcome his lack of English forbade expression in words. Dressed in his faded-out blue denim smock and nondescript trousers, with his faithful old pipe always in his mouth, he jogged along the roads selling his wares wherever he could. His little two-wheeled cart drawn by a diminutive donkey as old and gray as himself and Jean seated on the thill, his feet, encased in rough wooden sabots dangling down till they just cleared the ground as he passed along — the outfit was picturesque.

The order mobilizing the French regiments, in 1914, changed the current of life for many of the French people; but to none of them was the change of greater import than to the family of Jean Boudin. With the help of his wife and three sons, Jean had been able to make the third, that is, all but the last payment on their little farm where he dreamed of retiring from hard work and passing his declining years in the peaceful quietness of country life. The boys were old enough to carry on the farm. They had all served their time in the army, so there was no reason why Jean should not sit in the sun and dream to his heart's content. The mobilization orders changed everything, for the three boys were called to the colors. At the first battle of the Marne two of them were killed. The youngest, Gaston, blinded by a high explosive shell, was sent home to pass the rest of his days in darkness. His pension of only a franc a day was scarcely enough to keep body and soul together; Jean was forced to work.

Jean made a heroic struggle to keep the farm; but age and the other odds were too great and it finally had to be sold. With the small amount of money he received, after providing as much as possible for Gaston, Jean purchased the little old donkey and cart; and laying in a stock of cheese, he started out, hoping to earn enough to keep his family together by supplying the local cafés, stores, and our troops. Scrupulously clean was his cheese, each kind wrapped in a clean white cloth and each in its own willow basket, while over all was another cloth. Always cheerful and never complaining of the hard fate that had forced him out on the roads to earn a living at his time of life, Jean had not an enemy in the world. Jogging along the various roads, he even was allowed to enter the training camps, while our generous soldiers, knowing of Jean's struggle, admired his pluck and perseverance and let many an extra franc find its way into his pockets.

Jean was slowly but surely winning in his unequal fight when on the morning of June 20th, a detail of American soldiers under the command of their captain was passing along one of the side roads leading to the training field when they found Jean's donkey, still hitched to the cart, nibbling grass along the side of the road. Fearing the old man had fallen out and hurt himself, the men scattered to search the various paths and roads near by in an endeavor to find Jean. About a mile from where his donkey was feeding, poor Jean's body was found — his pockets rifled and his head battered in. Covering up the body with a blanket and posting guards to keep the curious from destroying any possible clues that there might be, the Captain went to a telephone and notified our office.

With three of our men I jumped into the motor car and with all speed we drove to the scene of the crime. Everything was exactly as it had been when the body was found. Nothing had been disturbed. Consequently we could make a careful search of the place. Three hours of painstaking examination brought out little that could help us. Jean's body by the side of the road; a rock about the size of a cocoanut, all covered with blood, which evidently had been the weapon used; and a basket of cheese, with the covering cloth gone — that was all.

The French police took charge of Jean's body, promising to hold it for a few days until our preliminary examination was completed, while we took the rock and the basket of cheese to our office. An attempt to find finger prints on the rock proved a failure, so we turned our attention to the basket of cheese. Under the magnifying glass we found a well-formed thumb print where a thumb had been pressed into the cheese as if to see if it was hard. We immediately had the finger prints of Jean taken and compared them with a photograph copy of the finger print found on the piece of cheese. The comparison showed that the impression had not been made by Jean.

Every soldier who was inducted into the army had his finger prints taken and all these were placed on file in Washington. While, of course, we were not certain that the print on the cheese had been made by the murderer, nevertheless, we could not afford to overlook even the slightest clue, so we sent a copy of the finger print photograph to Washington with a request that it be identified if possible. Mails were slow and the troops in the training areas were continually moving in and out; so if we were ever to apprehend the criminal it behooved us to move quickly and not wait for an answer from Washington.

IN the training area where the murder had been committed we had over seven thousand troops. It seemed like a hopeless task to search through such a body of men to find one who might have been the murderer. Just at this time we had several other cases pending investigation, so I was able to detail only two men to the task of ferreting out the guilty one.

Sergeants Kirkman and Sherborne were the ones detailed for this work. Both these sergeants requested the assignment for they knew Jean and his story and were determined to find the murderer and have him punished, if he was an American, or, if not, then to clear the Americans of French suspicion that some one of our men was guilty.

The doctors who performed the autopsy on Jean reported that the murder had been committed between six and eight p. m. on the night of June 19th, so our first duty was to check up on all the passes issued on that date. Inasmuch as all passes had to be turned in to the local guardhouse when the soldier returned from his leave and the time of the return stamped thereon, we had a basis to start from. Every man who was absent from the camps on June 19th, was placed under suspicion until our investigation had cleared him. This narrowed our work to quite an extent as all we had to search for were the men who had been out on that day. First one and then another of these men were investigated and eliminated from the case. Finally the search dwindled to any one of six men whose stories of what they were doing on that night did not seem plausible to us. Once more checking up on these six men, we finally eliminated all but one whose story still did not impress us as true.

Just as we had narrowed the search to this one man, the very thing which we feared more than anything else happened — this man's regiment was ordered to the front. We had no direct evidence which at this time would warrant an arrest so we could do nothing else than follow him to the front. Sergeant Kirkman was the one selected to go. Kirkman, before the war, had been a policeman on the Boston force and as a shadower few were his equal and none his superior: "Bull-Dog" Kirkman we called him — and right well did he merit his name. Probably never in the history of a murder case was a man shadowed under more thrilling circumstances than was this one. Kirkman had been regularly transferred to the suspect's company. We took the captain of this company into our confidence and had him assign Kirkman to the same squad as that to which the suspect belonged. The regiment was in the front line and Kirkman's work was all done, either in the trenches, the dugouts, or out in No Man's Land. At all times a close watch had to be maintained over the suspect lest he realize that some one was after him and desert or surrender to the Boche. Then, too, there was the danger that in the continual fighting Kirkman himself might be killed and all his work nullified — but this was a chance we had to take.

One night, while on an advance post with three members of the suspect's company, Kirkman determined on a bold stroke to see if these men knew aught of the murder.

"You remember that Frenchman who was murdered back in the training area?" queried Kirkman. "Well, I would not want to have that murder on my soul up here. Just think what it would mean to a fellow to be killed before he had a chance to confess. How awful to be obliged to face God with a thing like that murder to explain."

Picture, if you can, dear reader, these men in that advanced post pushed out into No Man's Land not knowing, in the darkness, what minute death would find them. Kirkman, the big chap, in his quiet, serious, but forceful way telling of the horrors of having to face the beyond with a murder on one's soul. It was enough to cause any one to ponder deeply. While at this time the suspect himself was not present, yet Kirkman was in hopes that some one of the other three might take the lesson to heart and if he knew the least thing about the case would tell of it. In this Kirkman was not disappointed for one of the men spoke up:

"I saw Private.....(he named the suspect) just before pay day with a pocket full of money but, owing to our move up here and to the fact that ever since our arrival we have been under constant fire, I neglected to tell our captain about it.

"'Bottles' (the nickname of Private .....) asked me to go out to a café with him for a drink. Knowing that only the day before he had tried to borrow money from me, I laughed at him and told him to wait until after pay day. He then put both his hands in his pockets and pulled them out filled with silver. I asked him where he had found so much, and he said he had sold a lot of bottles that day."

IMMEDIATELY another of the three volunteered the information that he, too, knew about "Bottles" having been flush at this time. He said:

"I saw 'Bottles' counting his money and he had about fifty francs, in silver and bills. He repaid me a loan of fifteen francs just before we were ordered to the front."

Luckily for the success of our case Kirkman came through the campaign unhurt and at the first opportunity he got off a report to us giving us the information he had gathered out there in No Man's Land. For fear that these two men might be killed during the fighting and I would thus lose some of my witnesses, I requested an order be issued transferring them to my department at Bordeaux — and we hurried them away from the front.

Upon receipt of Kirkman's report we sent out men to canvass the cafés in the surrounding country for evidence to substantiate "Bottles'" statement that he had sold a large number of bottles on the 19th of June. It was found that he had sold but a few, for which he received five francs, which he at once spent for cognac.

During the search we had succeeded in finding a clue which later on was to have an important bearing on this most remarkable case. In a small café, about two miles from where Jean had been killed, one of our men found two Frenchwomen who remembered that an American soldier had come into their café one night about the time of the murder and had purchased two bottles of red wine. One of these women said to our detective:

"His uniform was bloody and his hand was wrapped up in a white cloth. When asked how he had hurt himself, he replied:

"'I have been in a fight with one of the other soldiers. In the fight I hurt my hand and it has bled on my uniform. If I don't wash it off I will be court-martialed for getting my uniform all dirty.' And to our surprise he used the wine in an endeavor to wash out the stains. This was what impressed the incident so strongly upon our minds. This soldier appeared very nervous and kept gulping down drink after drink of cognac."

Pressed for further details, these two women were certain they could identify the soldier. Possibly they could; but we wanted to be sure, for a man's life was in the balance. So to test them we had them look over several regiments then in the training area. They assured us after a complete inspection of these regiments that the man who had come into their café was not among those whom they had seen. We saw that they knew what they were talking about; so then arrangements were made for them to be ready to go to the front when we needed them.

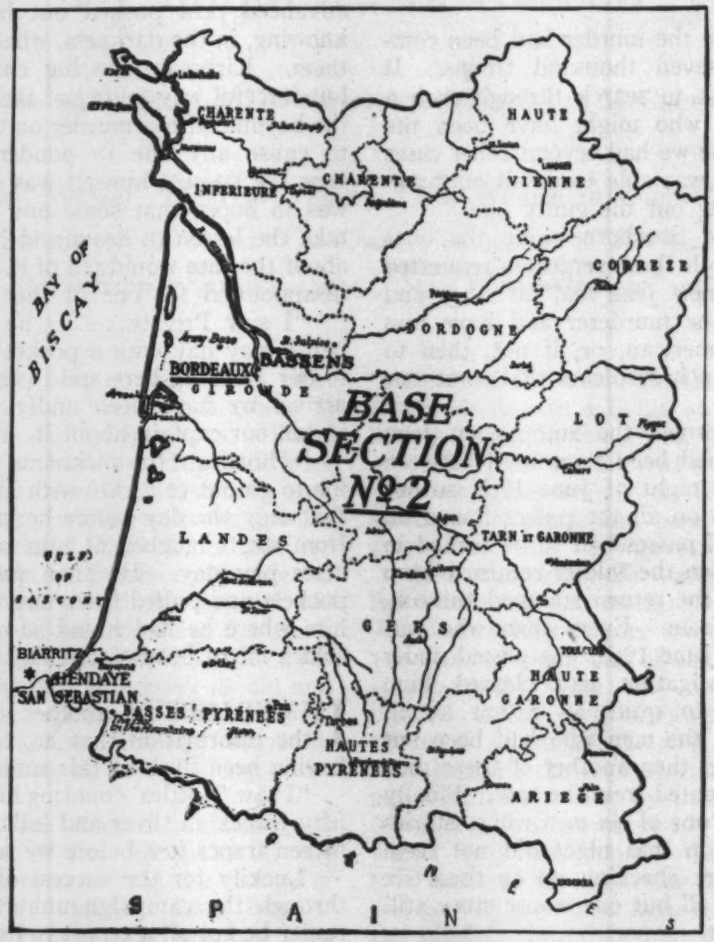
I made a hurried trip to the front myself to post Kirkman as to the present status of the case and instructed him to center his whole time and attention upon "Bottles." The case had so narrowed down that it now warranted the closest attention. To give it such attention, Sergeants Sherborne and Kelly were transferred to the same company as the others. Sherborne was to take up the shadow if Kirkman were killed and Kelly was to pick it up if both Kirkman and Sherborne *went West*. With Kirkman shadowing "Bottles," Sherborne watching them both, and Kelly watching the three, this most extraordinary chase went on. Over the top, out into the hell of No Man's Land, in shell holes, through devastated towns, Kirkman stuck close to "Bottles," with Sherborne and Kelly keeping as close as possible without exciting suspicion, yet close enough to pick up the trail if Kirkman were shot.

We all believed that "Bottles" was the guilty party and hoped that an enemy bullet would save us the trouble and disgrace of hanging him — but no such luck. "Bottles" seemed to bear a charmed life, for, although he had several narrow escapes, he came through the campaign unhurt. Eventually his regiment was withdrawn from the front and sent to a rest area.

The case was discussed with the Judge Advocate who advised an arrest if the two women could identify "Bottles" and if Washington reported on the finger prints as belonging to the suspect. Even while discussing the case with the Judge Advocate, the cablegram from Washington arrived:

"Finger prints submitted belong to Private. . . . . ," the very man we suspected.

Arrangements were soon made for the two women upon whose identification of "Bottles" our case depended to go up to the front. It was planned that Kirkman with "Bottles" should be given a pass and on the next Sunday go to the town where we had secreted the two women and there mingle with other troops. In order to give "Bottles" every chance and so there would be no opportunity for either of the women to be influenced by the other's identification, we placed them in separate houses with detectives and asked each of them to point out the man if they saw him passing. Soldiers were constantly going by. After a time, Kirkman, with the suspect, accompanied by Sherborne and Kelly, passed down the street by the houses where the two women were hiding and without a minute's hesitation both the women pointed out "Bottles" as the man who was in their café and bought the two bottles of wine.



This map shows the region over which Major Russell had charge and in which all the Secret Service stories are laid. "The False Alibi" is laid in the training area west of Bordeaux, "The Fire Bugs" and "The Women in Room 27" at Arcachon, and "The Murder of Private Hand" at Bassens

Before we could make the arrest, an orderly came into the town with orders for every man to report back to his company as a battle was pending.

Kirkman, with the suspect, returned to their camp, unaware of the result of our attempt at identification.

That night while on guard Kirkman remarked to "Bottles," "You are lucky to have a new uniform so early in the game."

"Do you know," said "Bottles," "I slipped one over on the supply officer! I told him that I had lost my other uniform — thought it had been stolen, and he issued me another one in its place. I fooled him good! for I buried it in the barracks back at the training camp. It was all covered over with wine stains, and I knew if the officer saw it he would make me pay for it."

We reported the status of the case to our Chief and he had the Commanding General order "Bottles" back to the rear. And with our three men they all reported to me. We placed "Bottles" under arrest and we all returned to Bordeaux.

We searched the barracks where this man said he had buried his uniform and, sure enough, we dug up an old uniform which we identified as his by the number stamped upon it. It was covered with spots, so we

turned it over to the Medical Department for analysis. Their report showed that some of the spots were undoubtedly blood, but owing to the time it had been buried, coupled with the wine used to wash out the stains, they were unable to swear whether it were human.

We were now ready for the trial when the officer who had been assigned to defend "Bottles" threw a bombshell into the case by claiming an alibi. Investigation of this alibi quickly convinced us that "Bottles" had built it up in such a way that, even with all our evidence, he might defeat us and go clear.

SOMETIME before the murder, the *Saturday Evening Post* had published the story of the life of Al Jennings, the noted train robber. In this story, Jennings told how he had established a false alibi by visiting certain people and incidentally calling their attention to the date — the date he mentioned being a different one from the actual date. Not one had noticed this, however, and when Jennings was accused of participating in the train robbery, although actually there, he had proved by this false alibi that he was miles away at the time. "Bottles" had done that same thing: He had visited the "Y" hut and had purchased a few things; had signed the slip as of the 19th (although it was the 20th) and had told the "Y" Secretary that this was his birthday and asked him to give him a smoke as a present. He had remained there all the evening and at ten o'clock had gone to his quarters. The "Y" Secretary remembered the date as the 19th. When "Bottles" had arrived at the billet he remarked to his squad leader:

"This is the 19th of June and my birthday. I hope to celebrate the next one in the States." The squad leader, when this was called to his attention, also remembered the date as the 19th.

I, too, had read the story of Al Jennings and clearly remembering the alibi instance, made up my mind that "Bottles" had manufactured one in the same way. To break down this alibi, I determined to adopt the French custom in similar cases and reproduce, for the benefit of the accused, the crime.

The French have a theory that a criminal cannot fail to betray his guilt if the crime is reproduced as near the actual crime as possible, and at the scene of the crime. We got a basket of cheese, a donkey, and Jean's cart; and two of our men were detailed to act the part of the principals. Just at dusk, the prisoner with several witnesses was taken to the place where Jean had been killed, and we awaited developments. At a given signal, out from the cross-roads came Jean's cart and donkey, while our man, dressed as Jean, was nodding over the reins. Suddenly, from the other side of the road, came a man who in the distance looked exactly like the prisoner. He stopped Jean; and Jean, climbing down from his wagon, reached for his basket of cheese. A sponge full of red wine sufficed for the rock, and Jean was struck down. The sponge was squeezed, and in the gathering darkness it looked as if another murder had been committed. As *our* Jean fell forward, the prisoner screamed and, falling on his knees begging for mercy, confessed.

SOBBINGLY, he told us the story of his life: "I have been arrested several times. And just before I was drafted, I had been released after serving three years at Joliet. The day after I came from prison was the day I was drafted into the army. I determined to live square and for six months had no trouble. I started drinking, however, and soon the old craving had me again and I knew that I would do anything to get a drink. I hadn't had a drink for a long time, was broke, and my credit no good, when I chanced upon Jean.

"Getting him down from his wagon on the pretense of buying a cheese, I grabbed him and tried to rob him. He fought me, recognizing me by my nickname, 'Bottles,' so I grabbed a rock and beat in his head — fear drove me mad. When I found blood on my uniform I tried to wash it off with wine, thinking that the wine would obliterate any blood stains.

"When my regiment went to the front I was happy, for I hoped to get killed or wounded so severely that I would be sent home. But I just couldn't. I now know it was ordered otherwise. Though I tried several times to get mine, I came through without a scratch."

With this man's confession and the evidence which we had collected, he was soon found guilty and was sentenced to be hung. In the army, sentences against the military code that are punishable by death are carried out by shooting, while those against the civil law are executed by hanging. The reviewing authority confirmed the sentence and "Bottles" paid the penalty.

At last poor Jean was avenged.

The Breaking Point*

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

"I'D like to go back to the ranch at Norada to clear up things, to fill in the gap in my memory and find out whether I'm a free man, before I ask Elizabeth's father for his consent to our marriage." Young Doctor Dick Livingstone was talking to Doctor David Livingstone, whom he knew as his uncle. The latter showed a dogged obstinacy and irritability that were oddly like fear. "You let well enough alone, Dick. There's no reason why you should not marry."

Lucy Crosby, David's widowed sister, who presided over his household, had mothered Dick from the time, when, as a lad of twenty-two, David had brought him East to his home in the tree-shaded suburb of Haverly and sent him to medical college. She had always deplored David's course in the shaping of the boy's life and had warned him that some day Dick would have to be told.

Dick had taken Elizabeth Wheeler to see Beverly Carlysle in "The Valley." The actress' brother, Gregory, who happened to be standing at the rear of the theater with Bassett, a reporter, discovering Dick in the audience, behaved as if he had seen a ghost. Bassett learned later that Gregory believed Dick to be Judson Clark! The name brought back to Bassett the memory of a notorious murder case of ten years before: Clark, the reckless young millionaire, whom Beverly Carlysle, the actress, rejected for Howard Lucas; the murder of Lucas at Clark's ranch in Norada, Wyoming; Clark's escape and the general acceptance of his death in a mountain storm.

Bassett's sympathies were with "Clark" in spite of the "big story," and he was seriously considering whether he ought to drop the whole thing when a newspaper's headlines the next morning started him toward Wyoming. "Is Judson Clark Alive? Wife of former range manager makes confession!" Maggie Donaldson on her death bed confessed that she and her husband and a stranger had cared for Jud Clark, who was ill from exposure, in a mountain cabin near Norada, immediately following the murder of Lucas. She had died leaving her confession unfinished.

The search for Clark was on again with scores of reporters heading for Norada, among them Bassett. From the moment of his arrival the latter was amazed at the ease with which he linked up all his evidence to prove beyond doubt that he had found Judson Clark.

Following a visit from Gregory, Dr. David collapsed from a stroke. Dick knew that his illness was due to some great shock, and he had a shrewd suspicion that it had to do with himself, especially since Clare Rossiter, a young girl who had secretly admired him greatly, but to whom he had paid scant attention, through pique at his indifference to her charms had foolishly gone to the old Doctor with some unsavory gossip that was being whispered about his parentage.

His suspicions were confirmed by the receipt of a mysterious telegram addressed to Doctor David which Dick withheld from him. The telegram warned David that Bassett was on the trail and advised that "the person" be gotten out of the way. It was signed "G."

Dick went quietly to Norada where he encountered Bassett. Bassett was about to offer his help when Dick became seriously ill, soon lapsing into unconsciousness. Leaving him in the care of a chambermaid, Hattie Thorwald, Bassett went in search of a doctor and on returning found the sheriff (who had learned that some one resembling Clark was in the hotel) in charge, and Dick gone. On a tip from the chambermaid Bassett followed, overtaking him in the hills, but all remembrance of his identity as Dr. Richard Livingstone was gone. He believed himself to be Jud Clark, fleeing from the scene of a murder committed the night before. With some difficulty Bassett won his confidence and convinced him that all he remembered happened ten years ago. But while his reason was convinced it was impossible for Dick, or Jud as he now was in fact, to realize conditions. They camped that night far in the hills and while Bassett slept, Dick, leaving a note for him, mounted his horse and rode away. His return to the identity of Jud Clark was complete, even to an inordinate craving for liquor and his blind love for Beverly Carlysle. Gradually, however, the craving for drink wore away, and after an interview with Beverly in New York, he found the old love dead and only a sincere friendship left. Elizabeth, meantime, discouraged and numb with sorrow had engaged herself to a young man of the town who had long been a suitor.

Elizabeth's sister, Nina, discovered that her husband, Leslie Ward, was in love with Beverly Carlysle, but in spite of this fact Nina and Leslie managed to live together comfortably enough.

Bassett set himself more determinedly than ever to straighten things out. Through a clever ruse he located Gregory, who in the course of a long talk, told Bassett that Beverly had shot Lucas by accident. Bassett also contrived to locate Melis, who had been Judson's valet at the time of the shooting, and Melis confirmed what Gregory had told Bassett, adding the important information that he believed Beverly was having an affair with another man at the time. Bassett wondered if this man by any chance might have been Clifton Hines.

Dick, meanwhile, had come to realize that his feeling for Elizabeth was real love, something very different from that early madness of his.

DICK looked up at Bassett and then sat up.

"What sort of news?" he asked, his voice still thick with sleep.

"Get up and put some cold water on your head. I want you to get this."

He obeyed, but without enthusiasm. Some new clue, some hope revived only to die again, what did it matter? But he stopped by Bassett and put a hand on his shoulder.

"Why do you do it?" he asked. "Why don't you let me go to the devil in my own way?"

"I started this, and by God I've finished it," was Bassett's exultant reply.

He sat down and produced a bundle of papers. "I'm going to read you something," he said. "And when I'm through you're going to put your clothes on and we'll go to the Biltmore. The Biltmore! Do you get it?"

Then he began to read:

"I, the undersigned, being of sound mind, do hereby make the following statement. I make the statement of my own free will, and swear before Almighty God that it is the truth. I am an illegitimate son of Elihu Clark. My mother, Harriet Burgess, has since married and is now known as Hattie Thorwald. She will confirm the statements herein contained.

"I was adopted by a woman named Hines, of the city of Omaha, whose name I took. Some years later this woman married and had a daughter, of whom I shall speak later.

"I attended preparatory school in the east, and was sent during vacations to a tutoring school, owned by Mr. Henry Livingstone. When I went to college Mr. Livingstone bought a ranch at Dry River, Wyoming, and I spent some time there now and then.

"I learned that I was being supported and sent to college from funds furnished by a firm of New York lawyers and that aroused my suspicion. I knew that Mrs. Hines was not my mother. I finally learned that I was the son of Elihu Clark and Harriet Burgess.

*Copyright, 1922, by Mary Roberts Rinehart

Before him rose Elizabeth's face of the morning, impassive and cool, her eyes not hostile, but indifferent

"I felt that I should have some part of the estate, and I developed a hatred of Judson Clark, whom I knew. I made one attempt to get money from him by mail, threatening to expose his father's story, but I did not succeed.

"I visited my mother, Hattie Thorwald, and threatened Clark in her presence. I also threatened Henry Livingstone, and his death came during a dispute over the matter, but I did not kill him. He fell down and hit his head. He had a weak heart.

"My foster sister had gone on the stage, and Clark was infatuated with her. I saw her a number of times, but he did not connect me with the letters I had sent. My foster sister's stage name is Beverly Carlysle.

"She married Howard Lucas and they visited the Clark ranch at Norada, Wyoming, in the fall of 1910. I saw my sister there several times, and as she knew the way I felt she was frightened. My mother, Hattie Thorwald, was a sort of maid to her, and together they tried to get me to go away."

Basset looked up.

"Up to that point," he said, "I wrote it myself before I saw him." There was a note of triumph in his voice. "The rest is his."

"On the night Lucas was killed I was to go away. Bev had agreed to give me some money for the piece had quit in June and I was hard up. She was going to borrow it from Jud Clark, and that set me crazy. I felt it ought to be mine, or a part of it anyhow.

"I was to meet my mother in the grounds, but I missed her, and I went to the house. I wasn't responsible for what I did. I was crazy, I guess. I saw Donaldson on the side porch, and beyond him were Lucas and Clark, playing roulette. It made me wild. I couldn't have played roulette that night for pennies.

"I went around the house and in the front door. What I meant to do was to walk into that room and tell Clark who I was. He knew me, and all I meant to do was to call Bev down, and mother, and make him sit up and take notice. I hadn't a gun on me.

"I swear I wasn't thinking of killing him then. I hated him like poison, but that was all. But I went into the living room, and I heard Clark say he'd lost a thousand dollars. Maybe you don't get that. A thousand dollars thrown around like that and me living on what Bev could borrow from him.

"That sent me wild.

Lucas took a gun from him, just after that, and said he was going to put it in the other room. He did it, too. He put it on a table and started back. I got it and pointed it at Clark. I'd have shot him, too, but Bev came into the room.

"I want to exonerate Bev. She has been better than most sisters to me, and she has lied to try to save me. She came up behind me and grabbed my arm. Lucas had heard her, and he turned. I must have closed my hand on the trigger, for it went off and hit him.

"I was in the living room when Donaldson ran in. I hid there until they were all gathered around Lucas and had quit running in, and then I got away. I saw my mother in the grounds later. I told her where the revolver was and that they'd better put it in the billiard room. I was afraid they'd suspect Bev.

"I have read the above statement and it is correct. I was legally adopted by Mrs. Alice Ford Hines, of Omaha, and use that signature. I generally use the name of Frederick Gregory, which I took when I was on the stage for a short time.

"(signed) Clifton Hines."

Bassett folded up the papers and put them in the envelopes.

"I got that," he said, "at the point of a gun, my friend. And our friend Hines departed for the Mexican border on the evening train. I don't mind saying that I saw him off. He held out for a get away, and I guess it's just as well."

He glanced at Dick, lying still and rigid on the bed.

"And now," he said. "I think a little drink won't do us any harm."

Dick refused the drink. He was endeavoring to comprehend the situation; to realize that Gregory, who had faced him with such sneering hate a day or so before, was his half-brother.

"Poor devil!" he said at last. "I wish to God I'd known. He was right, you know. No wonder — "

Some time later he roused from deep study and looked at Bassett.

"How did you get the connection?"

"I saw Melis, and learned that Hines was in it somehow. He was the connecting link between Beverly Carlysle and the Thorwald woman. But I couldn't connect him with Beverly herself, except by a chance. I wired a man I knew in Omaha, and he turned up the second marriage, and a daughter known on the stage as Beverly Carlysle."

Bassett was in high spirits. He moved about the room immensely pleased with himself, slightly boastful.

"Some little stroke, Dick!" he said. "What price Mr. Judson Clark to-night, eh? It will be worth a million dollars to see Wilkin's face when he reads that thing."

"There's no mention of me as Livingstone in it, is there?"

"It wasn't necessary to go into that. I didn't know — look here," he exploded, "you're not going to be a damned fool, are you?"

"I'm not going to revive Judson Clark, Bassett. I don't owe him anything. Let him die a decent death and stay dead."

"Oh, piffle!" Bassett groaned. "Don't start that all over again. Don't pull any Enoch Arden stuff on me, looking in at a lighted window and wandering off to drive a taxicab."

Suddenly Dick laughed. Bassett watched him, puzzled and angry, with a sort of savage tenderness.

"You're crazy," he said morosely. "Darned if I understand you. Here I've got everything fixed as slick as a whistle, and it took work, believe me. And now you say you're going to chuck the whole thing."

"Not at all," Dick replied, with a new ring in his voice. "You're right. I've been ten sorts of a fool, but I know now what I'm going to do. Take your paper, old friend, and for my sake go out and clear Jud Clark. Put up a headstone to him, if you like, a good one. I'll buy it."

"And what will you be doing in the meantime?"

Dick stretched and threw out his arms.

"Me?" He said. "What should I be doing, old man? I'm going home."

Lucy Crosby was dead. One moment she was of the quick, moving about the house, glancing in at David, having Minnie in the kitchen pin and unpin her veil; and the next she was still and infinitely mysterious on her white bed. She had fallen outside the door of David's room, and lay there, her arms still full of fresh bath towels, and a fixed and intense look in her eyes, as though, outside the door, she had come face to face with a messenger who bore surprising news. Doctor Reynolds, running up the stairs, found her there dead, and closed the door into David's room.

But David knew before they told him. He waited until they had placed her on her bed, had closed her eyes and drawn a white coverlet over her, and then he went in alone, and sat down beside her, and put a hand over her chilling one.

"If you are still here, Lucy," he said, "and have not yet gone on, I want you to carry this with you. We are all right here. Everybody is all right. You are not to worry."

After a time he went back to his room and got his prayer book. He could hear Harrison Miller's voice soothing Minnie in the lower hall, and Reynolds at the telephone. He went back into the quiet chamber, and opening the prayer book, began to read aloud.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept — "

His voice tightened. He put his head down on the side of the bed.

He was very docile that day. He moved obediently from his room for the awful aftermath of a death, for the sweeping and dusting and clean curtains, and sat in Dick's room, not reading, not even praying; a lonely yet indomitable old figure.

When his friends came, elderly men who creaked in and tried to reduce their robust voices to a decorous whisper, he shook hands with them and made brief, courteous replies. Then he lapsed into silence, and they felt shut off and uncomfortable, and creaked out again.

Only once did he seem shaken. That was when Elizabeth came swiftly in, and put her arms around him as he sat. He held her close to him, saying nothing for a long time. Then he drew a deep breath.

"I was feeling mighty lonely, honey," he said.

He was the better for her visit. He insisted on dressing that evening, and on being helped down the stairs. The town, which had seemed inimical for so long, seemed to him suddenly to be holding out friendly hands. More than friendly hands. Loving, tender hands, offering service and affection and old-time friendships. It moved about sedately, in dark clothes, and came down the stairs red-eyed and using pocket handkerchiefs, and it surrounded him with love and loving kindness.

When they had all gone, Harrison Miller helped him up the stairs to where his tidy bed stood ready, and the nurse had placed his hot milk on a stand. But Harrison did not go at once.

(*Continued on page* 116)

Tire Competition — Good, Bad and Indifferent

THE average American was raised on the idea that the more people who competed for his trade the better off *he* was.

Like many good ideas, it has *several sides.*

They all show themselves clearly in the tire business.

* * *

There are tires which prefer to compete largely on a *price basis.* Believing that the public is more interested in the dollars and cents they pay than in the worth of what they get.

On the other hand, U. S. *Royal Cords* believe differently.

And car-owners who use Royal Cords have a *plus* feeling which they get both from actual experience, and because they realize the *integrity of the manufacturer.*

People don't think of Royal Cords as high-priced tires. They think of them as *better tires.*

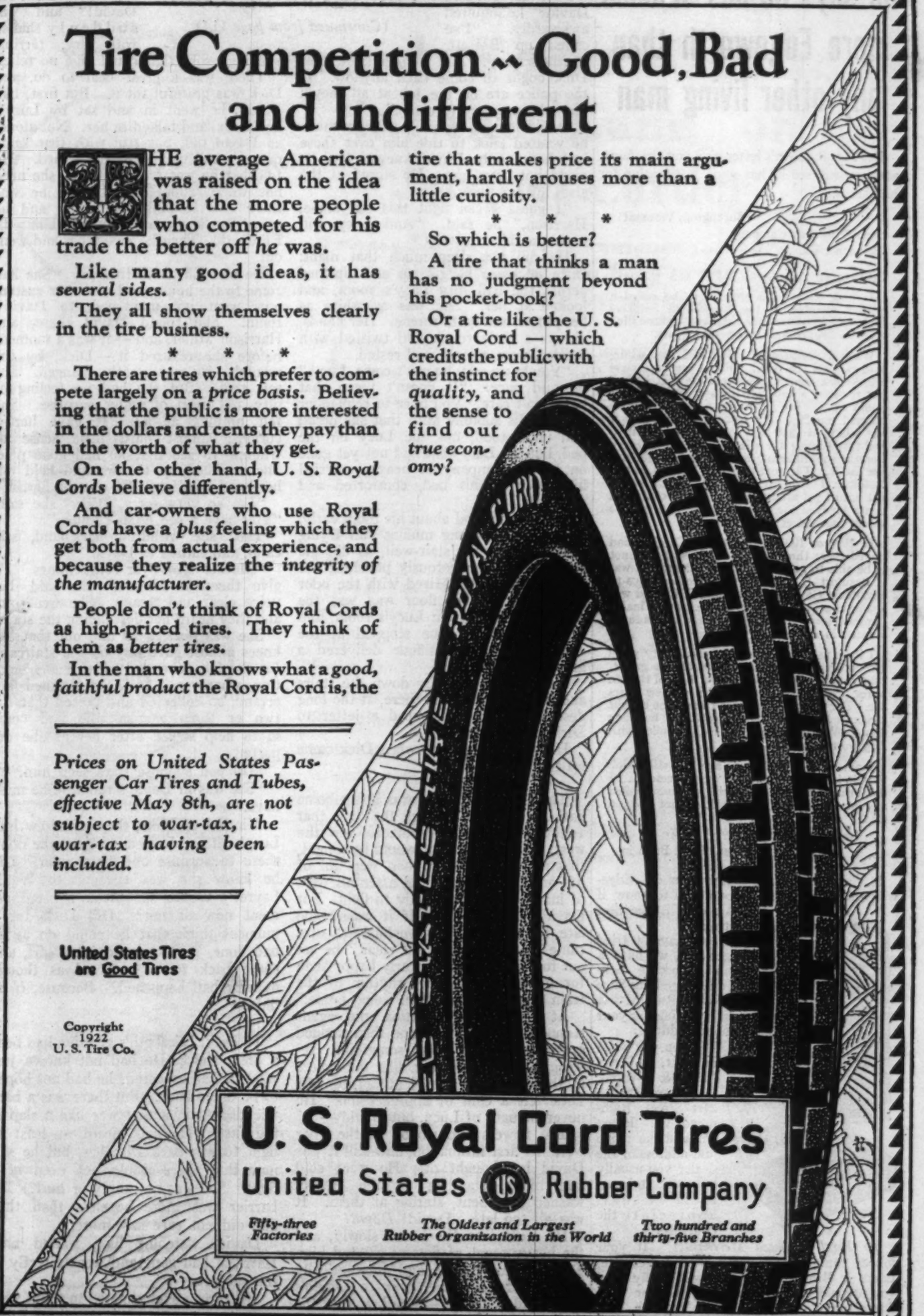
In the man who knows what a *good, faithful product* the Royal Cord is, the tire that makes price its main argument, hardly arouses more than a little curiosity.

* * *

So which is better?

A tire that thinks a man has no judgment beyond his pocket-book?

Or a tire like the U. S. Royal Cord — which credits the public with the instinct for *quality,* and the sense to find out *true economy?*



Prices on United States Passenger Car Tires and Tubes, effective May 8th, are not subject to war-tax, the war-tax having been included.

United States Tires are Good Tires

Copyright 1922 U. S. Tire Co.

U. S. Royal Cord Tires

United States (US) Rubber Company

Fifty-three Factories — *The Oldest and Largest Rubber Organization in the World* — *Two hundred and thirty-five Branches*

He says he has smoked more Edgeworth than any other living man

Let Mr. Baldwin's letter give you the facts, and you will see he has some justification for his claims.

Burlington, Vermont

Larus & Brother Company
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

I think that I am entitled to be called a charter member of the Edgeworth Smokers Club, as I have used the Edgeworth Sliced Plug between twenty and twenty-five years.

When I commenced using it I was selling hardware on the road. One of my customers who kept a general store told me that he had just received a new tobacco and wished that I would try it. He gave me a box for which he charged me 20c. He made a mistake, as it was selling at that time for 25c. I liked it so well that I made it a point to ask for it in every store in the different towns that I made; but few had it. The next time that I called on this customer I bought six boxes, which would last until I got around again. I still continued to ask for it in the different towns and tried to induce the dealers to stock it.

In 1906 or 1907 I went to So. Carolina and stayed there three years. I was surprised not to be able to get it there. At that time I was in Beaufort, S. C., and made frequent trips to Savannah, Ga., and Charleston, S. C., and was unable to get it in either of these cities. Finally I ordered some direct from you and also induced a dealer in Beaufort to stock it.

I have used it always for over twenty years except occasionally when I could not get it. I figure that I have smoked over 1000 of the 25c boxes, which have cost for the last few years 35c. For at least five years I have not bought a cigar. Have had some given to me, but they do not take the place of the old pipe filled with Edgeworth.

I am sixty-one years of age and still think that it is the best tobacco on the market. I don't think there is a man living who has smoked any more Edgeworth than I. What do you think?

Yours truly,

(Signed) H F. Baldwin

It is always pleasing to hear from old Edgeworth smokers and we would like to know if this record is the best ever made.

If you haven't tried Edgeworth, we have a sample package here containing Plug-Slice and Ready-Rubbed that is only waiting for your name and address.

When you write for it, address Larus & Brother Company, 33 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you will add the name and address of the dealer you usually buy your tobacco from we shall appreciate the courtesy.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

The Breaking Point

(*Continued from page* 114)

"What about word to Dick, David?" he inquired awkwardly. "I've called up Bassett, but he's away. And I don't know that Dick ought to come back anyhow. If the police are on the job at all they'll know he may try to come."

David looked away. Just how much he wanted Dick to tide him over these bad hours only David knew. But he could not have him. He stared at the glass of hot milk.

"I guess I can fight this out alone, Harrison," he said. "And Lucy will understand."

He did not sleep much that night. Once or twice he got up and tip-toed across the hall into Lucy's room, and looked at her. She was as white as her pillow, and quite serene. Her hands, always a little rough and twisted with service, were smooth and rested.

"You know why he can't come, Lucy," he said once. "It doesn't mean that he doesn't care. You have to remember that." His sublime faith that she heard and understood, not the Lucy on the bed, but the Lucy that had not yet gone on to the company of heaven, carried him back to his bed, comforted and reassured.

He was up and about his room early. The odor of baking muffins and frying ham came up the stair-well, as did the sound of Mike vigorously polishing the floor in the hall. Mixed with the odor of cooking and of floor wax was the scent of flowers from Lucy's room, and Mrs. Sayre's machine stopped at the door while the chauffeur delivered a great mass of roses.

David went carefully down the stairs and into his office, and there, at the long deserted desk, commenced a letter to Dick.

He was sitting there when Dick came up the street—

The thought that he was going home had upheld Dick through the days that followed Bassett's departure for the west. He knew that it would be a fight, that not easily does a man step out of life and into it again, but after his days of inaction he stood ready to fight. For David, for Lucy, and if it wasn't too late, for Elizabeth. When Bassett's wire came from Norada, "All clear," he set out for Haverly, more nearly happy than for months. The very rhythm of the train sang: "Going home, Going home."

At the Haverly station the agent stopped, stared at him and then nodded gravely. There was something restrained in his greeting, like the voices in the old house the night before, and Dick felt a chill of apprehension. He never thought of Lucy, but David—

The flowers and ribbon at the door were his first intimation, and still it was David he thought of. He went cold and bitter, standing on the freshly washed pavement, staring at them. It was all too late. David! *David!*

He went into the house slowly, and the heavy scent of flowers greeted him. The hall was empty, and automatically he pushed open the door to David's office and went in. David was at the desk writing. David was alive. Thank God and thank God. David was alive.

"David!" he said brokenly. "Dear old David!" and was suddenly shaken with dry, terrible sobbing—sobs that could give no relief.

There was a great deal to do, and Dick was grateful for it. But first, like David, he went in and sat by Lucy's bed alone, and talked to her. Not aloud, as David did, but still with that same queer conviction that she heard. He told her he was free, and that she need not worry about David, that he was there now to look after him, and he asked her, if she could, to help him with Elizabeth. Then he kissed her and went out.

He met Elizabeth that day. She had come to the house, and after her custom now went up, unwarned, to David's room. She found David there, and Harrison Miller, and—it was a moment before she realized it—Dick, by the mantel. He was greatly changed. She saw that. But she had no feeling of pity, not even of undue surprise. She felt nothing at all. It gave her a curious, almost hard little sense of triumph to see that he had gone pale. She marched up to him and held out her hand mindful of the eyes on her.

"I'm so very sorry, Dick," she said. "You have a sad home-coming."

Then she withdrew her hand, still calm, and turned to David.

"Mother sent over some things. I'll give them to Minnie," she said, her voice clear and steady. She went out, and they heard her descending the stairs.

She was puzzled to find out that her knees almost gave way on the staircase, for she felt calm and without any emotion whatever. And she finished her errand, so collected and poised that the two or three women who had come in to help stared after her as she departed.

"Do you suppose she's seen him?"

"She was in David's room. She must have."

Mindful of Mike, they withdrew into Lucy's sitting room and closed the door, there to surmise and to wonder. Did he know she was engaged to Wallie Sayre? Would she break her engagement now or not? Did Dick for a moment think that he could do as he had done, go away and jilt a girl, and come back to be received as though nothing had happened? Because, if he did—

To Dick, Elizabeth's greeting had been a great shock. He had not known just what he had expected; he had not hoped to be taken back. But there was a hard friendliness in it that was like a slap in the face. He had meant at least to fight to win back with her, but he saw now that there would not even be a fight. She was not angry or hurt. The barrier was more hopeless than that. She did not care any more.

David, watching him, waited until Harrison had gone and went directly to the subject.

"Have you ever stopped to think what these last months have meant to Eliza-

(*Continued on page* 118)

Shooting the Rapids

Landing at Old Quebec

Ste. Anne de Beaupré

Resting awhile at Tadousac

The Glorious Saguenay—River of Mystery

Spend Your Vacation in the Land of Jacques Cartier

Here are Thrills—Here Is Romance and Adventure—That Will Take You Back to the Days of French Occupation.

THIS year pack your vacation with interest and variety. Here, indeed, are thrills and adventure; an ever-changing panorama of charm and beauty on the trip from "Niagara to the Sea".

Breasting the waves on Lake Ontario's broad expanse; threading your way through the Thousand Islands of the historic St. Lawrence River; shooting the Rapids the dusky red men descended in their bark canoes.

You stop at Montreal; then Quebec, where an hour's trolley trip will take you to the miracle-working shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré; then Montmorency Falls, 100 feet higher than Niagara.

From Quebec you continue your voyage down the majestic St. Lawrence towards the Sea, stopping at beautiful Murray Bay; then Tadousac, at the foot of the Laurentian Mountains, where you begin your journey up the far-famed Saguenay, with its stupendous capes, "Trinity" and "Eternity", above which the wheeling eagle is but a speck against the blue.

Throughout the trip history unfolds a story rich in memories of the past. Romantic scenes remind you of the heroes of a byegone age.

Can you afford to spend your whole vacation in any one place when such rich entertainment is within your reach?

Send 2c stamp for illustrated booklet, map and guide, "Niagara to the Sea", including rates, etc., to John F. Pierce, Passenger Traffic Manager, Canada Steamship Lines, Ltd., 187 C. S. L. Building, Montreal, Canada.

CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES

A thousand miles of travel—
A thousand thrills of pleasure

This Soothing Clasmic Pack Brings Out Your Hidden Beauty

Cover the face and rest while this wonder pack brings your hidden beauty to light—making your skin soft and clear—freshening the complexion and giving it a radiant, natural color.

Immediate Results

You don't have to wait to see results—the very first application shows amazing benefits—you can actually feel the wonder work going on—the gentle lifting sensation proves that blemishes are being banished and that all the facial muscles and tissues are being rejuvenated. Boncilla treatments are also given in beauty parlors for women and can be used in your own home.

Boncilla
Beautifier

Does These Definite Things for the Face:

1. Clears the complexion and gives it color.
2. Closes enlarged pores.
3. Removes blackheads and pimples.
4. Lifts out the lines.
5. Rebuilds drooping facial tissues.
6. Makes the skin soft and velvety.

On a guarantee of money back if you are not satisfied

Send for Generous Introductory Set

The Boncilla "Package-O-Beauty" consists of the complete Boncilla Method—Beautifier, Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Face Powder enough for three or four facial packs. Obtain it from your dealer for 50c, or send the coupon to us with 50c and we will mail it postpaid. Regular sizes priced as follows:

Beautifier No. 7 Tube.....$1.00
Creams and Powder, each..... .75
These four in No. 37 set..... 3.25

MEN

Get Boncilla Treatments at Barber Shops

BONCILLA LABORATORIES
445 East South Street
Indianapolis, Indiana
I enclose 50c. Kindly send your Package-O-Beauty to:

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Mc

DIAMONDS
Here at 60% of Market Price

This snappy perfectly cut diamond 7-8—3-32 ct. at $52.50 among bargains last list. Many other big values in our lists. Buy *HERE*. Loan values the price basis, not market values. This 75 year old *diamond banking firm* has thousands unpaid loans and other bargains must sell NOW.

This Ring $52.50
1/2 - 1/2n Carat Perfect Cut

Why Pay Full Prices

Any diamond sent for absolutely free examination at our risk. No obligation. No cost to you.

Send for Latest List

Diamond Bargains described in detail. *Tells of guaranteed loan values*, unlimited exchange privilege, details of free examination. *Send now.*

JOS. DeROY & SONS 6469 DeRoy Bldg.
Only Opposite Post Office, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WRITE NEWS ITEMS

and Short Stories. Experience unnecessary. Details FREE.
PRESS REPORTING SYNDICATE, 603, St. Louis, Mo.

The Breaking Point

(*Continued from page* 116)

beth? Her own worries, and always this infernal town, talking, talking. The child's pride's been hurt, as well as her heart."

"I thought I'd better not go into that until after — until later," he explained. "The other thing was wrong. I knew it the moment I saw Beverly, and I didn't go back again. What was the use? But — you saw her face, David. I think she doesn't even care enough to hate me."

"She's cared enough to engage herself to Wallace Sayre."

After one astounded glance Dick laughed bitterly.

"That looks as though she cared," he said. He had gone very white. After a time, as David sat silent and thoughtful, he said: "After all, what right had I to expect anything else? When you think that, a few days ago, I was actually shaken at the thought of seeing another woman, you can hardly blame her."

"She waited a long time."

Later Dick made what was a difficult confession under the circumstances.

"I know now — I think I knew all along, but the other thing was like that craving for liquor I told you about — I know now that she has always been the one woman. You'll understand that, perhaps, but she wouldn't. I would crawl on my knees to make her believe it, but it's too late. Everything's too late," he added.

Before the hour for the services he went in again and sat by Lucy's bed, but she who had given him wise counsel so many times before lay in her majestic peace, surrounded by flowers and infinitely removed. Yet she gave him something. Something of her own peace. Once more, as on the night she had stood at the kitchen door and watched him disappear in the darkness, there came the tug of the old familiar things, the home sense. Not only David now, but the house. The faded carpet on the stairs, the old self-rocker Lucy had loved, the creaking faucets in the bathroom, Mike and Minnie, the laboratory, — united in their shabby strength, they were home to him. They had come back, never to be lost again. Home.

Then, little by little, they carried their claim further. They were not only home. They were the setting of a dream, long forgotten but now vivid in his mind, and a refuge from the dreary present. That dream had seen Elizabeth enshrined among the old familiar things; the old house was to be a sanctuary for her and for him. From it and from her in the dream he was to go out in the morning; to it and to her he was to come home at night, after he had done a man's work.

The dream faded. Before him rose her face of the morning, impassive and cool; her eyes, not hostile but indifferent. She had taken herself out of his life, had turned her youth to youth, and forgotten him. He understood and accepted it. He saw himself as he must have looked to her, old and worn, scarred from the last months, infinitely changed. And she was young. Heavens, how young she was!

Lucy was buried that afternoon. It was raining, and the quiet procession followed Dick and the others who carried her light body under grotesquely bobbing umbrellas. Then he and David, and Minnie and Mike, went back to the house, quiet with that strange emptiness that follows a death, the unconscious listening for a voice that will not speak again, for a familiar footfall. David had not gone upstairs. He sat in Lucy's sitting room, in his old frock coat and black tie, with a knitted afghan across his knees. His throat looked withered, in his loose collar.

For the first time then they discussed the future.

"You're giving up a great deal, Dick," he said. "I'm proud of you, and like you, I think the money's best where it is. But this is a prejudiced town, and they think you've treated Elizabeth badly. If you don't intend to tell the story — "

"Never," Dick announced, firmly. "Judson Clark is dead." He smiled at David, with something of his old humor. "I told Bassett to put up a monument if he wanted to. I've seen it a dozen times in the last two days."

"I never gave up a fight yet," David's voice was grim.

"On the other hand, I don't want to make it uncomfortable for her. We are bound to meet. I'm putting my own feelings aside. It doesn't matter — except of course to me. What I thought was — We might go into the city. Reynolds would buy the house. He's going to be married."

But he found himself up against the stone wall of David's opposition. He was too old to be uprooted; he liked to be able to find his way around in the dark. He was almost childish, and perhaps a trifle terrified. But it was his final argument that won Dick over.

"I thought you'd found out there's nothing in running away from trouble."

Dick straightened.

"You're right," he said. "We'll stay here and fight it out together."

He helped David up the stairs to where the nurse stood waiting, and then went on into his own bedroom. He surveyed it for the first time since his return with a sense of permanency and intimacy. Here, from now on, was to center his life. From this bed he would rise in the morning, to go back to it at night. From this room he would go out to fight for place again and for the old faith in him, for confiding eyes and the clasp of friendly hands.

He sat down by the window and with the feeling of dismissing them forever, retraced slowly and painfully the last few months, the night on the mountains, and Bassett asleep by the fire; the man from the cabin caught under the tree, with his face looking up, strangely twisted, from among the branches; dawn in the alfalfa field, and the long night tramp; the boy who had recognized him in Chicago; David in his old walnut bed, shrivelled and dauntless, and his going out into the night, with Lucy in the kitchen doorway; Elizabeth and Wallace Sayre on the veranda, and himself across the street under the trees;

Beverly, and the illumination of his freedom from the old bonds; Gregory, glib and debonair, telling his lying story, and later on, flying for safety. His half brother!

One thing Dick knew must be done and got over with. He would have to see Elizabeth and tell her the story. He knew it would do no good, but she had a right to the fullest explanation he could give her. She did not love him, but it was intolerable that she should hate him.

He meant, however, to make no case for himself. It would have to stand on the facts. This thing had happened to him; the storm had come, wrought its havoc and passed; he was back, to start again as nearly as he could where he had left off. That was all.

He went to the Wheeler house the next night, passing the door twice before he turned in and rang the bell, in order that his voice might be calm and his demeanor unshaken.

Walter Wheeler opened the door and admitted him.

"I thought you might come," he said. "Come in."

There was no particular warmth in his voice, but no unfriendliness. He stood by gravely while Dick took off his overcoat, and then led the way into the library.

"I'd better tell you at once," he said, "that I have advised Elizabeth to see you, but that she refuses. I'd much prefer — " He broke off and busied himself at the fire for a moment. "I'd much prefer to have her see you, Livingstone. But — I'll tell you frankly — I don't think it would do much good."

He sat down and stared at the fire. Dick remained standing.

"She doesn't intend to see me at all?" he asked, unsteadily.

"That's rather out of the question, if you intend to remain here. Do you?"

"Yes."

An unexpected feeling of sympathy for the tall, worn man on the hearth rug stirred in Walter Wheeler's breast.

"I'm sorry, Dick. She apparently reached the breaking point a week or two ago. She knew you had been here and hadn't seen her, for one thing." He hesitated. "You've heard of her engagement?"

"Yes."

There was another uncomfortable silence. Then Walter Wheeler burst out:

"Confound it, Dick, I'm sorry. I've fought your battles for months, not here, but everywhere. But here's a battle I can't fight. She isn't angry. You'll have to get her angle of it. I think it's something like this. She had built you up into a sort of superman. And she's — well, I suppose purity is the word. She's the essence of purity. Then — Leslie told me this to-night — she learned from him that you were back with the woman in the case, in New York."

And, as Dick made a gesture:

"There's no use going to him. He was off the beaten track, and he knows it. He took a chance, to tell her for her own good. He's fond of her. I suppose that was the last straw."

"He Deposits $500 a Month!"

"SEE that man at the Receiving Teller's window? That's Billy King, Sales Manager for the Browning Company. First of every month he comes in and deposits $500. I've been watching Billy for a long time—take almost as much interest in him as I do in my own boy.

"Three years ago he started in at Browning's as a clerk at $15 a week. Married, had one child, couldn't save a cent. One day he came in here desperate—wanted to borrow a hundred dollars—wife was sick.

"I said, 'Billy, I'm going to give you something worth more than a loan—some good advice—and if you'll follow it I'll let you have the hundred, too. You don't want to be a $15 clerk all your life, do you?' Of course he didn't. 'Well,' I said, 'there's a way to climb out of your job to something better. Take up a course with the International Correspondence Schools in the work you like best and want to advance in, and put in some of your evenings getting special training. The Schools will do wonders for you—I know, we've got several I. C. S. boys right here in the bank.'

"That night Billy wrote to Scranton and a few days later he had started a course in Salesmanship. It had a fascination for him and in a little while he got his chance on the city sales force. Why, in three months he had doubled his salary! Next thing I knew he was put in charge of a branch office up state.

"HE made such a record up there that a few months ago they brought him back and made him Sales Manager—on salary and commission. He's making real money now. Owns his own home, has bought some good securities, and he's a regular at that window every month. It just shows what a man can do in a little spare time."

Employers are begging for men with ambition, men who really want to get ahead in the world and are willing to prove it by training themselves in spare time to do some one thing well.

Every mail brings letters from some of the two million students of the International Correspondence Schools telling of advancements and increased salaries won through spare-time study. These advancements are not only in technical subjects, but also in every branch of business:—Salesmanship, Advertising, Bookkeeping, Accounting, Business Management, etc.

Is there any reason why *you* should stand still and let others climb over you when you have the same chance they have? Surely the least you can do is to find out just what there is in this proposition for *you*. Here is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail this coupon.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 2951-C, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me full particulars about the subject before which I have marked an X in the list below:—

BUSINESS TRAINING DEPARTMENT

☐ Business Management	☐ Salesmanship
☐ Industrial Management	☐ Advertising
☐ Personnel Organization	☐ Better Letters
☐ Traffic Management	☐ Foreign Trade
☐ Business Law	☐ Stenography and Typing
☐ Banking and Banking Law	☐ Business English
☐ Accountancy (including C.P.A.)	☐ Civil Service
☐ Nicholson Cost Accounting	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Bookkeeping	☐ Common School Subjects
☐ Private Secretary	☐ High School Subjects
☐ Business Spanish ☐ French	☐ Illustrating

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT

☐ Electrical Engineering	☐ Airplane Engines
☐ Electric Lighting	☐ Architect
☐ Mechanical Engineer	☐ Contractor and Builder
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ Architectural Draftsman
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Concrete Builder
☐ Railroad Positions	☐ Structural Engineer
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Chemistry
☐ Civil Engineer	☐ Pharmacy
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Automobile Work
☐ Mine Foreman or Engineer	☐ Agriculture and Poultry
☐ Steam Engineering ☐ Radio	☐ Mathematics

Name.....

Street Address..... 5-23-22

City..... State.....

Occupation.....

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

Pay Nothing

An amazing new offer—wear this GENUINE DIAMOND for a week at our expense—absolutely no risk to you—deposit nothing—READ EVERY WORD OF THIS OFFER:

Send No Money

Pay No C.O.D.

Mail Free Trial Coupon!

Just send the coupon below—do not enclose a penny—and we will send you on approval at our expense the most beautiful hand engraved solid gold ring you ever saw, set with a fine, large, genuine blue-white diamond. Pay nothing when it arrives. Merely accept the ring and wear it for a week, at our expense. After a week decide. If you return the ring, that ends the matter. **You have risked nothing.** But if you keep the ring, send us only $3.75 a month until you have paid the amazingly low price of $38.75 for this regular $50 value. The ring is an elaborate pierced model in solid 14K green gold with hand engraved white gold top. A striking new model. The diamond is a beauty—extra brilliant, blue white, perfectly cut—a remarkably big value.

Men's extra massive 14K solid gold fluted ring with 18K hand cut white gold top set with extra fine perfectly cut blue-white genuine diamond. Extra Big Value. Now $38.75—$3.75 a month. Send no money. Pay no C. O. D. A week's trial FREE. Mail coupon now.

Just mail the coupon below and enclose finger size. SEND NO MONEY.

Harold Lachman Co., 204 S. Peoria Street Dept. C149 Chicago

Send me absolutely free and prepaid, for a week's trial, the **genuine diamond** ring checked below. I am to pay nothing when it arrives. After one week I will either return the ring by registered mail and that ends the matter, or I will send you $3.75 each month until $38.75 has been paid. Title remains with you until fully paid. **I ENCLOSE MY FINGER SIZE.**

☐ *Ladies' Ring* No. A4350 ☐ *Men's Ring* No. A4450

Name.....

Address.....

Copyright 1928, Harold Lachman Co.

THE WEBSTER

Forty West Forty-fifth Street

New York

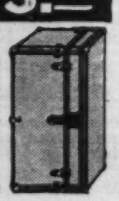
Next door to the Harvard Club

VISITORS from out of town will find the Webster inviting and convenient. Especial attention will be given and moderate prices quoted, particularly for suites of two and three rooms.

John P. Tolson, *Proprietor*

STEAMER TRUNK $3.95

Brand new U. S. A. tourist and steamer trunk, 13 in. high, 17 in. wide, 31 in. long—4 in. tray, with three compartments. Staunchly made of seasoned wood. Covered with olive drab vulcanized fiber. Lined throughout. Reinforced edges. Sheet iron band protecting edge of lid. Brass trimmings protect corners. Strong brass lock and bolts. Leather handles. A handsome and sturdy trunk for hard service. *Try to duplicate for less than $15!* Special 10 Day Sale price, **$3.95.** Send cash or M. O.



UNITED STATES STORES

Dept. 19, 22 E. Alabama St., Atlanta, Georgia

He sat still, a troubled figure, middle-aged and unhandsome, and very weary.

"It's a bad business Dick," he said.

After a time Dick stirred.

"When I first began to remember," he said, "I wanted whiskey. I would have stolen it, if I couldn't get it any other way. Then, when I got it, I didn't want it. It sickened me. This other was the same sort of thing. It's done with."

Wheeler nodded.

"I understand. But she wouldn't, Dick."

"No. I don't suppose she would."

He went away soon after that, back to the quiet house, and to David. Automatically he turned into his office, but Reynolds was writing there. He went slowly up the stairs—

David was satisfied. The great love of his life had been given to Dick, and now Dick was his again. He grieved for Lucy, but he knew that the parting was not for long, and that from whatever high place she looked down, she would know that. He was satisfied. He looked on his work and found it good. There was no trace of weakness nor of vacillation in the man who sat across from him at the table, or slammed in and out of the house after his old fashion.

But he was not content. For behind Dick's surface cheerfulness he knew that he was eating his heart out.

For things were going very badly. The fight was on.

It was a battle without action. Each side was dug in and entrenched, and waiting. It was an engagement where the principals met occasionally in the neutral ground of the streets, bowed to each other and passed on.

The town was sorry for David and still fond of him, but it resented his stiff-necked attitude. It said, in effect, that when he ceased to make Dick's enemies his, it was willing to be friends. But it said also, to each other and behind its hands, that Dick's absence was discreditable or it would be explained, and that he had behaved abominably to Elizabeth. It would be hanged if it would be friends with him.

Yet on the surface things were much as they had been. David rose early and as he improved in health, read his morning paper in his office while he waited for breakfast.

The house was very quiet. Now and then the front door opened, and a patient came in, but there was no longer the crowded waiting room, the incessant jangle of the telephone, the odor of pungent drugs and antiseptics.

Now and then Dick and Elizabeth met on the street, and she bowed to him and went on. At those times it seemed incredible that once he had held her in his arms, and that she looked up at him with loving, faithful eyes. He suffered so from those occasional meetings that he took to watching for her, so as to avoid her. Sometimes he wished she would marry Wallace quickly, so he would be obliged to accept what now he knew he had not accepted at all.

He had occasional spells of violent anger at her, and of resentment, but they died when he checked up, one after the other, the inevitable series of events that had led to the catastrophe. But it was all nonsense to say that love never died. She had loved him, and there was never anything so dead as that love of hers.

Late in November Elizabeth went away for a visit, and it gave him a breathing spell.

She came home shortly before Christmas, undeniably glad to be back and very gentle with them all. She set to work almost immediately on the gifts, wrapping them and tying them with methodical exactness, sticking a tiny sprig of holly through the ribbon bow, and writing cards with neatness and care. She hung up wreaths and decorated the house, and when she was through with her work she went to her room and sat with her hands folded, not thinking. She did not think any more.

Wallie had sent her a flexible diamond bracelet as a Christmas gift, and it lay on her table in its box. She was very grateful, but she had not tried it on.

On the morning before Christmas, Nina came in, her arms full of packages, and her eyes shining and a little frightened. She had some news for them. She hadn't been so keen about it at first, but Leslie was like a madman. He was so pleased that he was ordering her that sable cape she had wanted so. He was like a different man. And it would be July.

Elizabeth kissed her. It seemed very unreal, like everything else. She wondered why Leslie should be so excited, or her mother crying. She wondered if there was something strange about her, that it should seem so small and unimportant. But then, what was important? That one got up in the morning, and ate at intervals and went to bed at night? That children came, and had to be fed and washed and tended, and cried a great deal, and were sick now and then?

She wished she could feel something, could think it vital whether Nina should choose pink or blue for her layette, and how far she should walk each day, and if Harry drove the car carefully enough. She wished she cared whether it was going to rain to-morrow or not, or whether some one was coming, or not coming. And she wished terribly that she could care for Wallie, or get over the feeling that she had saved her pride at a cost to him she could not contemplate.

After a time she went upstairs and put on the bracelet. And late in the afternoon she went out and bought some wool, to make an afghan. It eased her conscience toward Nina. She commenced it that evening while she waited for Wallie, and she wondered if some time she would be making an afghan for a coming child of her own. Hers and Wallace Sayre's.

Suddenly she knew that she would never marry him. She faced the future, with all that it implied, and she knew she could not do it. It was horrible that she had even contemplated it. It would be terrible to tell Wallie, but not as terrible as the other thing. She saw herself then with the same clearness with which she had judged Dick. She too, leaving her havoc of wrecked lives behind her; she too going along her headstrong way, raising hopes not to be fulfilled, and passing on. She too.

That evening, Christmas eve, she told him she would not marry him. Told him very gently, but finally and immediately after he tried to take her in his arms. She would not let him do it.

"I don't know what's come over you," he said, morosely. "But I'll let you alone, if that's the way you feel."

I'm sorry, Wallie. It — it makes me shiver."

In a way he was prepared for it, but nevertheless he took his *congé* very hard. He begged for time, for a less unequivocal rejection, but he found her, for the first time, impatient with his pleadings.

"I don't want to go over and over it, Wallie. I'll take the blame. I should have done it long ago."

She was gentle, almost tender with him, but when he said she had spoiled his life for him, she smiled faintly.

"You think that now. And don't believe I'm not sorry. I am. I hate not playing the game, as you say. But I don't think for a moment that you'll go on caring when you know I don't. That doesn't happen. That's all."

"Do you know what I think?" he burst out. "I think you're still mad about Livingstone. I think you are so mad about him that you don't know it yourself."

But she only smiled her cold smile and went on with her knitting. After that he got himself in hand, and — perhaps he still had some hope. It was certain that she had not flinched at Dick's name — told her very earnestly that he only wanted her happiness. He didn't want her unless she wanted him. He would always love her.

"Not always," she said, with tragically cold certainty. "Men are not like women; they forget."

She wondered, after he had gone, what had made her say that.

She did not tell the family that night. They were full of their own concerns; Nina's coming maternity, the wrapping of packages behind closed doors; the final trimming of the tree in the library. Leslie had started the phonograph, and it was playing, "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht."

Still night, holy night, and only in her was there a stillness that was not holy.

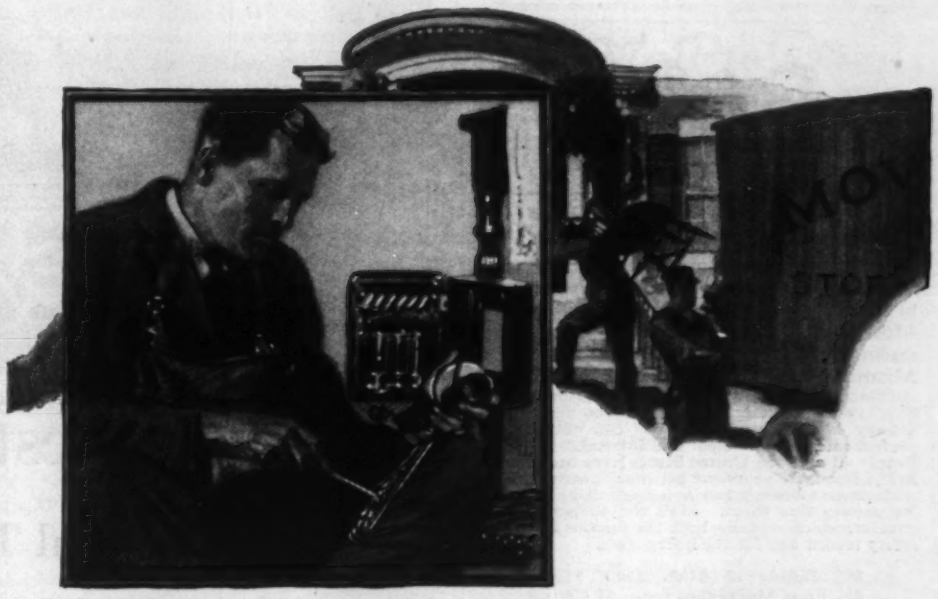
They hung up their stockings valiantly as usual, making a little ceremony of it, and being careful not to think about Jim's missing one. Indeed, they made rather a function of it, and Leslie demanded one of Nina's baby socks and pinned it up.

"I'm starting a bank account for the little beggar," he said, and dropped a gold piece into the toe. "Next year, old girl — "

He put his arm around Nina. It seemed to him that life was doing considerably better than he deserved by him, and he felt very humble and contrite. He felt in his pocket for the square jeweler's box that lay there.

After that they left Walter Wheeler to play his usual part at such times, and went upstairs. He filled the stockings bravely, an orange in each toe, a box of candy, a toy for old times' sake, and then the little knicknacks he had been gather-

(*Continued on page 125*)



1,820,000 Telephones Moved

In the telephone business every day is "moving day." Telephone subscribers are probably the most stable and permanent portion of our population; yet during the past year one telephone out of every seven in the Bell System was moved from one place of residence or business to another at some time during the year.

The amount of material and labor, and the extent of plant changes involved in "station movement" are indicated by the fact that this item of service cost the Bell System more than $15,000,000 in 1921.

To most people, the connecting or disconnecting of a telephone seems a simple operation of installing or removing the instrument. As a matter of fact, in every case it necessitates changes in the cables and wires overhead or underground. It also necessitates changes in central office wires and switchboard connections; in subscribers' accounts and directory listings; and frequently requires new "drop" lines from open wires or cables.

The problems of station movement are among the large problems of the telephone service. Because of the double operation of disconnecting and re-connecting, the work involved is often twice as great as in the case of new subscribers. With nearly 2,000,000 changes a year, it is only by the most expert management of plant facilities that Bell service is enabled to follow the subscriber wherever he goes.

"BELL SYSTEM"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service

BIG MONEY AND EASY SALES. Every Owner Buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge $1.50, make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. AMERICAN MONOGRAM CO., Dept. 185, East Orange, N. J.

Rolling Chairs 70 Styles, Carrying Chairs, Bed Trays, Back Rests, etc. Catalog "B" illustrates—describes. G. G. Sargent Co., 138 E. 35th St., New York.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Advt.

Learn of the public's demand for songs suitable for dancing and the fine opportunities offered new writers as a result of greatly changed conditions which are described fully and obtainable only in our booklet, "Song-writer's Manual and Guide," SENT FREE on request. Submit your ideas for songs to us at once for free criticism and advice. We revise poems, compose music, secure copyright and facilitate free publication or sale of songs. Knickerbocker Studios 215 Gaiety Bldg. N.Y.

8% in Miami—Why?

There are five good reasons why you can obtain 8% by investing in Miller First Mortgage Bonds, secured by income-producing structures in the thriving city of Miami, Florida. When you have read our circular entitled, "Why Miami Investments Pay 8%," you will understand the reason for the unusually liberal rate which you can obtain, with perfect safety of principal and interest.
People all over the United States have been buying Miller Bonds for years and getting 8% continuously, with never a dollar's loss or a day's delay in receiving money due them. Mail the coupon for our circular, which explains both the reasons for such a safety record and for the liberal rate.

8% Bonds of $100, $500, $1,000
8% First Mortgages from $1,000 up
Partial payment accounts arranged

G. L. Miller
BOND & MORTGAGE
Company
Florida's Oldest First Mortgage Bond House
403 Miller Bldg. Miami, Florida

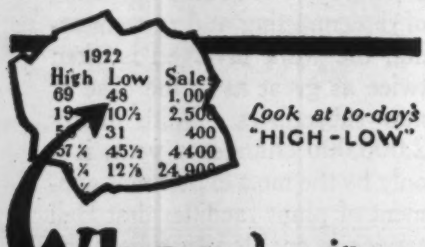
MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Company,
403 Miller Building, Miami, Fla.
Please send me your circular, "Why Miami Investments Pay 8%," and descriptive circular of current offerings.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....



When is more important than **What**
in Buying — Selling — Shifting

BURNS BROS. A & B

On April 17th we recommended Burns Bros. "B" at 39—now 50; "A" at 126—now 139. The Brookmire Investment Service makes money for its clients because it tells WHEN to buy as well as WHAT.

Send for pamphlet MC which gives proof of how the service can increase your income from investments.

DEFINITE ACCURATE TIMELY FORECASTS ON MARKET TRENDS
BROOKMIRE
ECONOMIC SERVICE INC.
25 West 45th Street New York
"The Original System of Forecasting from Economic Cycles"

INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITIES

There are many desirable securities on the market today that can still be purchased at comparatively low prices. Before making your purchases do not fail to consult the Financial Department of McClure's.

Financial Department
McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
80 Lafayette Street New York, N. Y.

The Cheapest Investments

By Paul Tomlinson

INVESTMENTS secured by a first mortgage on real estate have for many hundreds of years been well known to people with money to lend, for a mortgagee is a lender of money as well as an investor. In every town and city of the country there are people who hold mortgages on local properties, and this method of investing money has always been popular; in fact it is one of the oldest forms of investment.

A real estate first mortgage is the conveyance of the title to a piece of property to the lender, or a trustee, to secure the payment of a debt. People who have borrowed money on their own properties, and had the loan secured by a mortgage, know how well protected the lender is; that unless they pay their interest promptly, and the principal when due, he can foreclose and sell their property in order to get back the amount of his loan. It is difficult to find a safer investment than a good mortgage, one that is secured by property worth enough more than the face value of the mortgage to ensure its bringing at forced sale a sum sufficient to pay off the amount due.

Most people are familiar with mortgages, and a real estate mortgage bond is nothing more than a share in a mortgage. When a mortgage is made for a comparatively small amount some individual usually takes it all, but when the sum involved runs up into big figures it is practically impossible to find any one person who can handle the full amount. In such a case a trust deed is made, conveying the title of the property to a trustee, and this trust deed secures the notes issued against it. These notes are real estate mortgage bonds, and of late years they have been growing steadily in popularity with investors.

One of the most important — perhaps the most important — considerations in connection with this type of investment is the reliability and standing of the house offering it for sale. Obviously it is impossible for the individual investor to make a personal investigation of the bond he elects to buy. What he should do, therefore, is to select a house which is sound and reliable, which has had experience in the selection of safe securities, and a clean record. A company's past record is an indication of what may be expected of it in the future, and a concern which has safely invested money for its clients over a period of years may reasonably be expected to continue to do so during the years to come.

One of the largest and best concerns offering real estate bonds for sale applies the following test to every proposition submitted to them; and as the best concerns have scores of applications for financing brought to them every year they are enabled to pick and choose, and accept only the best.

First of all a statement is required from the owner of the property on which a loan is asked, and the statement must give a complete description of the property that will secure the bond issue, together with valuations of both land and buildings. Plans and specifications must also accompany every application. When it is received in proper form it is turned over to the investigation department. This department consists of several divisions, one of them comprising engineers and architects; these men take the specifications and plans, and using them as a basis, figure out the cost of the building without knowing anything about the actual cost to the owner, or his valuation. This affords an excellent check.

Realty experts employed by the company then investigate the site of the building, determine the value of the land, the character of the neighborhood and its suitability to the character of the improvement.

The credit department investigates the financial standing of the borrower. Bank and credit agency reports are obtained, and if the borrower is a corporation a statement of its operations is required covering a period of several years.

If these tests prove satisfactory the heads of the various branches of the investigation department meet together and the reports are submitted, and analyzed, and thoroughly discussed. If everything is in order and the proposal seems to have merit, commensurate with the exacting requirements of the bond company, the proposition is recommended. This is not the end. The whole matter is carefully considered once more and a comprehensive report drawn up. The engineering department checks over its figures, additional realty appraisals are obtained from outside experts and compared with those made by the company's own men. If the building is a new one the credit department prepares a conservative estimate of earnings based on similar properties; if the building is completed the record of earnings is investigated.

The application is then ready for the executive board, composed of the company's officers and headed by its president. This board scrutinizes every detail of the proposition with the utmost care and must be satisfied on all points before it is accepted.

Meanwhile, and before any bonds are sold, a title insurance company has in-

vestigated the borrower's title to the property, and if everything is satisfactory a guarantee company issues a policy covering the whole bond issue. As a further safeguard every detail of the transaction is passed upon by skilled lawyers. A competent trust company is appointed trustee, and the trustee's counsel satisfies himself about the form and legality of the proceedings, and the lawyers for the different parties concerned see that the trust deed is properly drawn and recorded before any of the bonds are certified and delivered.

When it is considered that in addition to all of these precautions the best mortgage bond houses deal only in bonds which are secured by a first mortgage on improved, income producing properties, it is difficult to imagine safer investments than those they offer. As a matter of fact there are a number of mortgage bond houses able to state that none of their clients has ever lost either interest or principal of any investment ever made with them. One great reason for the success of these houses is that they consider themselves under obligations to their customers until every dollar of the principal and interest has been paid. They see to it that the property securing the bonds is insured to an amount at least equal to the amount of the bond issue; they inspect the property at regular intervals to see that it is being maintained properly, and of course collect all money due on payments of interest and principal.

Real estate mortgage bonds may usually be obtained in denominations of $500 and upwards, and many of the companies offering them for sale have plans whereby the purchaser can pay for them in instalments. There is no bother connected with this form of investment, for arrangements can be made to have the interest sent by check every six months or whenever it is payable. The objection has been made that real estate bonds are not as saleable as other classes of investments, and while it is true that the market for them is narrower than in the case of some bonds, the issuing companies usually will repurchase bonds they have sold previously.

Real estate mortgage bonds are largely purchased by banks, insurance companies and individuals who expect to hold them until maturity. This can be done usually without worry for these securities are not easily affected by general conditions and therefore are not liable to fluctuate either in value or price. And after all if an investment is worth buying it is worth keeping. Further, we believe we are safe in saying that the interest yield on real estate mortgage bonds is higher than on any other investments enjoying the same degree of safety.

The prime essential of all securities entitled to be ranked as investments is the safety of the principal. This is another way of saying that the security must be more than ample. In the case of real estate mortgage bonds sold by the best houses this is always the case. Usually they are secured by land, buildings and earnings, and the mortgaged property is worth a great deal more than the bonds it secures. The bonds are customarily paid off serially so that the amount outstanding is steadily reduced; this will more than take care of the depreciation, and as a matter of fact real estate often increases in value, nullifying any depreciation which takes place. Earnings on improved real estate are consistently steady and not so subject to the violent fluctuations which often affect the value of industrial securities.

The advantages enjoyed by first mortgage real estate bonds are so numerous that it is impossible to list them all. We state with confidence, however, that this kind of an investment is one of the very best obtainable to-day, and real estate bonds are equally suitable and desirable for investors whether the sums they have to invest be large or small.

McClure's Financial Booklet

Tenth Edition

This Financial Booklet is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial, insurance and investment subjects. Many readers have written that it is invaluable to them. Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge a nominal sum of 35 cents a copy to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing. This book will enable you to avoid many of the pitfalls that a new investor is apt to encounter.

Partial List of Contents

- How the Financial Swindler Works
- How to Avoid Worthless Stocks
- Safe Investments for Little Sums
- Safe Investments for Larger Sums
- How to Choose a Broker
- How to Send Money to a Broker
- List of Sound Bonds
- Six Per Cent and Safety
- Bonds, Stocks and Mortgages
- List of Sound Stocks
- A Safe Plan for Buying Stocks on Margin
- The Partial Payment Plan
- Investments Readily Convertible into Cash
- How Big Investors Place Their Funds
- How to Analyze a Bond
- How to Care for Securities and Prevent Their Loss and Destruction
- How to Figure the Real Return on Your Money
- First Principles of Life Insurance
- Investment Opportunities of the War.

Booklet will be sent for 35 cents in stamps. Address all communications to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 80 Lafayette St., New York.

8% Preferred SHARES

AN INVESTOR in the 8% Preferred Stock of

Standard Gas and Electric Company

receives a high return with an unusual degree of stability, from a large organization whose securities have an active National market. The Preferred Shares are listed on the Chicago Stock Exchange.

Dividends are paid in March, June, September and December

Ask for Descriptive Circular MC-11

H. M. Byllesby and Co.

208 South La Salle Street, CHICAGO
NEW YORK 111 Broadway
BOSTON 14 State St.

Who Bought Bonds in 1900?

A generation ago, in the days of horses and carriages, investment in bonds was indulged in by banks, institutions and those who were fortunate enough to be able to invest several thousand dollars at a time.

Bonds were issued in $1,000 denominations and the usual purchase was $5,000, $10,000 or more. The investor's choice was, for the most part, limited to railroad and government bonds.

Investors of smaller amounts were practically forced into the speculative field of stocks or the restricted market of real estate mortgages.

With the dawn of the New Century this condition began to change and the change was hastened by three fundamental factors:

Read about these factors and a record of "Fifteen Years of Service" in supplying conservative investors with sound bonds in our new booklet. Free on request.

Ask for Anniversary Booklet

F. W. Brooks & Co.

Established 1907
115 Broadway, New York
208 S. La Salle St. Chicago
80 State St. Boston

BECAUSE

their services have become economic necessities, Public Utility Companies are to-day on the soundest basis possible.

We offer a selected list of their securities yielding

6% to 7½%

Ask for Circular C.L.200

A. H. Bickmore & Co.
111 BROADWAY, N.Y.

When answering advertisments kindly mention McCLURE'S MAGHZINE.

"GREAT-HEART"

The Life Story of

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

By DANIEL HENDERSON

With an introduction by Roosevelt's close comrade,
MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD, U. S. A

IF you like stories full of excitement and at the same time full of inspiration; if you love to read about heroic achievements; if there are boys in your home who want to read about the wild yet wholesome life on the prairies, about encounters with desperadoes and "bad Indians," cattle stampedes, grizzly and lion and elephant hunts;

Or if you are a woman worried with the cares of a family and want to know what a great thinker like Roosevelt thought of a woman's cares and problems;

Or if you want to read of explorations in unpenetrated jungles; or of important events in American history like the building of the Panama Canal or the sending of the fleet around the world;

If you are interested in knowing how a boy born under severe physical handicaps became almost a superman in strength and activity,

If, in short, you want to find out just what kind of stuff and experiences a man must possess to be a leader of American thought and action—

The book that you want, the book that is awaiting you, is "GREAT-HEART: THE LIFE STORY OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT," by Daniel Henderson, a brand new dramatic life of Roosevelt more enthralling than fiction.

Of all the books about Roosevelt you have seen advertised, this one stands prominently in the fore, because it leaves out the dry details and unimportant events and gives you the Colonel in a succession of epic moments.

"Seldom," says the *N. Y. Tribune*, "do we find a volume written in such a simple, natural style."

"An absorbing series of narratives as well as a complete biography," comments the *Philadelphia Press*.

"Every page of the volume is interesting," the *Christian Endeavor World* tells its readers.

"A brilliant close-up of the many-sided man, presented so that every American heart, young or old, must thrill!" says the *Cincinnati Times-Star*.

A copy of "Great-heart" comes to you at once, when you mail the attached coupon.

"GREAT-HEART"
F. M. LUPTON, Publisher
80 Lafayette Street - - New York, N. Y.

Please send me "Great-heart: The Life Story of Theodore Roosevelt" by Daniel Henderson. I enclose $1.50 in payment. If I do not like the book upon receipt of it, I agree to return it in five days and you agree to refund my money.

Name.....

Address.....

.....M 8—22

Questions and Answers to Financial Inquiries

Q. Will you give us your opinion of the speculator's service sold by Mr. Blank of New York City. Do you consider it reliable?

A. We do not consider these speculator's services reliable. In our opinion they are practically all bunk.

Q. I should like to have your opinion of Pierce Oil Preferred stock as an investment.

A. The present selling price of Pierce Oil Preferred reflects uncertainty, in our opinion, about the maintenance of dividends. Last autumn the dividend was omitted, but payments were resumed in January. Operations for 1921 netted the company a substantial loss, we understand, and under the circumstances we consider the stock speculative. We do not think it should be bought unless the purchaser is in a position to keep in touch with developments and assume the risks involved.

Q. What is the par value of Central Aguirre Sugar Company stock, and what is its present selling price? What is the dividend rate?

A. Par value of this stock is twenty dollars a share. It is quoted at 68 bid, 70 asked. Dividends are being paid at the rate of $6 a share a year.

Q. Please give me full information about the Great Northern Railway Company General Mortgage 5½% Gold Bonds, Series B, due January 1, 1952. What is the yield on these bonds?

A. These bonds are not redeemable by the company before maturity. The General Mortgage was authorized in March, 1921, and covers as a direct first lien 238.11 miles of railroad, and (subject only to First and Refunding Mortgage Bonds outstanding in the hands of the public in the amount of $35,668,000, being at the rate of slightly more than $13,400 per mile) is a direct lien upon 2,111.94 miles and a collateral lien on 545.18 miles. The total mileage covered (directly or collaterally) by the General Mortgage is 7,675.92 miles, constituting approximately 98% of the total mileage of the Great Northern System. There is also pledged with the trustee of the General Mortgage, free from prior lien, $82,933,700 of a total of $170,839,100 capital stock of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company. No more of the underlying mortgage bonds may be issued. With the exception of $2,800,000 bonds maturing July 1, 1922, none of the underlying bonds mature before 1933. Gross income of the company available for payment of fixed charges during the 10½ years ended December 31, 1921, averaged about 2¾ times amount required, and the company has paid dividends on its outstanding capital stock at the rate of 7% per annum since 1899. They are a legal investment for savings banks in Connecticut as well as for life insurance companies in New York and other states, and are listed on New York Stock Exchange. The yield on these bonds at present prices is about 5½ per cent.

Q. Please let me have your opinion of the new common stock of the H. H. Franklin Manufacturing Company. Do you consider it a desirable investment?

A. This company was incorporated in 1895 in New York and produced the first Franklin car about twenty years ago. $15,000,000 of preferred stock is authorized and previous to the recent offering of $8,500,000 there was $5,047,300 outstanding. 600,000 shares of common are authorized of which 284,650 shares were outstanding before the recent offering of 325,000 shares. Ninety per cent of the common is owned by officers, directors and other persons closely associated with the company so that the market for it is rather narrow. This, in our opinion, detracts somewhat from its attractiveness as an investment. The proceeds from the sale of the new stock offering are to be used in manufacturing and selling the new Franklin four cylinder car. The preferred stock ranks ahead of the common in so far as safety of principal is concerned, but it is callable under certain conditions and this fact restricts its permanency as an investment to a certain extent. Two previous issues of preferred have been retired at 110 and the company probably intends to retire this issue when the proper time arrives. Preferred dividends are cumulative at 7 per cent. Dividends on the common have averaged $13.14 on each share of $100 par value with stock dividends in addition, aggregating 562 per cent in twenty years. The preferred stock is safer, but the common has greater possibilities, and for a person in a position to assume the risks involved in common stocks we should consider it a suitable investment.

All inquiries addressed to this department will receive prompt and careful attention. Correspondence is treated as personal and confidential and is answered in full by mail. Interesting questions relating to subjects of general interest will each month be published in these columns. Address, Financial Editor McCLURE'S *Magazine, 80 Lafayette St., New York City.*

The Breaking Point

(*Continued from page* 121)

ing together for days and hiding in his desk. After all, there were no fewer stockings this year than last. Instead of Jim's there was the tiny one for Nina's baby. That was the way things went. He took away, but also He gave.

He sat back in his deep chair, and looked up at the stockings, ludicrously bulging. After all, if he believed that He gave, and took away, then he must believe that Jim was where he had tried to think him, filling a joyous, active place in some boyish heaven.

After a while he got up and went to his desk, and for a long time he wrote steadily.

"Dearest: You will find this in your stocking in the morning, when you get up for the early service. And I want you to think over it in the church. It is filled with my love and with anxiety. Life is not so very long, little daughter, and it has no time to waste in anger or in bitterness. A little work, a little sleep, a little love, and it is all over.

"Will you think of this to-day?"

He locked up the house, and went slowly up to bed.

Elizabeth found the letter the next morning. She stood in the bleak room, with the ashes of last night's fire still smoking, and the stockings overhead not festive in the gray light, but looking forlorn and abandoned. Suddenly her eyes, dry and fiercely burning for so long, were wet with tears. It was true. It was true. A little work, a little sleep, a little love. Not the great love, perhaps, not the only love of a man's life. Not the love of yesterday, but of to-day and to-morrow.

All the fierce repression of the last weeks was gone; she began to suffer. She saw him coming home, perhaps high with hope, that whatever she knew she would understand and forgive. And she saw herself failing him, cold and shut away, not big enough nor woman enough to meet him half way. She saw him fighting his losing battle alone, protecting David but never himself; carrying Lucy to her quiet grave; sitting alone in his office, while the village walked by and stared at the windows; she saw him, gaining harbor after storm, and finding no anchorage there.

She turned and went, half blindly, into the empty street.

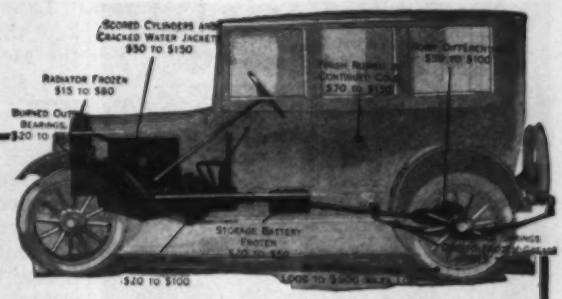
She thought he was at the early service. She did not see him, but she had once again the thing that had seemed lost forever, the warm sense of his thought of her....

David was beaten; most tragic defeat of all, beaten by those he had loved and faithfully served.

He did not rise on Christmas morning, and Dick, visiting him after an almost untasted breakfast, found him still in his bed, and questioned him anxiously.

"I'm all right," he asserted. "I'm tired, Dick, that's all. Tired of fighting. You're young. You can carry it on, and win. But I'll never see it. They're stronger than we are."

A Cold Garage Does This to Your Car!


Scored Cylinders and Cracked Water Jacket $50 to $150
Radiator Frozen $15 to $80
Burned Out Bearings $20 to
Storage Battery Frozen
$20 to $100

HEAT your garage with coal-burning WASCO. Insure your car and yourself in every other way. WASCO will insure against those big repair bills; insure starting in Winter as easily as in Summer. Complete outfit that any handy man can set up. Because of the WASCO automatic draft and temperature regulator you save fuel;—have steady, dependable heat;—tend the heater only once a day.

W. A. SCHLEIT MFG. COMPANY, INC.
205 Eastwood Station, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Originators of Special Heating System for Garages

WASCO GARAGE HEATING SYSTEM READY TO SET UP

Also for heating offices, stores and small buildings

Write today for catalog, new price list and names of users in your section.

A Spare Time Income for YOU

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE is recognized as an influential and progressive monthly. It appeals to thinking people. Thousands of former readers would gladly subscribe if they could see a copy of the McCLURE'S of today.

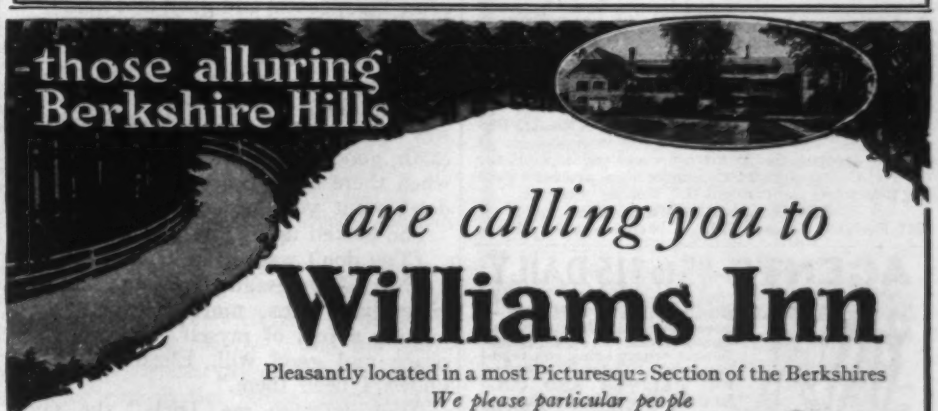
This is *YOUR* chance. You can profitably employ your spare time introducing McCLURE'S to your friends. The field is unlimited; there are no restrictions of territory; you may get subscribers anywhere and you will be well paid for your efforts.

Write for terms and send list of friends whom you expect to interest.

Subscription Department

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

76-88 Lafayette Street, New York, N. Y.



are calling you to

Williams Inn

Pleasantly located in a most Picturesque Section of the Berkshires

We please particular people

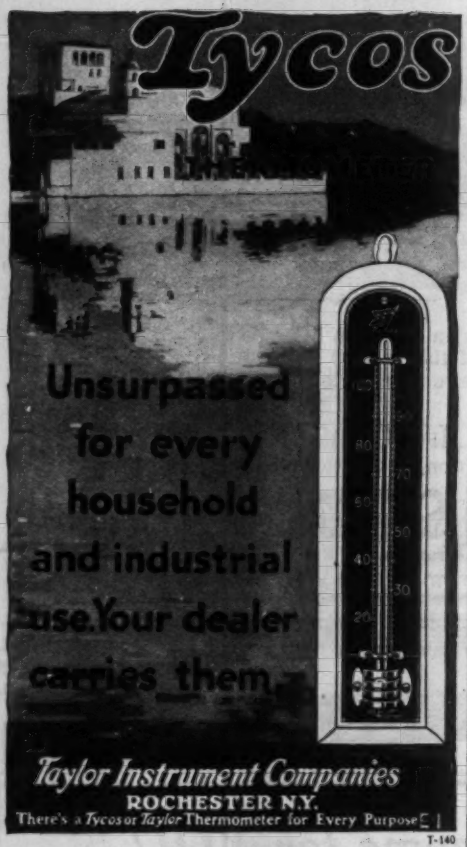
L. G. TREADWAY, Manager—Williamstown, Mass.

Affiliated Hotels

ASHFIELD HOUSE
ASHFIELD, MASS.
Opens May 27th
Boating and Fishing
"Quaint but Comfortable"

YE DORSET INN
DORSET, VT.
Opens June 17th
The Inn with a Welcome
Golf Course adjoining

The Ashfield House celebrates its 100th Anniversary this year


Tycos
Unsurpassed for every household and industrial use. Your dealer carries them.
Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER N.Y.
There's a Tycos or Taylor Thermometer for Every Purpose
T-140

CARTOONISTS MAKE BIG MONEY

Every time Sid Smith makes a stroke of his pen, millions of people laugh. Every laugh means money for the man who creates it. Andy and Min earn big money for Sid Smith every day.

Illustrating and cartooning are paying men like Briggs, Smith, Fontaine Fox and J. N. Darling from $10,000 to $100,000 a year. You may have ideas that are equally good. Let Federal training develop your talent and give you the skill to put your ideas on paper.

Get This Free Book

Write today for a free copy of the book, "A Road to Bigger Things." Send 6 cents in stamps to cover postage. It tells of opportunities in the art world and explains the Federal Course of instruction under 60 of America's leading illustrators and cartoonists. Mention your age.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, Inc.
821 Federal School Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.

AGENTS-$5 to $15 DAILY

Introducing NEW STYLE GUARANTEED HOSIERY—latest modes and shades—Nude, camel, silver, etc. Big Profits. Repeat orders bring you regular income. You write orders—WE DELIVER AND COLLECT. Experience unnecessary. J. R. Button made $14.60 first day. Lee Higgins $21.45 first day. (Sworn proof furnished). You should do as well. Outfits contain all colors and grades including full fashioned silks.

MAC-O-CHEE MILLS CO., Desk 918 Cincinnati, Ohio

FREE BOOK

Learn Piano

This Interesting Free Book

shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter usual cost. It shows why one lesson with an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method includes all of the many important modern improvements in teaching music. Brings right to your home the great advantages of conservatory study. For the beginner or experienced players. Endorsed by great artists. Successful graduates everywhere. Scientific, yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. All music free. Diploma granted.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR FREE BOOK

QUINN CONSERVATORY, Studio ML 49, 599 Columbia Road, BOSTON 25, MASS.

Later he elaborated on that. He had kept the faith. He had run with courage the race that was set before him. He had stayed up at night and fought for them. But he couldn't fight against them.

Dick went downstairs again and shutting himself in his office, fell to pacing the floor. David was right, the thing was breaking him. Very seriously now he contemplated abandoning the town, taking David with him, and claiming his estate. They could travel then; he could get consultants in Europe; there were baths there, and treatments—

The doorbell rang. He heard Minnie's voice in the hall, not too friendly, and her tap at the door.

"Some one in the waiting room," she called.

When he opened the connecting door, he found Elizabeth beyond it, a pale and frightened Elizabeth, breathless, and very still. It was a perceptible moment before he could control his voice enough to speak. Then:

"I suppose you want to see David. I'm sorry, but he isn't well to-day. He is still in bed."

"I didn't come to see David, Dick."

"I cannot think you want to see me, Elizabeth."

"I do, if you don't mind."

He stood aside then and let her pass him into the rear office. But he was not fooled at all. Not he. He had been fooled enough. He knew why she had come, in the kindness of her heart. (She was so little. Good heavens, a man could crush her to nothing.) She had come because she was sorry for him, and she had brought forgiveness. It was like her. It was fine. It was damnable.

His voice hardened, for fear it might be soft.

"Is this a professional visit, or a Christmas call, Elizabeth? or perhaps I shouldn't call you that."

"A Christmas call?"

"You know what I mean. The day of peace. The day of—what do you think I'm made of, Elizabeth? To have you come here, gentle and good and kind—"

He got up and stood over her, tall and almost threatening.

"You've been to church, and you've been thinking things over, I know. I was there. I heard it all, peace on earth, good will to men. Bosh. Peace, when there is no peace. Good will! I don't want your peace and good will."

She looked up at him timidly.

"You don't want to be friends, then?"

"No. A thousand times, no," he said violently. Then, more gently: "I'm making a fool of myself. I want your peace and good will, Elizabeth. God knows I need them."

"You frighten me, Dick," she said, slowly. "I didn't come to bring forgiveness, if that is what you mean. I came—"

"Don't tell me that you came to ask it. That would be more than I can bear."

"Will you listen to me for a moment, Dick? I'm not good at explaining things, and I'm nervous. I suppose you can see that." She tried to smile at him. "A—a little work, a little sleep, a little love, that's life, isn't it?"

He was watching her intently.

"Work and trouble, and a long sleep at the end for which let us be duly thankful—that's life, too. Love? Not every one gets love."

Hopelessness and despair overwhelmed her. He was making it hard for her. Impossible. She could not go on.

"I did not come with peace," she said tremulously, "but if you don't want it—" She rose. "I must say this, though, before I go. I blame myself. I don't blame you. You are wrong if you think I came to forgive you."

She was stumbling toward the door.

"Elizabeth, what *did* bring you?"

She turned to him, with her hand on the door knob.

"I came because I wanted to see you again."

He strode after her and catching her by the arm, turned her until he faced her.

"And why did you want to see me again? You can't still care for me. You know the story. You know I was here and didn't see you. You've seen Leslie Ward. You know my past. What you don't know—"

He looked down into her eyes. "A little work, a little sleep, a little love," he repeated. "What did you mean by that?"

"Just that," she said simply. "Only not a little love, Dick. Maybe you don't want me now. I don't know. I have suffered so much that I'm not sure of anything."

"Want you!" he said. "More than anything on this earth."

Bassett was at his desk in the office. It was late at night, and the night editor, seeing him reading the early edition, his feet on his desk, carried over his coffee and doughnuts and joined him.

"Some time," he said, "I'm going to get that Clark story out of you. If it wasn't you who turned up the confession, I'll eat it."

Bassett yawned. "Have it your own way," he said indifferently.

"You were shielding somebody, weren't you? No? what's the answer?"

Bassett made no reply. He picked up the paper and pointed to an item with the end of his pencil.

"Seen this?"

The night editor read it with bewilderment. He glanced up.

"What's that got to do with the Clark case?"

"Nothing. Nice people, though. Know them both."

When the night editor walked away, rather affronted, Bassett took up the paper and re-read the paragraph.

"Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wheeler, of Haverly, announce the engagement of their daughter, Elizabeth, to Doctor Richard Livingstone."

He sat for a long time, staring at it.

The End.

Angels' Shoes

(*Continued from page* 16)

door, and looked into the emptiness, he smiled.

"And the roof didn't fall on him?"

"No-o-o, nothing so inadequate; it was only palm-thatch. What did happen was that he went into the inner room where the rusty beds were as if he knew the way, picked up that little Imitation, fluttered the leaves, and, when he came to the name written inside — 'Bonnie West,' — he smiled again."

"What has that to do with — ?"

"With Buck Brennan? O, a great deal. . . . You ought to have talked to Buck. You see, he'd done nothing but try and think things out, and wonder who Bonnie West was, and what had happened to her, until he'd made a sort of picture of it — and her. She must have seemed quite real to him. It was in the jungle, you know, anyway. . . ."

"Well?"

"Well, when Franca smiled, Buck took a dislike to him. So you see, it was much worse than if the roof had fallen. . . . Thank God. And *I* never saw Bonnie's name in a book."

Now, she begins to come into it.

An excessively strange companionship must have ensued between those two in the empty mission-house; neither asked any questions of the other, in a situation that called for many; a betrayal in itself, if both had not so studiously avoided the veriest shadow of distrust. Certain things Buck never cleared up — for instance, if Franca took him for a bona-fide padre because of the collar! It sounds impossible; but "in there," as Grier puts it, "the priests are just anything." Perhaps Franca was too deep in his own affairs to notice Buck much; for it took no more than a day or two for Buck to realize that he also was waiting, watching, searching for something with an intensity that defied pretence. He believed Franca had come back — ah! come back? — to find something.

Brennan also began to look for it, though he was hampered by not knowing what it was! And by the necessity of keeping up appearances. He went on tidying the schoolroom; he told Franca that his porters had deserted on the way up with most of his goods, which was moderately true; he was expecting to get new men, only they seemed to have all run away from the vicinity.

"The scholars also, they have run away?" suggested the leisurely Franca politely.

"Yes, but — "

"But I will bring them back to you."

Brennan said that what followed was like a nasty sort of adjectived miracle. Franca idled to the door — he was always idling about, peering in cracks, feeling walls, gazing into holes with a hunger of insatiable eyes — and called. The leaves of the forest shook, here and there, as if Fear moved them. He called again. And Fear crawled on its belly from the leaves to his feet, the boy with the slate, the girl who wore the remnants of the print wrapper. They did not even tremble; they waited, like dust for the foot to scatter.

"These are all that are left, I think."

Franca stooped forward and took something from the girl's neck. It was a dirty little bag on a string. He looked about, smiling; then hung it on the corner of the blackboard.

"They will not run far now," he nodded to Buck. The two crept away.

Buck Brennan was a bit taken in the wind, as he would have said. And that night he woke to a low moaning like the wind, a voice of grief so faint, so uncomprehending, it was not human. He took a light and went to the schoolroom. The girl was there, a bare thing of the night, her eyes luminous as its stars. She was squatting at the foot of the blackboard, making this sound of uncomplaining loss. Brennan knew what she wanted. She wanted her little lucky-bag, and was afraid to touch it. He took it down, looked into it; his clue was not there; unless a little bone collar stud with two or three hairs wrapped around the shank was a clue? The hairs gleamed in the light, reddish — fair. . . . He closed the little smelly thing, and gave it to the girl. Felt, the next instant, her hands, her tears, on his great bare feet! So she was a human being, not unattractive, and wildly grateful. He laid a hand like a lion's paw on her: but she melted from him, and he did not follow. She was not his; like the house, she belonged. . . . To what, to whom? To a ghost, a shadow, bringing bright hair and a halo of lilac print, that looked at Buck with the eyes of a fate he might never learn. He went back to the bedroom, looked long at Franca, asleep and smiling. And began to feel that here, perhaps, was all the clue he needed.

He spent a long time next day, sitting over the little books, like a jury over so many little corpses; smoking heavily, and very uncomfortable in the mildewy coat, the stiff collar, and the parson's shoes so much too tight for him. They were all part of position into which he had been drifted, to which he so strangely yielded himself; but he preferred to leave a certain veil of doubt and obscurity over it. Into that puddle of circumstance he would never look too closely, lest he should see reflected there a Bad Buck Brennan he did not know and couldn't have lived with — an avenger, a judge, grimly appointed by some vast mockery or vaster justice.

And there, as he sat, suddenly he had his clue in his hand.

It was the half-sheet of an unfinished letter, rolled into a little spill and thrust into the rounded back of the book. He unrolled it carefully, and the handwriting, clear and rather childish, sprang out at him in the fading grayish ink.

". . . . For I do think, Chubsie, Lewis is the very best man in the world. You'll laugh; but he takes such beautiful care of me, and the work's so interesting, and the babies are such dirty little ducks, all eyes and tummies. I don't really feel fit to be a missionary's wife, but I'm trying to be, and I know quite a lot of Spanish. And on Thursday, he said I was — what do you think? — an inspiration. Don't laugh, you bad girl. Oh, Chubs, I wish I could

HIGH SCHOOL COURSE IN TWO YEARS

You Want to Earn Big Money!

And you will not be satisfied unless you earn steady promotion. But are you prepared for the job ahead of you? Do you measure up to the standard that insures success? For a more responsible position a fairly good education is necessary. To write a sensible business letter, to prepare estimates, to figure cost and to compute interest, you must have a certain amount of preparation. All this you must be able to do before you will earn promotion.

Many business houses hire no men whose general knowledge is not equal to a high school course. Why? Because big business refuses to burden itself with men who are barred from promotion by the lack of elementary education.

Can You Qualify for a Better Position?

We have a plan whereby you can. We can give you a complete but simplified high school course in two years, giving you all the essentials that form the foundation of practical business. It will prepare you to hold your own where competition is keen and exacting. Do not doubt your ability, but make up your mind to it and you will soon have the requirements that will bring you success and big money. YOU CAN DO IT.

Let us show you how to get on the road to success. It will not cost you a single working hour. It costs you nothing but a stamp.

American School

Dept. HC 56, Drexel Ave. & 58th St., Chicago

American School
Dept. HC 56, Drexel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago
Send me full information on the subject checked and how you will help me win success.

....Architect	....Lawyer
....Building Contractor	....Machine Shop Practice
....Automobile Engineer	....Photoplay Writer
....Automobile Repairman	....Mechanical Engineer
....Civil Engineer	....Shop Superintendent
....Structural Engineer	....Employment Manager
....Business Manager	....Steam Engineer
....Cert. Public Accountant	....Foremanship
....Accountant and Auditor	....Sanitary Engineer
....Bookkeeper	....Surveyor (& Mapping)
....Draftsman and Designer	....Telephone Engineer
....Electrical Engineer	....Telegraph Engineer
....Electric Light & Power	....High School Graduate
....General Education	....Fire Insurance Expert
....Vocational Guidance	....Wireless Radio
....Business Law	....Undecided

Name.....

Address.....

The Way to Get Your Desires

Elizabeth Towne
Editor of *Nautilus*

Do you want money?

Do you want better health?

Do you want to have a more attractive personality—loyal friends—a happy home life?

Are you ambitious to be *somebody*, to do big things?

The ideas, impulses, thoughts and feelings suppressed in the subconscious keep millions of persons from enjoying the health, happiness and prosperity they should.

A Self-Analysis of the Subconscious

may well transform your whole life. It may bring you all you desire and greater prosperity than you even dreamed of.

Brown Landone has written a most interesting and instructive booklet telling *how to make an analysis of yourself*, and giving actual cases where such an analysis has worked miracles. In many cases the aim was immediately achieved. The instructions in the booklet are simple, the applications interesting and easy.

FOR 10 CENTS you can get not only this really remarkable Landone booklet, but a month's trial of NAUTILUS MAGAZINE of New Thought, of which Elizabeth Towne and William E. Towne are editors. Wonderful experience articles a feature of each issue. Send to-day, and we will include "Eight Great Rules for Success."

The Elizabeth Towne Co., Inc.
Dept. U-71, Holyoke, Mass.

New Methods in Child Training

Now for the first time there is a scientific method in child training, founded on the principle that confidence is the basis of control. This new system shows you how in your own home to correct the cause of disobedience, wilfulness, untruthfulness and other dangerous habits which, if not properly remedied, lead to dire consequences. The trouble in most cases now is that children are punished or scolded for what they do. The new method removes the cause—not by punishment or scolding but by confidence and cooperation along lines which are amazingly easy for any parent to instantly apply.

Highest Endorsements This new system, which has been put into the form of an illustrated Course prepared especially for the busy parent, is producing remarkable and immediate results for the thousands of parents in all parts of the world. It is also endorsed by leading educators. It covers all ages from cradle to eighteen years.

Free Book "New Methods in Child Training" is the title of a startling book which describes this new system and outlines the work of the Parents Association. Send letter or postal today and the book will be sent free—but do it now as this announcement may never appear here again.

The Parents Association
Dept. 688, Pleasant Hill, Ohio

Genuine DIAMONDS Guaranteed
WATCHES
Credit at Cash Prices
SEND FOR FREE CATALOG C-862
LOFTIS
BROS. & CO. EST'D 1858
LARGEST DIAMOND AND WATCH CREDIT HOUSE IN THE WORLD
108 N. STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

Comfort Baby's Skin With Cuticura Soap And Fragrant Talcum

For sample Cuticura Talcum, a fascinating fragrance, Address Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. D, Malden, Mass.

hear you! And that brings me to the one thing — I wouldn't tell him for the world, but I can tell you because I know you never *breathe a word* of what anyone tells you. This country frightens me. It's not a bit like the winter I was in Ceylon. Just sometimes, you know; though I tell myself it's only for two years, and I'm with Lewis, and I was *willing*. But it's interesting too. Guess what he found that time he went up the Horado to the fifth tributary. — Fancy, it hasn't even a name! — where the boys said no white man had been before. He found whole forests of rubber trees. I said, "Was it valuable?" And he said, "Yes, *immensely*, but he'd never make use of it or tell anyone it was there, because he said rubber seemed to be one of the accursed products of the earth, and death and suffering always followed where it was. *Of course* I agreed. Isn't he splendid? Then Mr. Franca came in. I must tell you about him. He's quite splendid in a catty sort of way; but truly, I'm a little bit afraid of him too. He's like the country. . . . "

And that was all. But Brennan had his clue. Clue? It was a revelation, a whole dark landscape shown in one flash of leven-fire. He crushed the little spill in his fingers, and across that chasm of her fate cried to Bonnie West, — "Yes, I see, I see. But what did he *do*. . . . ?"

"You have it. . . . "

Franca, just breathing the words, stood in the doorway; he leaned, not towards the paper in Buck's hand, but away from it, as a man leans against the pull of a rope.

"You have it. You know it. . . . "

"What do I know, I wonder?" said Buck thoughtfully, his eyes never leaving Franca's.

"Where he went. . . . What he found. . . . "

"Yes." Buck was more thoughtful than ever. With a single movement he took his pipe from his mouth and tilted the red-hot ash on the paper in his palm. The thin "foreign note" curled instantly in a fluff of little flame, ended in a square of fragile gray edged with dying scarlet. Buck sat watching it quietly. Franca had cried out once; no time for more. Now he stood grunting and sweating like an animal, one hand pulling and fumbling at his belt.

"No good." Buck shook his head. "No good. You wouldn't be such a fool. . . . *I am — now — the only living soul that knows.*"

The only living soul. . . . Franca went out.

That night the native girl, with her lucky-bag and her rags of faithfully-guarded print, crouching in darkness, saw a great light. A lantern was held over her head, a hand hauled her mightily from her hiding place. She was dazed, as by the coming of a god: she suffered a resurrection: she shook, and was still. But the god's voice was kind.

"I like you," said Buck Brennan, that uncommon thoughtfulness still upon him. "You're my kind; and you'd be right pretty for a brown one if you was washed. I like you for sticking to — her; the place where she was. . . . I can't leave you here, now them poor little fools is gone. . . . Them poor little *damn* fools. You better come with me. I'll be straight with you. . . . take care of you. . . . hand you over to the first missionary we meet, and may the Lord have mercy on my soul." Buck was a bit confused; but neither this closing solemnity, nor the parson's collar, nor the parson's canvas shoes seemed quite enough. . . . Buck swallowed hard, suddenly dry of the throat.

"Bonnie West," he said distinctly. "*Bonnie West*. . . . There, will that do you?"

Yes, it was the talisman of trust. The dark little wild thing rose and went with him, holding on to the tail of the parson's coat.

"And after all," said Grier, "how little Buck knew, how little he was able to tell! And yet enough — plenty. If the girl told him more, he kept it to himself; and I don't know if he or any one else but Franca knows the close of the story of the poor little good little Wests and their mission. The secure and comfortable organization that sent them out doesn't know: I've asked it. They just went out: were swallowed up in the great dark land that was so unlike her winter in Ceylon, and frightened her sometimes. And Franca. . . . Why didn't Buck shoot Franca and have it done with it? I don't pretend to know that either. It scarcely needs putting into words, the certainty that Franca killed, wiped out, abolished the Wests and their little mission because he didn't want 'em to get that rubber: and then couldn't find it himself. . . . Any good man would have shot the beast and thanked God for the chance. But Buck wasn't good — only in spots. He had an erratic sense of humour, and he'd been in that house some time — with Bonnie West. The method he chose involved more risks to himself. But think of the devilish far-reaching completeness of it!

"The story of his escape with that girl from the jungles of the Horado would make a saga. But he can't tell it. The rains came on, and it took them a month to find the river; Franca fighting on behind them — in case they were making for the blessed rubber! They stole a dugout somewhere and launched it for the sea; followed a long fever-dream of bars, and beasts, swimming trees, sunken islands, reversing currents, falls, impossible portages; and all the time the knowledge that Franca was dogging them behind or waiting in an agony for them in front. Afraid to let them out of his sight. . . . It probably brought Buck through; as I say, he had a peculiar sense of humour; and then he had the plucky girl. . . . I don't know when the brass ring made its appearance, or what ingenious ceremony it celebrated. Once, I believe, she got fever and gave out; and Buck would tie her in the fork of a tree, drag the dugout overland, launch it, go back for her and carry her to it. No wonder his feet were so bad. Think of it! And all the weary way, Franca followed.

"I tell you, that villain began to pay then, as he'd never paid in his life, and it was only the beginning. He

BOYS—
1150 STAMPS FOR YOU WITHOUT COST

This assortment is guaranteed to contain 1150 stamps, of at least 100 varieties, from 50 stamp issuing countries. You will be delighted when you see all these stamps. You can trade the duplicates and increase your collection still more.

Send me your name and complete address, and I'll tell you how easy it is to get these stamps, without cost.

Address

WILLIE,
Care of The People's Home Journal,
76-88 Lafayette St.
New York, N. Y.

SELL US YOUR SPARE TIME

You can earn $15 to $50 a week writing show cards in your own home.—No canvassing.—A pleasant profitable profession easily and quickly learnt by our new simple graphic block system. Artistic ability not necessary.—We teach you how, and supply you with work—Distance no object. Full particulars and booklet free.
WILSON METHODS LIMITED—DEPT. 10
64 East Richmond, Toronto, Canada.

U.S. PORTABLE TENT

Olive drab, 10 oz. waterproof canvas. Easily packed and carried, being in two sections which fasten tightly together with double buttons. Weighs approx. 7 lbs. Size 7 ft. x 5 ft. 6 in. Sold as high as $10.00. Price $1.45, plus 60c for packing and postage. Same tent *brand new* $1.95, plus postage. Folding poles for each tent 30c extra.

$1.45

ATLANTIC STORES
519 Koplin Bldg. Atlanta, Ga.

---

800 PREPARED SPEECHES

800 15-Minute prepared speeches, orations, essays, debates, addresses and lectures on the following subjects: Finance, Education, Religion, Political and Social Occasions, speeches for Banquets, Church Societies, Club Talks, Reunions and anniversaries. After-Dinner Talks, Noon-Day Lunch Talks, Debates for all occasions. Average cost 5 to 15c each in group lots. All speeches written by college or university graduates. Write for list.

Public Speakers Society, Box 304, Harrisburg, Pa.

PATENTS - TRADE MARKS
PROCURED - REGISTERED

A comprehensive, experienced, prompt service for the protection and development of your ideas. Booklet of information, advice and form for disclosing idea, free on request. **RICHARD B. OWEN, 43 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C. or 2276-Y Woolworth Bldg., N. Y.**

PATENTS If you have an invention write for our Guide Book, "How to Get a Patent." Send model or sketch and description and we will give our opinion as to its patentable nature. RANDOLPH & CO., Dept. 50, WASHINGTON, D. C.

PATENTS Write for free Illustrated Book and "Record of Invention Blank." Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Attention. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 750 9th, Wash., D. C

hated Buck, as, I suppose, few ever come to be hated; and he was mad with anxiety over the personal safety of the only living being who knew where to find that rubber. What a vengeance, eh? I tell you, I saw him crawling on the jetty, before I had heard anything about him, when Buck was very bad aboard the 'Dorotea,' and he was the hot ghost of a man. Of a man? Of a devil. He looked like a devil dying of hunger, and that's just what he was.

"He said to me, panting as he spoke, 'Is it true that you have the Señor Brennan aboard there?' 'Yes,' I says, 'And is it true that the fever is heavy on him, and is he talking much in it?' 'No,' I says, 'he's no fever, and does nothing but snore, and the fo'c'sle's complaining. . . . And who may you be, so anxious to hear what he says in his sleep?' But he crawled away with a sort of groan. Yes, Buck's way was the best; Franca had begun to break then, torn as he must have been between his hate and his greed; but I doubt if my — well, my sense of humour! — would have been strong enough to let me take it! . . . . All for the knowledge of the direction that unlucky little saint of a missionary had taken when he found the rubber trees, and that knowledge in Buck's head, and nowhere else in the world.

"Yes, it was masterly. How he must have thought 'Some day, he must betray it. Some day, he must go back to his rubber, some day, he must show — me — where it is. . . . ' But Buck hasn't!

"Queer, isn't it? I told you he'd a fat sense of humour. He enjoys himself immensely over it. He starts suddenly on wild expeditions with a great air of secrecy over them; Franca drops everything, beats up a party too, and trails him. When he's been led far enough, Buck turns round and comes back. It's ruining Franca. He's obsessed. He can do nothing but follow, follow, follow. . . . But the worry, and the travelling, and the hate on an empty stomach! He's taken to drinking now, Buck tells me, and he can't last long. What worries me is that he'll realize the game's up, and stick that itching knife into Buck at last.

"And the cause of it all, the rubber? I never speak of it to him. Perhaps when Franca's beyond any chance of profiting by it. . . . Perhaps then. . . . But I don't know, I'm not sure of Buck. He's talked to me a good deal, of the house, and Bonnie West, and her letter in his hand. He remembered every word of that letter, wrote them down for me, but gave me no confidence, for he changed the directions. . . . It was not the fifth tributary; only he knows what it was, and I've an idea only he will ever know. I think not through Buck Brennan will let the hell of the rubber trade come to the country where Bonnie West lived and died. It wouldn't be the first sacrifice he'd made to that erratic sense of — humour.

"He hasn't gone on any expedition this year. I think he's inclined to domesticity. He's been incredibly staunch to that little brown girl of Bonnie West's. I often think of them in the cabin, and cutting the parson's shoes off. They were far too small, those shoes, for Buck Brennan."

WURLITZER
200 YEARS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKING

On Trial

Send for New Book On Musical Instruments No Charge

EVERY known instrument illustrated, many in full colors. All details and complete descriptions. A veritable musical encyclopedia—*absolutely free!*

You may now have *any musical instrument* for a week's trial at our risk in your home. No obligation to buy. Return the instrument at our expense at the end of a week if you decide not to keep it. The trial will not cost you a penny.

Monthly Payments

A few cents a day will pay. Special combination offers on complete musical outfits—velvet lined case, all accessories, self-instructor, etc., all at direct factory price—everything you need at practically the cost of the instrument alone.

Wurlitzer instruments are known all over the world for artistic quality. Used by the greatest musicians, bands and orchestras. Wurlitzer has made the finest musical instruments for over 200 years.

Write Today. Wurlitzer has stores in over thirty cities. But no matter where you live, Wurlitzer is no farther than your nearest mail box. Send the coupon today!

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. C149
117 E. 4th Street, Cincinnati — 120 W. 42nd Street, New York
700 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago — 250 Stockton St., San Francisco

Send me your new catalog with illustrations in color and full descriptions of all musical instruments, also details of the Wurlitzer Free Trial Easy Payment Plan. No obligation.

Name _____

Address _____

(*State musical instrument in which you are interested.*)

Copyright 1923, The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.

Discounting the Count

A COUNT used to be a man in charge of a count of 500 persons to whom he was a sort of overlord. This is not true today because of altered political conditions. We still have Counts, but the Count business has changed somewhat.

Business, of all kinds, has undergone something of a revolution. It was not so many years ago that pack peddlers were the sole distributors and transporters of many of the household articles of the day. Their legs set the limits for most distribution problems in those days.

Modern transportation, progressive sales methods—*and advertising*—have broken the shackles of time. They make a speedy job of what used to take years. Through advertising many an article has been introduced simultaneously in stores all over the country.

Advertising today is the method used by business to tell you why you should have certain goods and how to identify those goods. The advertisements you find here are a truthful *catalog* of needed merchandise.

Articles of all kinds and for all purposes are presented in a pleasant way through the medium of type and picture. The outstanding requirements of every member of the family are met by offers of good merchandise of proved value.

Use the advertisements for guidance and you will be a constant gainer.